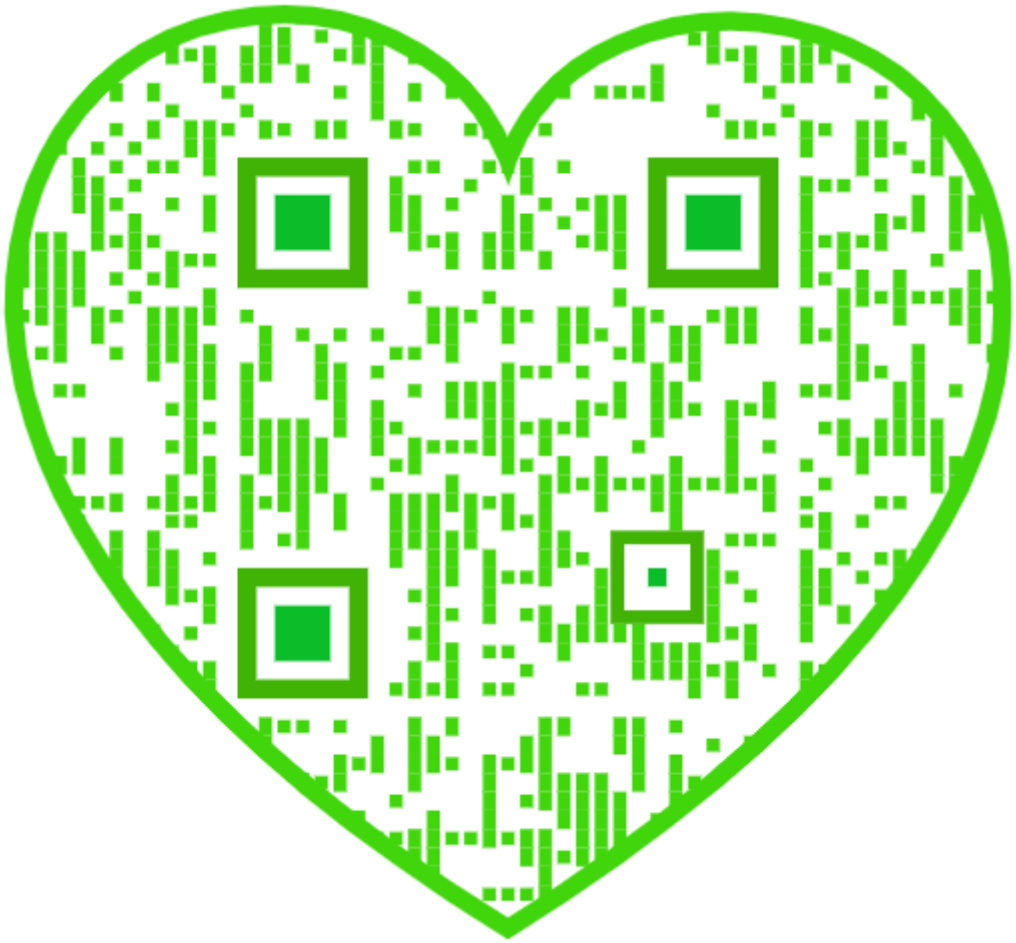

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WASHINGTON'S RECEPTION COMMEMORATING THE BATTLE OF TRENTON, WHILE ON HIS WAY TO NEW YORK FOR INAUGURATION.

DELIGHTFUL STORIES

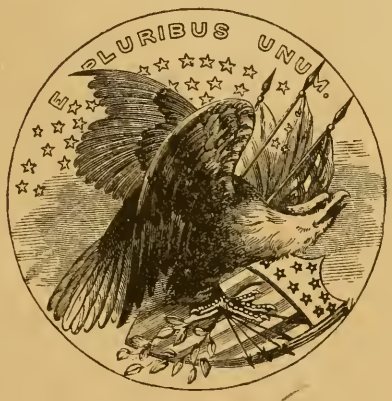
FROM

AMERICAN HISTORY

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE

A BOOK TELLING THE STORY OF OUR COUNTRY, ITS PROGRESS AND ACHIEVEMENTS



BY PROF. ALLEN E. FOWLER

Embellished with Numerous Engravings, Illustrating all that is Noblest, most Interesting and Instructive in the History of the Country in which we Live

HOME AND SCHOOL EDITION

PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE ONLY BY

MONARCH BOOK COMPANY,

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CHICAGO, ILL. PHILADELPHIA, PA. OAKLAND, CAL.

1897

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Introduction.

NE cannot fail to notice that within the last few years a taste for the study of American History has been rapidly growing. A pleasing feature of this tendency is, that it has reached the home as well as the school.

As a usual thing, history is dry, so a book for young people ought, before all things else, be interesting. A fact pleasantly told remains fixed in the memory, while that which is learned listlessly is lost easily. There is a fundamental difference between simplicity of thought and simplicity of expression. This book is designed to meet this difference; it tells the Stories of American History as our father told them to us many years ago, in a simple and natural manner. The language makes it especially suitable for young people and even for children, while, on the other hand, it is also equally interesting to grown people.

It aims to teach the history of the country by bringing out the most illustrious actors and events in it. Young people are always interested in persons and things. Biography and story for them is the natural door into history. The order of dates is usually above their reach, but the course of events and the personal achievements of an individual are delightful. So in teaching by means of biography and story, we are teaching the very alphabet of history.

It gives interesting glimpses of life in early times by means of personal anecdote. The customs of foreign courts, the wigwams of the Indians, the struggles of pioneer life, the desolations of the early wars with the savages, the spinning industry, the cotton and tobacco raising, the Tea Party, the cause of negro slavery, etc., are suggested in unforgettable stories of real people.

In United States History there are also materials for moral instruction. The perseverance of Columbus, of De Soto and of

Field, the fortitude of John Smith, of William Penn and of Stonewall Jackson, cannot but excite the courage of those who read the stories of their lives. No one can follow the story of Franklin's pursuit after knowledge without a quickening of his own aspirations. What life could teach kindness, truth-telling, manly honor and public spirit better than the life of Washington? And where will a poor lad struggling with poverty find more encouragement in diligent study and simplicity of character than in the life of Lincoln? It would be a pity for a country with such examples in her history not to use them for the moral training of the young. The faults as well as the virtues of the persons whose lives are told here will afford both mother and teacher opportunities to encourage all that is best and noblest in the children.

Parents and teachers can here often select material for reading or recreation. Nothing can better aid in fixing a fact in the memory of a boy or girl than a stirring ballad or poem, pictured before him with all the charms of imagination. Take, for example, the story of Paul Revere and follow it up with a recitation of "Paul Revere's Ride;" or take, for example, the thought that prompted Francis Key to write "The Star Spangled Banner" and follow it up with the song; or take, for example, those immortal words of Charles Pinckney inspired by patriotism when he said, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

Great care has been taken to secure accuracy in all the delineations of men and things, so that they may not convey false instruction.

So, dear people, I suggest, nay, I urge, that you place before the children books which will teach, by great examples, the way to honor, success and happiness. Hoping that this volume will, at least in a small measure, be instrumental in bringing good results, I am, Most sincerely,

ALLEN E. FOWLER.

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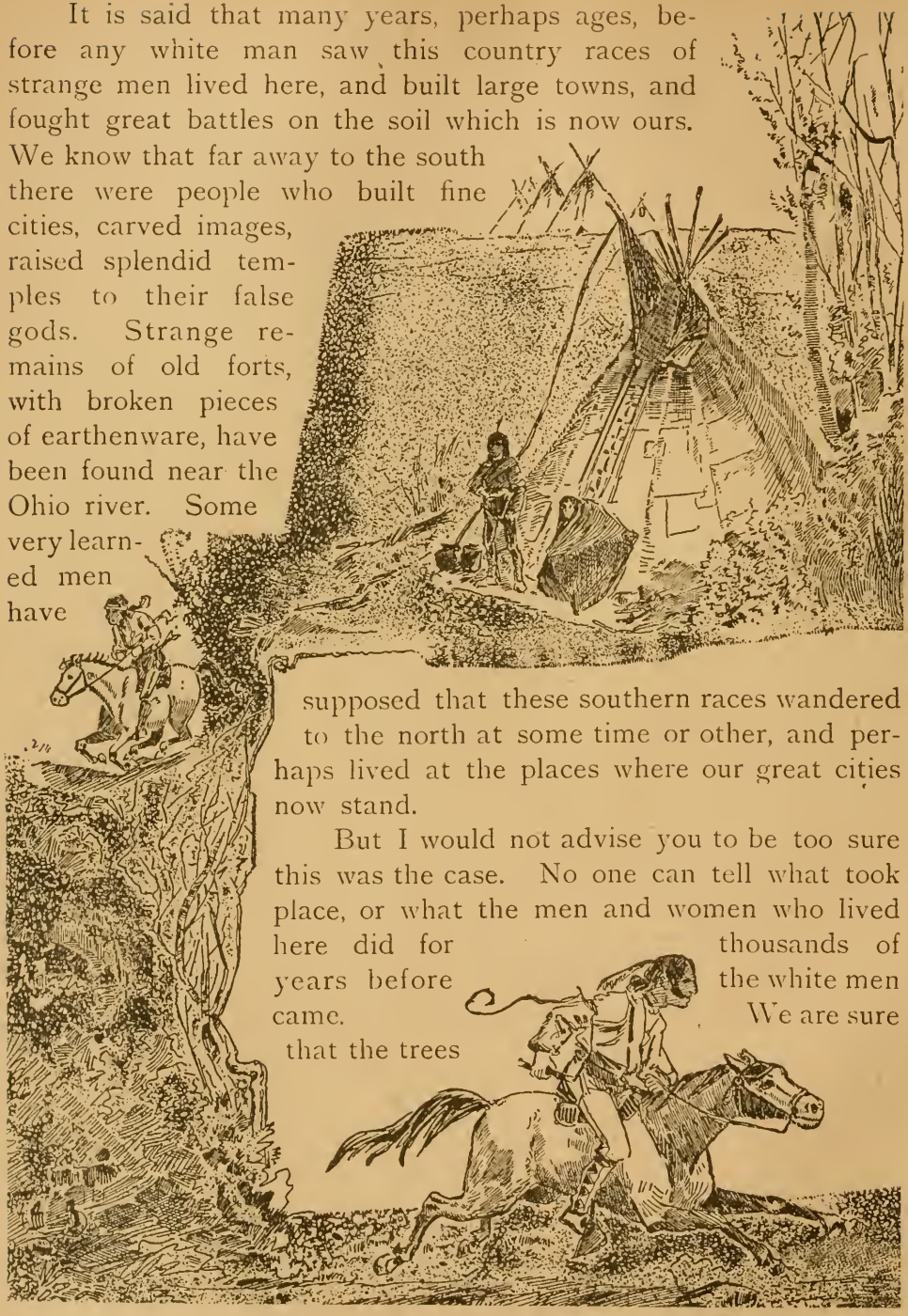
Leader of a Charge.

STORIES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY.

Long Ago.

FOUR hundred years ago this country in which we live was a wilderness, mostly covered with forest trees, and unknown to the rest of the world. From the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi River great woods grew, in which bears, wolves, wildcats, beaver and deer roamed in freedom. Beyond, wide prairies stretched to the mountains, herds of buffalo pranced over the long grass, and snakes of many colors basked in the sunshine. In the south the sun was warm, and his rays nursed plants of every kind, which hid the ground beneath their rank herbage; but in the north the winters were longer and colder than they now are, ice often lingered all summer in the valleys, and the land wore a dreary look.

There were at that time no towns or villages anywhere in all the country; no ships in the harbors; no boats on the rivers; no tall chimneys soaring upward toward the sky; no roads; nothing but grim old oaks and pines with moss, grass and wild flowers under their shade; dark rocks on the shores, on which the waves beat as they had beat ever since the world began; high hills and deep glens with the bright heaven overhead, just as we see it now.



It is said that many years, perhaps ages, before any white man saw this country races of strange men lived here, and built large towns, and fought great battles on the soil which is now ours. We know that far away to the south there were people who built fine cities, carved images, raised splendid temples to their false gods. Strange remains of old forts, with broken pieces of earthenware, have been found near the Ohio river. Some very learned men have supposed that these southern races wandered to the north at some time or other, and perhaps lived at the places where our great cities now stand.

But I would not advise you to be too sure this was the case. No one can tell what took place, or what the men and women who lived here did for thousands of years before the white men came. We are sure that the trees

Indian Girl.

grew and waved their branches to the winds, and died, fell and turned into coal, or else their rotten trunks served as a home for wild beasts and reptiles; that the rivers rolled downward to the sea, and the trout and salmon leaped out of the foam to catch pretty flies as they buzzed over the surface; that the snow fell, and drifted, and the ice made bridges over streams and lakes for the moose to cross; that earthquakes and volcanoes burst out now and then, tearing great holes in the ground, filling up valleys, choking up rivers, and planting islands in the midst of the waters, all in the space of a single night or an hour; but of what it pleased Almighty God to do with the human beings He had placed here to enjoy the fruits of the earth and admire those wonderful works of His we know nothing at all.

The Indians.

THE first white sailors who came here found a wild race of red people, with nothing but the skin of some animal tied round their waist, and living in a very poor sort of way. They called them Indians, because it was then supposed that America was part of India, no one in Europe having sailed around it or guessed that it was a separate continent by itself.

The Indians forced their women to do all the hard work, such as digging the ground, sowing the corn and weaving mats. We know very little about these Indians or about their little boys and girls, for they knew nothing about writing, and so left no books to tell about themselves.

They used to live in tents which they called wigwams. They called the women squaws and the baby boys and girls papooses.

They were all rude and wild. The children had no schools, no books or no toys to keep them busy; so they spent their time playing about their tent or learning to hunt, fish or weave baskets.

The men spent most of their time hunting and fighting with their neighbors, with bows and arrows and heavy clubs made of hardwood. Long afterward, when strangers settled among them, they used small hatchets called tomahawks, and at last guns like

Dread Dangers the Sailors Feared.

ours. With bows they were very expert. Their arrows were pointed with sharp stones or pieces of shell, and they were such good shots that they could bring down a bird or a deer at a very long distance. When they went to war, they did not fight in the open field as our soldiers do, but lurked in the woods, and shot their arrows from behind trees and stones, or sprang upon their enemies suddenly at night and beat out their brains with their clubs. When they had killed a man, they used to cut off the skin of his head with the hair on, and carried these scalps tied to their belts, and were very proud of them.

But you must not fancy because these savages wore scalps at their belts that they could not be manly fellows at times. They had no fear of death, and would not cry out or complain in the greatest tortures. Sometimes when they were taken prisoners in war, their enemies would tie them to trees and shoot arrows into their flesh, till there were a dozen sticking there all at once; or hold burning sticks to their skin till it smoked and shriveled up; but, in spite of the dreadful pain these cruel tortures must have caused, the Indian warriors would never cry or wince, but would look calmly and proudly on their tormentors. They could endure fatigue, too, and hunger, thirst and cold better than we can; and often, on their long journeys in search of game, or in pursuit of their enemies, they would spend day after day and night after night without food or shelter, and think nothing of it.

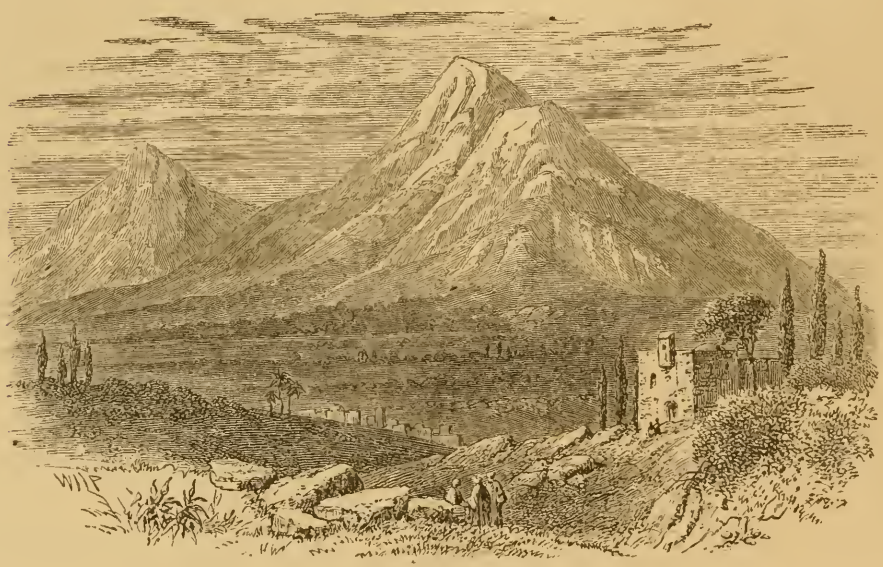
Though they were heathens and knew nothing of God or the Bible, yet they knew what honor was, and scorned to injure a stranger so long as he lay in their wigwam and ate of their corn or venison. Indeed, there are many points in the character of these poor, half-naked, ignorant Indians which might serve as a pattern to some people in our own day.

In the following pages you will see much to admire in the life of the Indian, and also much that will cause you to rebel against his treatment of the white man who soon came to this country in great numbers.

Columbus' First Voyage. 21

The White Men of Europe.

WHILE the Indians were hunting in their forests and smoking their pipes around their camp-fires, the white men who lived beyond the sea, in Europe, were very busy. If you will look at a map of the world, you will see that the shortest cut for a ship sailing from Europe to India, in Asia, would be to sail straight over North America. It would be pretty hard work for a ship to do this, as you know; but, at the time



An Imaginary Island.

I speak of, people in Europe did not know that such a country as America existed.

The ships in those days were small and frail, hardly more seaworthy than a pleasure yacht to-day.

"There is," sailors would sometimes say, "an island far out at sea, with rich fruits and beautiful flowers and great purple mountains. Rich gems and gold about its shores, and in the center on a gentle slope of ground stands the palace of the sea-god."

But, though the sailors talked of it and the poets sang of it, no one had ever seen it.

PART I.

PERIOD OF DISCOVERY.

The Boy Columbus.

ABOUT this time there lived in Italy a boy by the name of Christopher Columbus. He lived at Genoa, a small seaport town on the Mediterranean Sea. When not at school Columbus was generally found standing about the wharves, watching the great ships come and go and listening to the marvelous stories told by the sailors.

Genoa at this time was a very rich town and sent ships to all parts of the known world. The little boy drank in all the wonderful stories the sailors were so fond of telling, and thus learned much of the far away countries.

"I shall be a sailor," he would say to himself as he listened; and then, like all other small lads, he longed to grow big and strong.

His parents were poor but wise and tried to give him a good education. He was taught to read and write, and when old enough his father sent him away to school, where he could study arithmetic, drawing and geography.

He learned Latin, wrote a good hand, and could draw maps and charts for the use of sailors, by which last calling he was able to support himself when he came to be a man.

He was only fourteen years old when he made his first voyage upon the great blue sea with some traders bound for the East Indies. From that time on, his life was like that of all sailors, I suppose, full of adventures, narrow escapes and marvelous experiences.

When thirty-five years old, he went to Lisbon, the capital

city of Portugal. He was a quiet, dignified, thoughtful man. His hair had grown white, and he had here and there on his face lines of care and trouble. The stories of sea-gods and wind-gods had long ceased to satisfy him. He said there must be something different from this. And so, year after year, he pondered upon the shape of the earth. He read every account of travels, every story of adventure, every theory of the earth's size and shape that he could find. "It is easy enough to guess about these things," he would say, "but there must be some natural law, some real fact, that, if discovered, would give us the true knowledge."

King John II. of Portugal and Columbus.

JOHN II., then King of Portugal, was convinced that these notions of Columbus, as the people were pleased to call them, were not so absurd as they seemed. "The man knows what he is talking about, I believe," said he. "I will get his plans, pretend to favor them, pretend to be willing to aid him—then we'll see who will have the honor of the first expedition, Columbus, the Genoese wool-comber's son, or John II., King of Portugal!"

And so this mean King led Columbus on to tell his reasons for believing the earth to be round. When he had learned all, and had stolen the maps and charts which Columbus had made, he secretly sent out a vessel and ordered the captain to follow closely the route Columbus had marked out.

This was a mean trick, and no wonder it did not succeed. A great storm arose. The waves rolled high and tumbled and broke above them mountains high. The thunder rumbled and the lightning flashed. Terror-stricken, the sailors turned homeward. A more miserable crew never sailed back into Lisbon than this crew sent out by King John II.

Columbus, disappointed with the King, took his little son, Diego, with him, left the country, and went to Spain.

Columbus at Convent of La Rabida.

Columbus and Queen Isabella, of Spain.

FRIENDLESS and without money, Columbus and the little Diego traveled from place to place, in Spain, always seeking for someone who should understand and help him to an audience with the King or Queen.

Years rolled by; Columbus had gained nothing but a world-wide name of being an insane man. Men sneered at him, boys hooted at him in the street. Surely it was a brave man who could endure all this for the sake of right!

One day Columbus and the little Diego stopped at the gate of a great gray convent, and asked for food. One of the monks passed by and, struck with the dignity and courteous refined appearance of Columbus, said, to himself, "This is no ordinary beggar. I will speak with him."

The intelligence and good faith of Columbus attracted the monk. "This man knows what he is about!" thought the monk; "I must help him gain an audience with Queen Isabella. She will give him hearing."

And so it happened that Columbus was finally led into the presence of the only one in all Spain who seemed to be kind enough at heart and to be far-sighted enough to know that he was neither foolish nor crazy.

After long duration, for it was no easy thing in those days to fit out a fleet, nor was it a politic thing for Isabella to move in opposition to the advice of her country, she sent this word to Columbus: "I will undertake this enterprise for my own Kingdom of Castile, and I will pledge my jewels, if need be, to raise the funds."

The Voyage.

WITH Isabella's aid and a little money which Columbus himself had saved, three ships were fitted out. These were not tall, stout ships such as you see lying at our wharves with their broad sails and huge ironclad sides. But they were small, frail crafts, not so large even as those you see sailing up and down our rivers and lakes.

Columbus Signing his Command. 27

On Friday, August 3, 1492, these three little vessels set sail from Spain.

For weeks they sailed westward in unknown waters. At last the sailors began to be frightened at the thought of their distance from home and threatened to throw Columbus overboard if he did not turn back.

At last Columbus promised if they did not see land within three days they would return.

Fortunately for Columbus, signs of land began to appear. Birds came and rested on the masts; a large branch from a tree floated by; even the dullest sailor could not fail to believe these signs.

During the night which followed no one on the ships slept. About ten o'clock Columbus saw a glimmering light appearing and disappearing, as though some one on shore were carrying a torch. At two o'clock a sailor sighted land.

The morning light of Friday, October 12, 1492, showed the Spaniards a beautiful little island. Columbus dressed himself in scarlet, and planted the Spanish standard on the shore, throwing himself on the earth and kissing it, while the naked Indians wondered whether these men in bright armor had flown from the skies in their winged boats or had sailed down upon the clouds. The sailors, lately so ready to cast Columbus into the sea, now crowded about, embracing him and kissing his hands.

The People of the Islands.

WHEN the Indians saw the white sails of the vessels, they rushed down to the shores. They had never seen a ship before and were greatly frightened.

When Columbus landed, the Indians at first ran away, but soon, as they recovered from their first surprise, they visited the ships, some of them in canoes, and other by swimming. They brought with them a ball of cotton yarn, bread made from roots, and some tame parrots, these, with a few golden ornaments, they exchanged for caps, glass beads, tiny bells, and other trifles, with which they could adorn themselves.

Landing of Columbus.

They were kind to Columbus and his men, telling them in their language "You are welcome," and helped them not a little. In return Columbus treated them kindly.

Had all white men, in later years, done the same the Indian grievance would not be so great. You can fancy how delighted Columbus was when he landed in this beautiful country and ate the ripe fruits.

Soon he returned to Spain and told of the wonderful copper colored people he had seen, with straight black hair, head-dresses of feathers, and faces streaked with paint. All Spain was then filled with wonder.

The people supposed it was a part of India and christened the islands where Columbus had landed the West Indies.

In this way America was discovered by mistake—a rather lucky mistake for you and me.

The Closing Years of Columbus' Life.

YOU will ask what Spain did for Columbus; I wish I could tell you that she was so proud and so grateful that Columbus was ever after treated with honor; that he never again wanted for money or favor; and that he died peacefully at last, loved and honored by all.

This is what you might expect to hear of so great and brave a man.

But there were jealous, envious men in Spain, who worked against him, and when, a few years later, he went again to the islands he had discovered, he was seized, put into chains and carried on board his vessel and sent home.

Columbus Returns in Triumph.

On reaching Spain he found that Queen Isabella had died and King Ferdinand would do nothing for him.

Now an old man, Columbus lived out the rest of his days in poverty and died at last heart broken. Seven years after, the ungrateful king, ashamed of his behavior, put up an immense monument to his memory. Two hundred years later, his bones were carried over to the island of Cuba, which he had discovered. There they now lie in the great cathedral in the city of Havana, while a marble slab tells to the world the date of his birth, discoveries and death.

As Columbus was born in Genoa, Italy, the Italians, in honor of his memory, have erected in the center of the main square of Genoa, Italy, a beautiful marble statue of Columbus. The pedestal is adorned with ships' prows. At the feet of the statue, which leans on an anchor, kneels the figure of America.

Americus Vespucius.

WHEN Columbus went home and told of all the strange and beautiful things he had seen a great many other people wished to see this new country. Some of his sailors had brought back lumps of gold and showed them to their friends. So, in time, many ships set sail westward from Spain, England, France, and Portugal.

Columbus discovered America, and it would seem but fitting that this country should have borne his name. But people were not very careful in those days about being "fair" to anybody or anything; and so when, in 1497, Americus Vespucius, another Italian, made a voyage to the new world, and wrote several books about it, people began speaking of the country as America.

Columbus was not the man to whine for justice, and as Americus Vespucius did not seem to object to the honor conferred upon him it soon became known throughout Europe as America.

Americus turned his vessel homeward, glad and eager to tell of his discovery of the "Land of the Southern Cross" and the wonderful sights he had seen. All Europe rang with the praises of the wonderful explorer. His writings were passed from one to

another, and everybody talked about them. Americus Vespucius, and not Columbus, was the hero of the time.

English Explorers.

ABOUT the same time another Italian by the name of John Cabot, who was a great merchant in London, persuaded some Englishmen where he lived to join him in a voyage to the countries where gold could be picked up in the fields.

After him, his son Sebastian set sail with as many men as he could hire, and steered away for many days, keeping always to westward. Sebastian Cabot had lived in his boyhood days in the beautiful city of Venice—the city built so many years ago on the little island off the coast of Italy. The streets of this city are water, and the people ride up and down the streets in boats called gondolas, just as in our cities we ride along the streets in carriages.

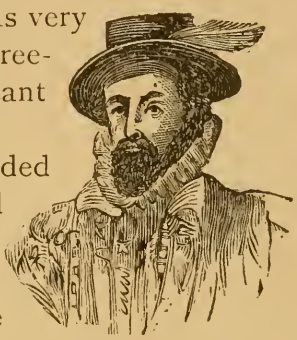
At length Sebastian came in sight of land. But instead of green valleys and ripe fruits dangling over the water's edge and pretty flowers, he saw nothing but bleak rocks, dark pines, and heaps of snow—instead of birds with bright plumage, he saw only white bears and uncouth looking deer. He could find no gold anywhere. So he sailed back very much disappointed. The only thing he had seen that was of any use was an immense shoal of fish in a fog near the shore; some of which he caught and carried home with him. This was the first time white men really saw the main shores of North America.

The French Explorers.

THE French thought they must have a share of the new country, and began to send out ships and men to the west. Some of them sailed to the north into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and up the river as far as the place where Montreal now stands. The Indians were much surprised at first at the sight of white men; but by degrees they grew accustomed to them, and brought the Frenchmen food, and herbs to cure them of disease, and offered to show them the country.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

FOR eighty years after Sebastian Cabot returned to England, telling the people that America was a poor, cold country, where bears and deer lived, and no gold could be found, the people of England sent no more ships thither. At length, however, a bold young man named Walter Raleigh made up his mind to go and see whether Cabot had not been mistaken. Queen Elizabeth, who ruled England at that time, was very fond of Raleigh, who was handsome and agreeable; she gave him leave to seize any vacant lands in America in her royal name.



Sir Walter Raleigh.

His ships steered to the southwest, and landed their crews on an island which is now called Roanoke. There they found quite a different country from the one Cabot had seen. Green trees and clusters of ripe grapes overhung the water's edge; there was no ice or snow; the Indians came down to the shore to see the white men, and offered them maize and fish; everything went on pleasantly, and the ships having returned home, Raleigh named the new region Virginia, in honor of his virgin queen.

But soon afterward, his men who remained behind began to quarrel with the Indians; and you will be sorry to hear that, having burnt down an Indian village in revenge for the theft of a silver cup, they laid a snare for one of the chiefs, and treacherously put him to death with eight of his warriors. After this, I dare say, the murderers' consciences smote them, and they left the place and went home by the first ships which came that way.

When Raleigh heard of it, he sent out another ship, and landed fifteen men on the island, and told them to be sure and treat the Indians well. But the red men had not forgotten the murder of the chief; so when Raleigh sent out a third party of settlers, next year, to build a city which was to bear his name, they found no one on the island. One skeleton lay on the sand, the bones bleaching in the sun—this was all that remained of the fifteen men.

The new settlers landed, and the ships sailed away, promising to return early next spring. By the time they arrived in England, however, war was raging with Spain; everyone was providing for defense, and no one but the faithful Raleigh thought of the exiles who were far away across the sea. He never forgot them for an instant.

Early in the spring he dispatched two ships, with food, to Roanoke. But the Spaniards were on the lookout on the coast; the moment Raleigh's vessels went to sea they attacked them, captured one, and drove the other back to port.

Raleigh did not lose heart. He hired other ships, and loaded them with more provisions; but just at that time the news came that the king of Spain, with an immense fleet of ships of war, was on the way to conquer England. Every English ship was taken to defend its own coast against this terrible armada, and Raleigh's with the rest.

FATE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

By this time so many losses had ruined Raleigh; he had no money left to hire new ships, and could only go about wildly imploring rich men to send food to the men, women, and children —over a hundred in all—who were starving on the island of Roanoke in America. For a long time no one would listen to him, and Raleigh's brave heart nearly broke under grief; but at last, three years after the ships had sailed away from Roanoke, others went to the relief of the settlers.

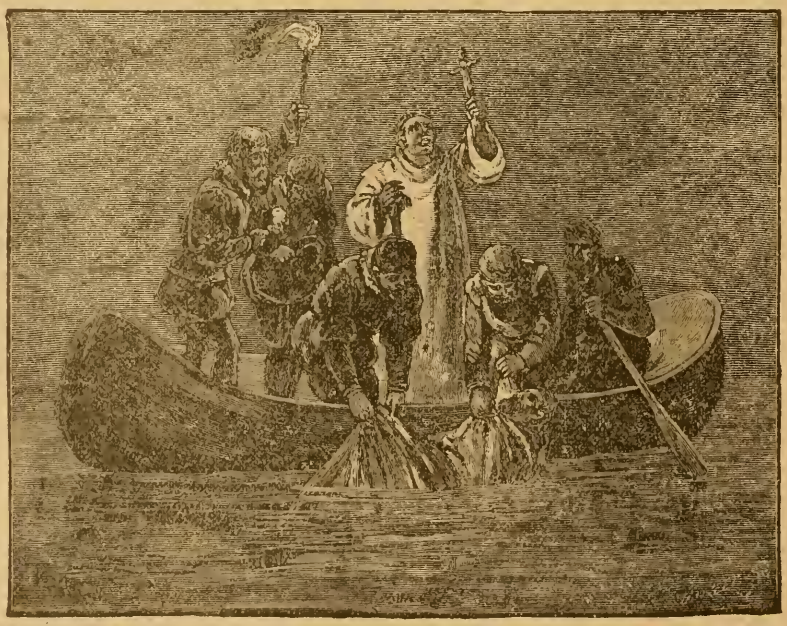
They came too late. When the crews landed they found the huts standing, but the furniture was broken; deer were browsing within the fence, and no human being was to be seen. While they were looking around for traces of the lost exiles, the wind began to blow, and they were forced to re-embark on board their ships and put to sea; and no one, from that day to this, has known what became of the unfortunate people who came to Roanoke at that time.

About this time, Queen Elizabeth died. King James of Scotland became king of England. Now the skies grew black, indeed,

for Raleigh. King James was jealous of him, for no better reason than that he was good and brave, while King James was not. Accordingly, he shut him up in prison, and there he lay pining in the Tower. Later, he was condemned to death. It is a sad, cruel story, and we will not repeat it here. Only, you may be sure, good, brave man as he was, that he died nobly; and that, as the years rolled on, the world grew more and more to appreciate what a grand man he had been and to honor him in history and in art.

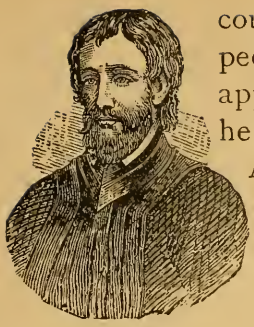
De Soto.

AMONG the early Spanish explorers was De Soto, who sailed from Spain in 1538 with six hundred well equipped men. They landed at Cuba, where they remained one year; then, leaving his wife there, he sailed to Tampa, Florida, and from there started out to find the land of gold. The winters were



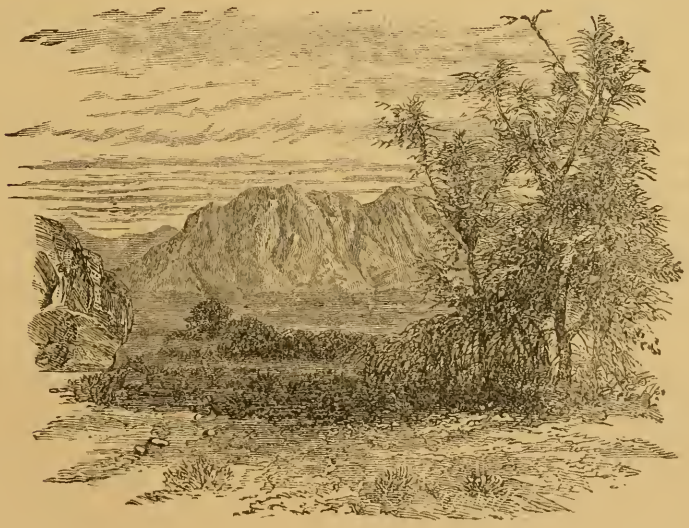
Burial of De Soto.

severe, the Indians hostile, and after three years' wandering he found he had made several discoveries, among which was the great Mississippi River, but as yet no gold. De Soto was now dis-



De Soto.

couraged, and it became plain to him that the expedition was a failure. His anticipations had disappeared, his army reduced to a mere handful, and he was in the midst of a region he could not escape. A deep melancholy overcame him and his health gave way. When informed by his doctor that death was near at hand, he said he was ready to go. In order to conceal his death from the savages, who had come to regard him as immortal, his body was wrapped in a mantle, and, in the stillness of the night, was rowed out into the silence of the Mississippi. There, amid the darkness, the mortal remains of Ferdinand De Soto were committed to the great river he had discovered.



PART II.

EARLY SETTLEMENTS.

The Thirteen Colonies.

E will now take a long leap out of the period of discoveries over into settling of the country. You must not imagine that these few men I have told you about so far did all the discovering in the new world.

There were many, many more, so many, that I think you might read about them every day for a month, and then not read half. Hundreds of men had been sent over by England, France, Spain, Sweden, Holland and many others.

Nearly twenty years after Raleigh's last party of settlers had landed on the island of Roanoke—to perish of hunger, or to be killed by the Indians—the restless people of England, now at peace with Spain, began to think once more of founding colonies in Virginia.

The King was always ready to do anything that was asked of him by great people, provided it cost him no money; some adventurers got the Chief Justice to apply to King James for a great patent—which was a piece of parchment, sealed with a great seal, in which King James said he gave away such and such lands, which did not belong to him.

Accordingly, one wintry day in December, in 1606, three little ships, the largest of which was smaller than many of our coast schooners, set sail for America with one hundred and five men, only twelve of whom had ever been used to hard work. The others were idlers, ruined gentlemen, goldsmiths and persons who thought they could make rapid fortunes by picking up lumps of

gold in the new country. The most famous of all these men was Captain John Smith.

He had been a great traveler, and a bold soldier. When a boy, he had gone over to Holland, and fought in the Dutch wars; when these ended, he traveled to Hungary to fight against the Turks. For many years his flashing plume and his swift sword had been the terror of the Sultan's troops; but one day, falling wounded in a skirmish, he had been captured, taken to Constantinople, and sold as a slave. He was bought by a Turkish lady and sent to the Crimea, which then belonged to Turkey. There he endured such cruel treatment that, in a fit of passion, he killed his taskmaster, mounted a horse, and fled northward through Russia. On his way he heard that war was raging in Morocco, and, as eager for the fray as ever, turned about and hastened thither.

When there were no more Moors or Turks to slay, he returned to England, just in time to embark on board the ships bound for Virginia. He was not thirty years old at this time, though he had seen and suffered so much; but there was no one in the fleet as bold or as wise as he. I wish every ship that sailed to America at this time had carried as good a man as Captain John Smith—with his honest face, his piercing eye, and his stout arm.

It was not till April that the fleet reached the shores of Virginia, and a high southern wind drove them past the island of Roanoke into Chesapeake Bay. They sailed up a wide river, which they named James River, after the King, and soon landed on a fertile, pleasant spot, and there began to build huts and call the settlement Jamestown. The Indians came to see them, and offered them the pipe of peace, and everything promised well.

Captain John Smith.

ALL the leaders of the party were jealous of Smith, and laid a plot to drive him out of the Government. They even wanted to try him for treason, and did all they could to persecute him. Idlers and gold-seekers, you know, are not the sort of people to prosper anywhere, so you will not be surprised to learn that in a short time the settlers were all unhappy.

The chiefs had quarreled with Smith; sickness broke out among them; they were not used to work, and did not plant crops as they should have done; their supply of food was scanty. In a few weeks fifty men died, and the others, disgusted and disheartened, made up their minds to run away.

But Captain John Smith was not the man to give way to such faint-hearted notions. When his comrades repined, he cheered them up; while the others were wasting their time in burrowing in the earth for gold, Smith was busy collecting provisions. While they were sighing for home, he was helping to build huts, tending the sick, visiting the Indians. He was always cheerful, always generous, always hopeful. When winter came, he had wrought so hard that the houses were finished, a plentiful supply of corn laid in for food, and good temper almost restored in the little colony.

Pocahontas.

IN December he started to explore the country, sailed up the river Chickahominy as far as boats could go, and then landed, and pursued his journey on foot. On his way he was attacked by a fierce band of Indians, and all his men killed. Smith fought as bravely as usual. Seizing an Indian with his left hand, he held him as a shield between himself and the foe, and killed three of the savages. Slipping at last in a miry place, he was seized, and the Indians were about to beat out his brains, when he coolly took his compass from his pocket and showed it to them. They were so surprised at this strange instrument that they forebore to kill him, and carried him a captive to their chief, who was named Powhatan.

For several days Smith contrived to amuse the Indians with his compass, and by teaching them many arts of which they knew nothing; but after a while they grew tired of learning, and resolved to put him to death.

All the warriers assembled round a fire, painted in brightest colors, and decked with gaudy feathers; talked some time in their own language; then, rising from their circle, dragged Smith to a large stone, and laid his head upon it. The massive club was

raised to dash out his brains, when a pretty little girl rushed through the ring of warriors, and, throwing her tiny arms round Smith, laid her head upon his. The savage stayed his arm. The little girl was Pocahontas, Powhatan's daughter, the favorite of all the tribe. During his captivity the white man had made rattles and strings of beads for her, and won her heart; and now she clung to his neck, and wildly begged her father to spare her friend's life. Her prayer was granted. Smith was raised from the ground, and even allowed to return to his colony.

Little Pocahontas, who had saved his life, and of whom you will hear again, was at this time only about twelve years old.

When Captain Smith returned to the colony at Jamestown, he found his cowardly comrades again seeking to desert. As bold as ever, he placed himself between them and the boat.

Other ships arriving from England with more men, Smith was made President of the colony and he very soon set matters to rights.

It would have been well for the colony if Smith had remained among them; sad indeed was the day when a bag of gunpowder exploded under him as he slept and wounded him so grievously that he could no longer perform his duties and was obliged to return to England.

After he left, the idlers had it all their own way. They would work no longer. Some of them went to look for gold; others lay smoking in the sunshine; others hunted the Indians.

To add to all, they quarreled, as usual, among themselves. Then began the "starving time" in Virginia; a time so dreadful that history hardly records another such, and one cannot but feel that the poor creatures who died on the banks of the James River were fully punished for their idleness and their folly. In six months, out of four hundred and ninety persons whom Smith had left at Jamestown, only sixty remained; poor, pale, wornout wretches, expecting to die daily.

After a time, prosperity came to them; they were, however, not over scrupulous.

Samuel Argall,

A WILD, daring fellow, used to sail along the coasts and suddenly dive into the forests with a few bold men, attack the Indian villages, slaughter the men and carry off women and children as slaves. We should call a man who did this to-day a pirate and hang him; but formerly people thought differently and it was considered rather a glorious thing to kill and plunder a few Indians.

I am sure you will be shocked to hear that this Argall in one of his expeditions contrived to seize pretty Pocahontas—now grown up—and carried her off a captive to Jamestown. Her father, old Powhatan, raged like a lion when he heard his pet daughter was gone. He sent a messenger to Jamestown to demand her of the colonists; but they pretended that the Indians had enticed away some of their servants and stolen their goods, so they refused to give her up. There was no one there, I suppose, who remembered what the innocent young captive had done for the brave Captain John Smith.

Powhatan and his men were wild with fury when they received the answer of the white men and got ready for war instantly. Terrible bloodshed would have followed had it not been for a strange accident.

John Rolfe and Pocahontas.

THERE was at Jamestown a young man named John Rolfe, who had seen Pocahontas and fallen in love with her. He said that it was revealed to him in a dream that he ought to marry her, which I have no doubt was the case, as most lovers have dreams of the same kind. So while old Powhatan and his friends were preparing to fall upon the colony, Rolfe was teaching Pocahontas English. As soon as she was able to speak a few broken words, she was baptized, and, her father having given his consent, was married to Rolfe.

He took her with him to England and was very proud of her, as well he might be, when the nobles and the great ladies

caressed her and everybody talked of the beautiful Indian girl. The Queen sent for her and she went to court. Beautiful presents were made her, great entertainments were given her; she was

Marriage of Pocahontas.

shown the shops and public buildings, the churches and factories of England; artists painted her picture; so that the Indian girl became famous. Just as she was about to return with him to Jamestown, however, a fatal disease attacked her, and Pocahontas

died, far away from her home. Her little daughter grew up to be the mother of noble men and women of Virginia.

The settlers being at peace with Powhatan in consequence of the marriage of Pocahontas, the colony prospered, new settlements were established and the numbers of the colonists increased. They began to devote part of their land in tobacco fields and, as coin was scarce, used it as money. Houses, tools, guns, powder and such things were said to be worth so many pounds of tobacco.

At first, they had no women among them, and the colonists wrote to England, begging their friends to send them out wives. Ninety young girls were dispatched to Jamestown, and any man who wanted a wife could go and get one by paying one hundred pounds of tobacco. Afterward another ship brought sixty more, and those who had married seemed so happy that everyone wanted to secure a wife, and the price rose to one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco. We should laugh now at the idea of buying a wife for so many pounds of tobacco.

Ships arrived frequently from England with new settlers. Laws were made, and the people of Virginia began insisting on the right of helping to make the laws which were to govern them. They soon numbered four thousand persons and had several little villages.

Plymouth Colony.

IN the same year that Captain John Smith was saved from the club of the Indian by the intercession of Pocahontas, a small band of Puritans tried to embark on board ship and fly from their country with their wives and children. As they drew near the seashore, magistrates, constables and soldiers, with a great concourse of people, ran after them, seized them, and thrust them into prison.

You will suppose, perhaps, that they were thieves or murderers to be treated thus. Not at all. They were quiet, hard-working men, who led honest lives, and dealt fairly by their neighbors. More than this, they prayed every morning and evening that God would bless them and teach them his will.

Strange as it may seem, this was the reason why the mag-

istrates chased and put them in prison. For the King of England had made up his mind that all the people of England should go to the churches he set up, and pray in the words he directed. Now these poor men, who read their Bibles more carefully, I am sure, than the King or any of his lords, had come to the conclusion that the King's way was not the right way to worship God, and that there was a better one to be found in the Holy Scriptures; so set up little churches of their own, and very often—for they were mostly poor—met together in each other's houses, or in barns, or in fields, and prayed and sang psalms in their own way.

The King imprisoned their ministers, shut up their churches, and annoyed them till many sought to leave their homes and find safety in some foreign country.

But the King would neither let them go nor stay at home in peace. And thus, when they tried to embark on board ship, they were caught like thieves and shut up in jail.

Next spring, however, the Puritans were wiser. They laid their plans so secretly that no one suspected their design, and they succeeded in slipping on board and getting out to sea.

They sailed to Amsterdam, in Holland, and thence journeyed to Leyden, where they settled. They wrought hard, some at one trade, some at another; and for a time lived happily.

But after spending some years at Leyden, thoughts of home came into their minds and saddened their hearts. They were in a strange country, surrounded by people who spoke a strange language, and were often enemies of England. They could not bear the thought that if war should break out they might be forced to bear arms against their native land. They could not return to England, for King James would have persecuted them; and so, after much perplexity, they thought they would remove to America, where they might pray as they pleased, and still live under the dear old English flag.

They had no money to hire ships, so they sent over to London to borrow; and with great difficulty, obtained enough to charter two small ships called the "Mayflower" and the "Speedwell." These vessels could not carry all the Pilgrims; part remained behind at Leyden, and part, after a solemn address from their min-

ister and a tender parting with their friends, set sail for the New England States.

This was the name which the famous Captain John Smith had given to that part of America lying north of Virginia.

But the "Speedwell" was a worthless craft, which could not sail, and could hardly float. Once they stopped to repair her, and again started on their voyage. But she sailed no better for the repairs; and after knocking about a day or two in the ocean, the captain dared not trust her, and they returned once more. Finally, in 1620, the Mayflower set sail alone, with one hundred persons, men, women and children.

Nowadays, you know, fast steamers cross the ocean in nine or ten days. Sixty-three were spent before land was seen from the decks of the Mayflower. She had met with boisterous winds and cold weather; one of the passengers had died on the way. The shore near which they anchored—Cape Cod—was rugged and wild; the water through which they had to wade in landing was freezing.

To find a fit spot to live was their first care. Many days were spent in mending their boat; when it was finished, several of the strongest men started to explore the coast. The cold was bitter.

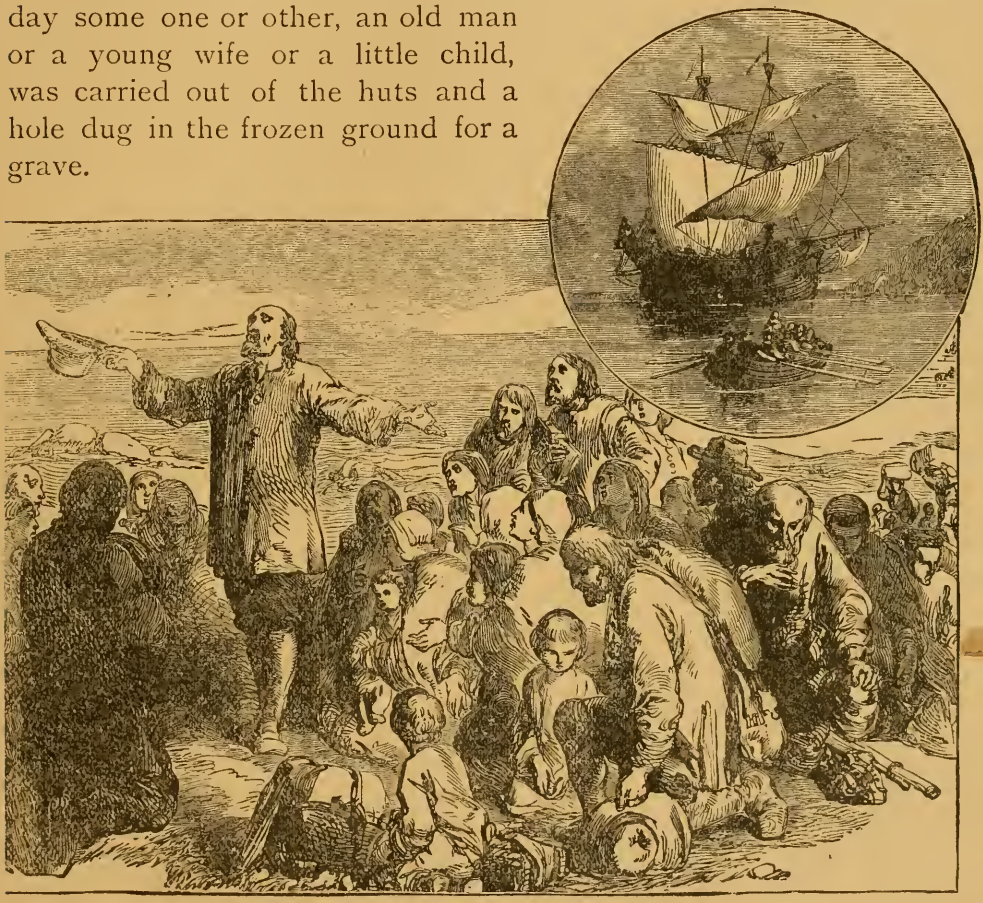
On and on they sailed, yet found no suitable place. One afternoon a storm burst upon them with snow and sleet. Their rudder was carried away; their mast snapped, and the sail fell over the side; night was coming on, and they were yet far from land. The oars were their only resource. At last an island was reached. The boat was run into a creek, and the crew thawed their frozen clothes over a fire hastily kindled, and offered hearty thanks to God for their preservation.

This was on Saturday night. Sunday they spent in prayer and reading the Bible. On Monday they landed on a rock on the main shore. As long as the world lasts that rock will be known and honored as the spot where the Pilgrim Fathers rested from their journeys and set foot in the land where their children were destined to become a great and powerful nation.

The Mayflower now moored in the bay and the Pilgrims landed with their wives and children and called the place New

Plymouth. Many of them shivered from fever, others coughed as people do in consumption, and all were weary, cold, ragged and feeble. Weak and ill as they were, they contrived to build a few huts to shelter them from the winter storms and waited patiently for the summer sun.

Most cruelly did disease afflict the little band. Day after day some one or other, an old man or a young wife or a little child, was carried out of the huts and a hole dug in the frozen ground for a grave.



Landing of the Pilgrims.

The Pilgrims in America.

AT last spring came, and the birds began to sing and leaves grew on the trees and the Pilgrims hoped their troubles were over. One day, to their great astonishment, an Indian walked into the village crying—

"Welcome, Englishmen!"

He had learned a few words of English from former travelers and now came to make friends with the settlers at New Plymouth.

But the Indians were as poor as the white men and could do little to help them. The ground was barren, and though there were plenty of fish in the sea and the rivers, the settlers had no nets or tackle to catch them. In the fall, another ship arrived from Europe with thirty-five more Pilgrims; but she brought no provisions and the whole party nearly starved. Strong men staggered from weakness caused by hunger. At one time they had only one pint of corn left, which gave each person five kernels. At another, they would have died but for some fish they begged from passing vessels. Yet under these cruel trials the courage of these brave men never failed. They never repented of having left their comfortable houses at Leyden; but full of faith in God's mercy and of hope in themselves, they endured hunger, cold and sickness, waiting for a better time to come. By degrees, little trading and fishing posts sprang up all along the coast. But of all the Englishmen who built themselves log cabins, cleared the woods and planted corn, there were none so brave, so persevering or so manly as the stout old Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth.

Why the Puritans Came to America.

EVERYONE should have a desire to love God. Those who do love Him have a right to worship Him in their own way—Quakers in their way, Catholics in theirs, Methodists in theirs.

Everybody now in this country, and in many other countries, is allowed to worship God as he pleases; but a long time ago it was not so.

In England the Puritans could not worship God as they wished. Their Sunday services were broken up and the worshipers were thrown into prison. It was the same with the Catholics and the same with the Quakers. No matter how good citizens they were, they were opposed and persecuted and punished; they had not freedom to worship God.

In France it was worse. There the Huguenots, or Protestants, as they are called in this country, were not only opposed, but driven from their country. A great many were killed and a great many more were shut up in prison.

It was, then, for freedom to worship God that the Puritans came to Massachusetts, the Huguenots to South Carolina, the Quakers to Pennsylvania and the Catholics to Maryland.

You will often hear the Puritans, who came first to America, spoken of as Pilgrims. This was the name they gave themselves because of their pilgrimages to Holland and then to America in search of a home. These people were all called Puritans in England, but the few who wandered about, going to different places and finally settling in Plymouth, were given the extra name of Pilgrims.

The Puritans in America.

WHEN the Pilgrim Fathers who had settled at Plymouth wrote to their friends in England how free and happy they were and how they worshiped God according to their conscience, the English Puritans began to cast longing eyes upon the shores of the New England States. They were still suffering persecution at the hands of the King and were often forced to meet and pray by stealth, for fear of the royal soldiers and constables. They knew that if they left their comfortable homes in England and removed to the forests of America they would have to encounter cold and hunger and sickness and hardships of every kind; but they cared very little for these so long as they were free and could worship God in their own way.

At this time ships crossed every year from England to America and traders and fishermen built huts at various places along the coast.

To prepare the way for them they sent out a small party under the command of John Endicott, a man of great courage and perseverance, of cheerful temper and kind heart. With seven

Shame on You, Boys.

or eight companions he explored the trackless woods around Massachusetts Bay and found several places proper for settlement.

Then other Puritans began to arrive. One party settled on the coast and founded a village to which they gave the pretty name of Salem.

Another—and this was the largest that had ever sailed to America, comprising one thousand persons, in fifteen ships—settled at the head of Massachusetts Bay, on a three-headed hill, which they christened Boston.

They had obtained from Charles I., who was then King of England, a royal charter, or constitution, which they thought a

a great deal more of than it was worth, as you will see presently. It gave them permission to elect a Governor, and accordingly they chose John Winthrop, a pious, gentle, warm-hearted man, whose expression of face was as mild as a woman's. Under his rule the Massachusetts colony passed safely through the usual sufferings from disease, cold and want.

At first they lived in tents and wretched huts, through which the rain beat, and the cold winter winds blew.

Before four years had passed the days of trial had ended, and the colonists had every reason to be happy. They had found many fertile spots, and sown large fields of corn, and built mills to grind it. They had seven churches, and stores in abundance. They had built two ships, and traded to Jamestown in Virginia, and to New Amsterdam, which is to-day the city of New York.

Boston was already an important place, and several villages had been planted on the coast, on the banks of rivers, and in the interior. The settlers were on good terms with the Indians, who were glad to sell them furs for knives and other tools which they could not make themselves.

But the chief source of their happiness was the right they enjoyed of worshiping God according to their own conscience, and establishing a society on the Bible model.

When, therefore, they found among them any man who did not think as they did on religion, they would not allow him to remain, but bade him begone. All the settlers were obliged to go to church, and to conduct themselves in a pious, orderly manner at home. They were required to dress soberly and plainly, and were forbidden to give balls or indulge in other gaieties, which were believed to be contrary to the Word of God.

In these and some other particulars, the laws of the old Puritans of New England referred to matters with which our laws do not interfere, and a great many severe things have been said about them in consequence.

It is very easy to make jokes about the Puritans forbidding the wearing of wigs or the eating of mince pies, as they did; but if we had been chased by royal soldiers, fined and imprisoned because we would not keep Christmas-day as the King chose, driven

to read our Bibles in dark holes and corners where the spies of the King could not see us, and at last obliged to run away from our homes to worship God in peace, I think it very likely that we should have taken as good care as the Puritans did to keep our old tormentors out of the place where we took refuge.

Had they understood—as we do—that prisons, and fines, and cruel punishments can never alter the convictions of an honest mind, and that the truth does not need the aid of violence, they would have been spared the only blots which stain the bright page of their history.

Roger Williams.

IN one of the first ships which arrived at Boston after the first settlement, there came a young man, named Roger Williams, a Puritan preacher, who had been driven by persecution to leave his native land. He was a man of gentle manners, but lion-hearted. God's truth he began to preach boldly at Salem.

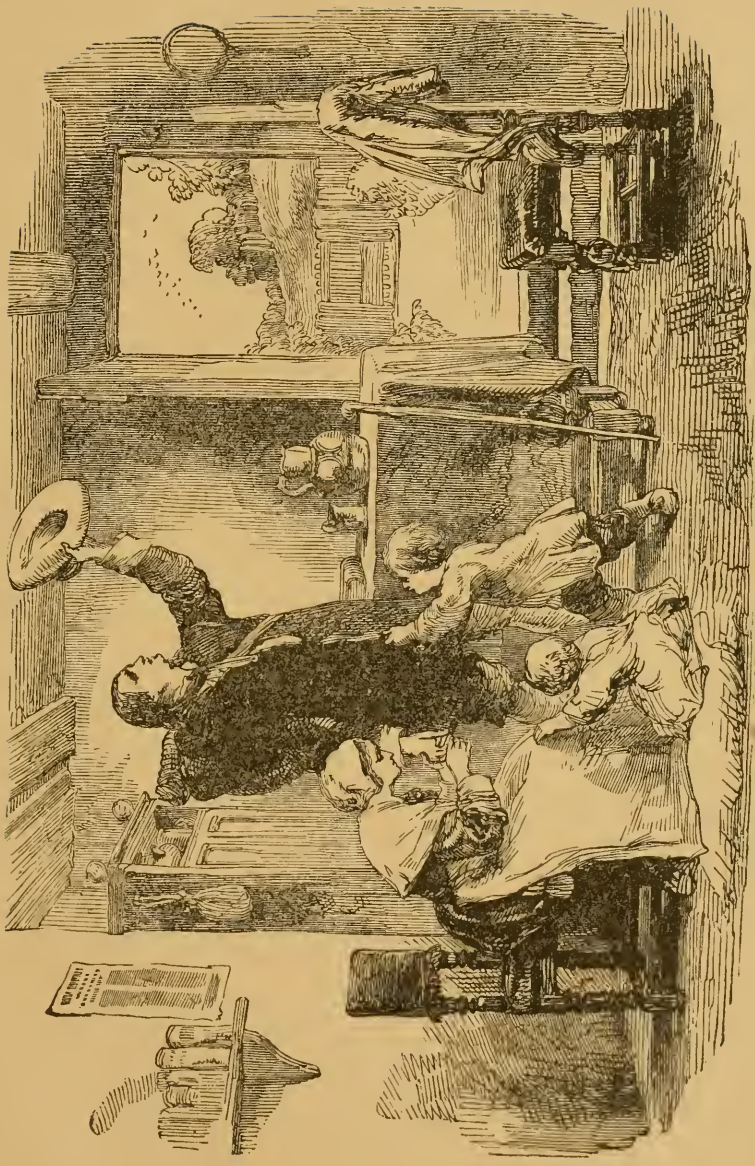
When the magistrates of Boston heard of it they were much shocked, and sent for Williams. They said that in their colony everyone must pray as they did.

He continued to preach in his bold way till the court at Boston sentenced him to be exiled. As winter was coming on, they at first agreed to allow him to remain till spring; afterward, however, they changed their minds and determined to arrest him and send him a prisoner to England.

But there were very few in Salem who did not love the good Roger Williams. He got timely warning of the danger, and fled through the snow and ice of January into the wild woods. For fourteen weeks he wandered to and fro, not knowing where he was, often near perishing with hunger, and sleeping in a hollow of a tree.

At length he lighted upon the wigwam of an Indian chief, and these poor savages, to whom he had always been kind, and who loved him as dearly as his old friends at Salem, sold him a piece of land on Narragansett Bay.

With five companions, who had joined him, Roger Williams set out in a canoe to find a fit place to settle. The people of



Roger Williams.

Rhode Island still know the spot—near a little spring at the head of the bay—where they landed. Roger Williams proved his gratitude to God, who had saved him from starvation, by naming the new settlement Providence.

Anne Hutchinson.

IT was easier to exile Roger Williams than to kill the truth. After he had gone, the same old ideas about freedom of conscience began to be spoken openly by a lady of Boston, whose name was Anne Hutchinson.

Mrs. Hutchinson was born in England, and lived there until she was middle aged. When she and her husband came to Boston, they were received by the best people of the town. Her father in England had been a preacher, and had always filled his home with other preachers, with whom he would often discuss religious subjects.

These talks Anne had heard and enjoyed almost from her childhood, and so when she came to Boston, she, too, began to gather her friends at her own house, for the purpose of talking with them. Her talks grew more and more popular. Finally the ministers grew alarmed. They feared she was getting a stronger hold upon the people than they themselves had gotten. At last she was brought before a company of ministers and accused of heresy; but Mrs. Hutchinson was a woman of keen mind, and defended herself against the charges. Failing to frighten her by this method, they at last had her brought into court and tried, just as people to-day are tried for stealing and killing.

Her crime, you will remember, was that she had tried to preach the Word of God as it seemed to her right. It was a cruel, unjust trial, and at the end of it the court decided that she and all who believed what she said should be sent out of the colony as unfit to live there. Some were exiled at once. They went as a matter of course to Roger Williams, and bought from the Indians the beautiful island which lay near his settlement at Providence. They gave to their new home the name of Rhode Island.

Rhode Island is a very small state, and looks quite insignifi-

cant on the map when compared with such states as New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio; but when we remember that Rhode Island was the first place in the world where liberty of conscience was established, we cannot think of any country in which it is more glorious to have been born.

Witchcraft in the Colonies.

IT is hard to tell when the belief in witches first sprang up. When James the First was King, England was wild with excitement over witchcraft. This stupid King believed there were witches in the forests, in the rivers, and in the air; believed every strange old woman he saw might be a witch and about to work some evil charm, so he caused many supposed witches to be hanged.

Is it any wonder, then, that witchcraft sprang up in the colonies?

In the year 1692 there sprang up such excitement over the witch belief that nothing seemed able to stop it. It seems strange to us in these days that grown-up men and women could be so foolish. They believed that the devil caused the witchcraft; when a person was bewitched, that meant that the devil had taken possession of him.

All these superstitions were commonly believed; and a great many well-meaning but weak-headed people actually persuaded themselves that they had seen witches flying about over houses and haystacks, with brooms sticking out behind their backs.

Mistress Anne Hibbins.

A POOR old widow, named Anne Hibbins, had a quarrel with a neighbor, and went to law about it, and was badgered and worried by lawyers and judges, and finally lost her case and her wits together, and went about the streets of Boston in a crazy way, out of temper with herself and everybody else. The wise people who saw her said at once that she was a witch. Several old ladies were quite positive on the subject; and, instead

of taking the poor creature home and trying to console her for the loss of her case, as they ought to have done, they went to the magistrates and accused her of all sorts of absurd crimes.

Widow Hibbins was more crazy than ever when she was brought up to be tried; and the jury said they had no doubt she was a witch, and should be put to death. She was accordingly executed. This was the first person executed for witchcraft in the New England States.

The Quakers.

IN England there had sprung up another class of people who adopted a still more simple form of church worship than even the Puritans had.

These queer Quakers would have no form at all. They adopted the custom of going into the church and quietly sitting down, with no minister, no singing, and no praying. They sat perfectly still, putting their minds on holy things. No wonder the English people thought them mad!

They received the name of Quakers in a funny way. One of them was brought to trial before an English judge. The judge was severe, and the Quaker turned to him and said: "Dost thou not quake with fear before the Great Judge, who this day hath heard thy cruel judgment upon his chosen people?" Just then, the Quaker, who was very nervous and excitable, began to shiver and shake and quake to such an extent that the whole court burst into a roar of laughter. From that time these people were named "Quakers."

In due time they were driven from England, as the Puritans had been before them. They, too, came over to America, hoping to find freedom to worship God in any way they thought best. But, as you know, the Puritans of Massachusetts would allow no one to remain within their colony unless he belonged to the same church as themselves.

Then other Quakers came, and you will read of several great men belonging to this sect.

They had a way of always wearing their hats in the pres-

ence of the magistrates, and gave a number of reasons for doing so, none of which, however, made it less polite. I am almost ashamed to tell you that the Massachusetts Puritans turned all the Quakers that could be found out of the colony. Then very severe laws were passed to prevent their coming back. If a Quaker returned after being expelled, he was to be whipped and to have one ear cut off. If he returned a second time, the other ear was to go. If he returned a third time, his tongue was to be bored with a red-hot iron.

Still the Quakers came back, and were whipped, and lost their ears without seeming the least discouraged. Then the Puritans, who never gave up an idea once adopted, resolved to put some of them to death. Two men and a woman—Mary Dyar—were found guilty and sentenced to death. They blessed God, and were led to execution on the Boston Commons. The two men were hanged.

But the magistrates thought the fright would cure a woman, so, after fastening the rope around her neck, they gave her a pardon, and sent her away. The moment she was at liberty she returned to Boston, and began to act as before. Then the magistrates took this brave woman and hanged her, for no other reason than that she was a Quaker.

After hanging one more Quaker, the Puritans began to think that there must be something wrong in their plan, it answered so badly. They were a long time puzzled to see where the mistake could be, but at last hit upon a new plan. They made a number of very careful laws against the Quakers, but privately agreed not to carry them out. After this, when a magistrate was told of a Quaker, he pretended to be very deaf; and when he met one, he looked severely the other way so as not to see him.

The Puritans of New England were also busy in other ways. In order that everyone in the colony should be able to read the Bible, they set up schools for children, and obliged every child to attend and be taught. You know that this is still the case in almost every portion of the United States; and most certainly nothing has done so much for the greatness and glory of this country as this plan of teaching every child to read.

Wherever you find a country falling to decay, or steeped in superstition, or ravaged by quarrels among its people, you may be sure that there the children are not taught to read; wherever they are taught to read you are sure to find energy, religion, power, happiness and freedom.

William Penn.

IN England, the numbers of Quakers kept increasing year after year. Common folks as well as people of wealth joined them. When they became better known they were respected. Although peculiar in speech and dress, they were honest, temperate, industrious and saving; they took care of their poor, minded their business, studied the Bible, obeyed the laws, and were prosperous. Many were intelligent. There were only two things against them. They would not become soldiers, and would not take off their hats to noblemen or kings.

Among those who joined them was William Penn, a young, fine and handsome fellow. No woman had a gentler eye, or a milder expression; kindness beamed in his looks; there was an open frankness in his countenance which no one ever has who does not tell the truth. He was very rich, and had many friends at Court, his father having been a great admiral of the navy of England.

When quite a boy, he had become a Quaker, and from that day to the end of his life his whole soul was given up to the interests of the Quakers. To them he gave his time, his money, his liberty. When a Quaker was in distress, William Penn was always ready to relieve him; when the Quakers were persecuted, William Penn stood forth as their champion. Often thrown into prison in England, and even turned out of doors by his own father, on account of being a Quaker, he never yielded a hair's breadth; but, with gentle face and sweet expression, remained firm and undaunted. For a long time he had seen that the Quakers could not be happy in England, and that some new country must be found for them abroad. They had tried to settle in New England, and in Virginia, but persecution had followed them, and they were without a home.

It was then that Penn, with some other rich Quakers, bought New Jersey.

It so chanced that the jolly King Charles the Second owed William Penn a large sum of money. As he never had any to

William Penn.

spare, and always spent more than the people of England would give him, the courtiers laughed at Penn when he spoke of the debt, and were sure he would never get anything from the King. Penn, in his quiet, gentle may, begged over and over again that the matter might be settled; and when the King was fairly worried

out of patience by his perseverance, proposed to let his majesty off if he would grant him a strip of land in America.

This suited Charles perfectly. He was so pleased with the idea of paying his debts with lands which did not belong to him that he insisted on calling the tract he granted Pennsylvania, in spite of Penn's modest objections. He then gave Penn a charter for his new Province, and hurried back to his courtiers, his ladies, and his wine.

There were a good many settlers—English, Dutch and Swedes—in the country thus granted to Penn. To these he wrote a letter, as soon as he had obtained the charter, some passages of which deserve always to be remembered when the name of William Penn is mentioned.

"My friends," it said, "these are to let you know that it hath pleased God in his providence to cast you within my lot and care. It is a business that, though I never undertook before, yet God hath given me an understanding of my duty and an honest mind to do it uprightly. You shall be governed by laws of your own making, and live a free, and, if you will, a sober and industrious people. I shall not usurp the right of any or oppress his person."

He was at this time no longer rich, having spent his money and run into debt to relieve suffering Quakers. But when several rich merchants came and offered him a large sum of money to grant them the sole right of trading with the Indians in his new province, he would not listen; his settlers, he said, should be free to trade and no one should interfere with them.

Having gathered together all the Quakers who were willing to settle in America, he set sail with them and landed at Newcastle, on the Delaware, in 1682. The ship had been seen at a great distance and the settlers, English, Dutch and Swedes, flocked down to the water's edge to meet him. They were all wild with joy to see their Quaker king, as they called Penn, and gave him a much heartier welcome than kings usually obtain from their subjects. Every one of them loved him already. Not very difficult, is it, for a wise ruler to gain the hearts of those over whom he governs?

In an open boat the Quaker king was rowed up the beautiful Delaware to the spot where the Schuylkill empties into it.

"There," said Penn, "I will build my City of Brotherly Love."

Penn's Honesty with the Indians.

THERE were Indians in the neighborhood; Penn asked them to meet him on a certain day at a certain place. On the day fixed they came, chiefs and warriors, old men and young, and found William Penn beneath the spreading branches of a green elm tree. He spoke to them in his mild, gentle way and asked them to be the friends of his Quakers. He said he did not come to rob them of their lands or to make war on them, but to live in good-will and brotherhood by their side. Many more things he said in the same kindly strain, and the chiefs, touched by the strange tenderness of his words, promised solemnly that they would live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon should endure

In the summer after his arrival, Penn founded his City of Brotherly Love on the site he had chosen. I need not tell you that it was called Philadelphia and is now one of the greatest cities in the United States.

Long before there were any streets, when only a few rude huts had been built and many of the early settlers slept in holes in the ground and in the hollow of trees, Penn summoned the people to meet him there and bade them make laws to govern themselves. They were so unused to liberty that at first they tried to evade the task and Penn was obliged to force them to become freemen. But they soon learned the value of freedom.

When it became known in Europe that in the new Quaker province of Pennsylvania every man was free, not only to worship God as he had a mind, but to make laws for himself with his fellow-citizens, and that there were no lords or royal governors there to persecute settlers, great crowds of people took ship and removed thither. All the summer immigrants came flocking up the Delaware and in three years Philadelphia became quite a large town, with a school and a printing press.

William Penn spent the rest of his life in traveling backward and forward to Pennsylvania, doing good to the Quakers. When death overtook him at last, almost his last words were:

"Mind poor friends in America."

Old Elm, Boston Common.

Religious Troubles in America.

ARCHBISHOP LAUD, who was head of the Church of England, was appointed, with several others like him, a council to set the colonies straight and make the people pray according to Laud, and not according to the Bible. At this the old Puritan spirit rose and the men of Massachusetts said they would not stand it. Though they were only a handful in comparison with the army of England and so poor that they had to borrow money to send an agent over to the King's court, they determined to resist the archbishop and among them raised six hundred pounds to buy powder and ball for the defense of Boston. But by the time they were ready to fight for their liberties, the archbishop and his friends had enough to do in England to take care of their own necks, and so nothing came of it.

Afterward, the English Parliament—the one which is known in history as the Long Parliament, on account of its sitting so long and accomplishing so much—undertook to interfere with the United Colonies of New England and to make laws for them. Then the Puritans rebelled again.

And the great and good men who sat in that Long Parliament, when they understood the true state of the matter and saw the bold face put upon it by the Puritans of New England, replied at once:

"You are right; we will not interfere with you."

Oh! If England had always had a Parliament like that Long Parliament!

The Dutch in America.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, of whom you have heard so much, had a friend named Henry Hudson, a bold mariner like himself, who accompanied him on his first voyage to Virginia. This Henry Hudson, after his return home, fell thinking of what he had seen and began to fancy that Columbus was right after all and that there must be an opening or passage somewhere in the continent of America through which ships could pass, and so take a short cut to China and the East Indies. He

went about telling everyone this must be the case and found plenty of people to believe him.

But when Hudson asked the English, to whom he told his story, to give him money to fit out a ship to find this passage, they one and all buttoned up their pockets and said they had none to spare.

Then Hudson crossed over to Holland and told the same things there. Holland is a queer little country; it is flat and so low that the whole country would long ago have been swallowed up by the ocean had not the sturdy people built great walls of reeds, mud and stone to keep back the water. Holland is sometimes called the land of windmills, because there are so many of these about all over the country. Now, this little country was far ahead of England in those days. Although there was hardly a stick of timber in the whole land, yet Holland built more ships than England had thought of. Their ships were on every sea, their cities were among the finest in Europe, their merchants rolled in wealth, their sailors were the boldest in the world. The idea of being the first to discover the new passage to China was quite to their taste, and without delay they gave Hudson a yacht called the Half Moon, with which he set sail for America.

In due time the Half Moon came in sight of land, and coasted along the shore in search of the opening that was to lead to China. After much sailing, Hudson was sure he had found the inlet he was in search of. His ship lay at the place now called Sandy Hook. He sailed into the bay (which is now the Bay of New York), and saw both shores "pleasant with grass, and flowers, and goodly trees." Indians in canoes paddled out to meet him, and sold him oysters, and beans, and corn.

Passing New York—which was then covered with wood—Hudson advanced up the river which bears his name till it became so shallow that the Half Moon could proceed no further. He then saw that this could not be the passage to China, and returned the way he came.

On his way to Holland he touched at England, and the English, who by this time had repented of losing so bold a sailor, would not allow him to leave them again. They fitted him out

a ship, and he sailed away, for the fourth time in his adventurous life, always with the old idea of finding a passage to China.

This time he found his way into Hudson's Bay—so called after him—and felt certain he was right at last. But he sailed round and round the shores of the bay and could find no opening but the one through which he had come. Winter overtook him,

Emigrants Going to America.

and his ship was frozen up in the ice. When spring came, the ice melted, and his ship set sail homeward. On the way, the sailors, who were a brutal set of men, and blamed Hudson for what they had suffered during the long winter, set him adrift on the ocean with his little son and seven others.

It is very sad to think that so brave a man as Henry Hudson must have perished miserably in the ice, or starved to death in his small boat on the wide ocean.

But his voyage was not in vain. When the English refused to let him go to Holland, he wrote a long account of what he had seen—of the beautiful lands, and the goodly trees, and the

noble river up which he had sailed—and sent it to the Dutchmen who had given him the Half Moon.

The Dutch had sense enough to see that though they had not found the passage to China, Hudson had discovered new countries to which they might trade with great advantage. Ships were dispatched to the spot, and brought home large cargoes of furs.

The Dutch were very shrewd at buying and selling, and it is likely they always got the best of their bargains with the Indians,

Fishing.

who were simple. It is said that they bought their furs by the pound, and, having no weights like ours, they persuaded the Indians that a Dutchman's hand weighed exactly one pound and his foot two. You may believe this or not, as you like; it is certain that they bought their furs very cheap.

As traders and sailors they excelled the English. They bought the island of Manhattan of the Indians for about twenty-four dollars—not very much for an island, which, as you know, is now worth millions and millions. Wherever they saw a strip of land or an island that suited them they bought it, and gave the

Indians a string of beads, or a bit of ribbon, or a tobacco-pipe for it.

After a time farmers, with their wives and children, began to arrive from Holland, and settled on Long Island, on the Jersey shore, and on Manhattan Island. Some very enterprising Dutchmen had farms in the woods and swamps, through which Broadway now runs, and let their cows and pigs run wild where the City Hall stands.

All the way from the Connecticut River to the Delaware, and up the Hudson as far as Albany, these Dutch had little settlements, sometimes only a house where lived an Indian trader, sometimes a farm with a few families.

A Catholic Colony in Maryland.

ABOUT the same time another colony was founded, which likewise grew to be one of the United States. This was Maryland, so called after the unhappy Henrietta Maria, Queen of England.

The bigoted English bishops were the cause of its settlement, for they were determined to force every Englishman to believe the things they believed, and go to their churches, and help pay their clergymen, and they soon made the land too hot for all but their own followers.

Lord Baltimore.

They were harsh in their dealings with the Roman Catholics, whom they persecuted in a variety of cruel and foolish ways. For a time the Catholics bore their sufferings in patience, but at last began to think of seeking peace abroad.

One of the King's ministers, Lord Baltimore, was at heart a Catholic, but for many years kept his belief to himself. All at once, in the midst of the persecution, the conscience of this honorable man smote him for his deception, and he openly avowed his creed, and resigned his high offices.

From that time he devoted himself to finding a refuge for

the Roman Catholics, and spent all his fortune in the work. First he tried Newfoundland, but the climate was too severe, and the land too poor. He then turned his thoughts to the region which lay between Virginia and New England, and made two voyages thither to find a suitable place for settlement.

Before he had planted his colony this good man died; but his sons took up the scheme, and one of them set sail from England with about two hundred Catholics, in two vessels called the Ark and the Dove.

They sailed up the Chesapeake Bay into the Potomac River, and found on the north bank an Indian village, surrounded by fine fields of Indian corn. One of them proposed to the Indians to buy the whole village for his party. His offer was accepted, and the red men, laden with tools and presents of various kinds, cheerfully resigned their homes to the new settlers, and moved higher up the river.

It is a little remarkable that this settlement was almost the only English one in America which did not suffer from cold or disease or famine. From the first day of their arrival, the Catholics of Maryland found themselves nearly as well off, and as comfortable, as they were at home.

Swedish Colony in America.

THE famous Queen of Sweden, Christina, seeing all the other nations of Europe dividing America between them, thought Sweden should have its share, and sent out two ships with Swedes to see what they could do. They sailed up Delaware Bay, and finding pleasant places for settlement at its head, planted a small colony there.

The Dutch had a settlement on the same river, and at first were furious with the Swedes for coming. They tried the old plan of firing a long proclamation, with tremendous words in it, at the Swedes, but it didn't answer, so the Dutch made their minds up to bear it.

After a time it was the Swedes' turn to be jealous of the Dutch. The Swedish commander, a very cunning soldier, hit

upon a plan for seizing the Dutch fort. He sent word to the Dutch Governor that on a certain day he would pay him a friendly visit.

Now the Dutch were always famed for their good eating; and as he liked nothing so well as a grand dinner, with plenty of eatables and plenty of drinkables, and plenty of smoking afterward, the Dutch Governor made great preparations to feast his

Going to America.

Swedish neighbors. When the Swedes came, therefore, they all sat down, and the Dutchmen began to stuff themselves and to drink great goblets of beer, and wine, and brandy. The cunning Swedes pretended to eat and drink as well; but they took care not to empty their goblets. When they saw the Dutch Governor and his chief men so drunk they could not walk, and could hardly stand, they all rose up at once and seized the fort, and pulled down the Dutch flag and hoisted the Swedish one in its place.

When the news of this trick reached Fort Amsterdam, it created, as you may fancy, a tremendous uproar. The Governor

at that time was a fierce old soldier, with a wooden leg, whose name was Peter Stuyvesant. He flew into a great rage, and said he would not leave a Swede alive in America. As he was not only a man of words but a man of deeds, who liked nothing better than shooting and slashing, he soon collected an army of Dutchmen and sailed straight to where the Swedes were.

By this time the cunning Swedish commander was rather sorry for what he had done, and went out to meet terrible Peter Stuyvesant, who was stumping on as fast as he could with his wooden leg. Peter Stuyvesant was too angry to talk much; he told the Swedes they must submit to the Dutch, and hoist the Dutch flag, and call themselves Dutch and not Swedes any longer, or else he would knock their heads off instantly. The Swedes tried to argue, but it was of no use; so being unable to resist so large an army as Peter Stuyvesant's, they submitted to whatever he required. And this was the end of New Sweden in America.

Indian Troubles.

UP to this time, 1634, the Indians had lived peaceably with their white neighbors in New England; had brought them furs, and game, and fish, and received in exchange hoes, and cloth, and useful articles for their wigwams.

When the winter was longer than usual, and the red men of the woods had exhausted their stock of food, they went to the houses and villages of the whites, and were hospitably entertained; and in the same way, when the New Englanders were benighted, or lost their way in the forests, they were sure of a warm fire and a supper in the wigwam of the Indian chiefs.

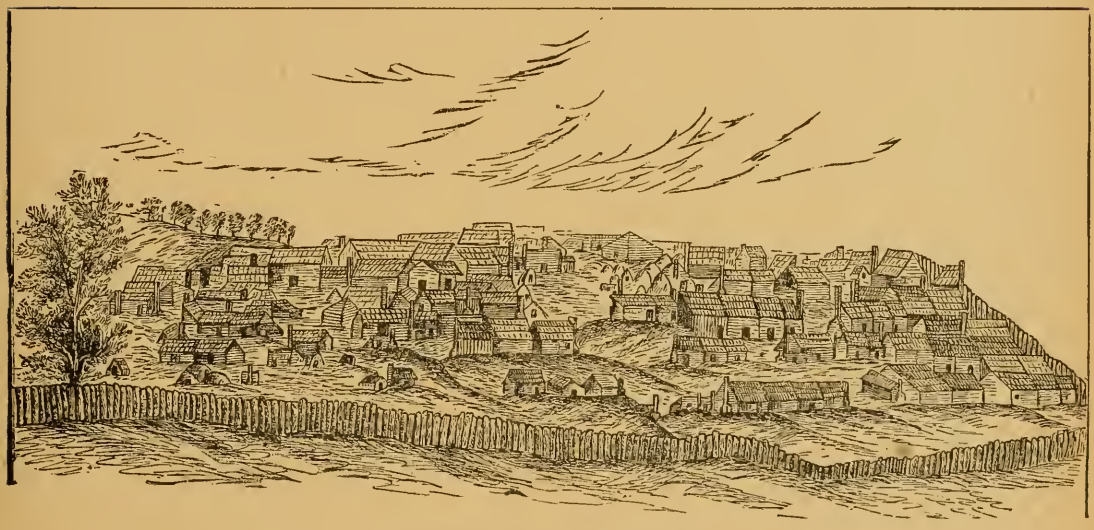
But they did not long remain friends. Privately the Indians were jealous of the new-comers, who built themselves houses and laid out farms on the borders of every flowing river, and raised finer crops, and were in every way so much more comfortable than the old dwellers in the land.

Many a chief, I dare say, sighed when he thought of the noble hunting-grounds of his people, which were in the possession of strangers, and his eye flashed when he saw the white smoke curling out of their cottage chimneys.

The Pequots.

THESE savage thoughts were nursed by none more than by the fierce tribe of Pequots, who spread all over the country from Providence, Rhode Island, to the Connecticut River.

While they were brooding over them, a Virginian sailor, named Stone, sailed up the Connecticut in a small vessel to trade. Some say that Stone, who was a wild, quarrelsome sort of fellow, attacked the Indians first, which is quite likely to have been the case. Whether it was his fault or the Indians', a fight ensued.



Stockade of a Pioneer Settlement.

To revenge themselves on Stone, the savages stole into his cabin, when he slept, and murdered him and all his crew, and covered up their bodies with dirt and rubbish.

When the news reached New England, the people were much alarmed and endeavored to quell the trouble.

But if the men of New England knew how to avenge an injury, the Pequots knew better. All along the Connecticut River they assembled in small bodies, and when they saw a man walking or working in his field alone they murdered him. Sometimes they would attack a lonely house at night, kill the men and carry off the women and children into a slavery worse than death.

Several of their chiefs, not satisfied with this vengeance, proposed to the chiefs of the Narragansetts, another powerful tribe, to form a league against the white men and cut them off altogether.

The scheme having come to the ears of Roger Williams, that lion-hearted man resolved at once to defeat it. Setting out alone,

Indian Wigwams.

in dreadful weather, in his canoe, he paddled all day and never rested till he reached the wigwam of the head chief of the Narragansetts.

Entering the wigwam, the first persons he saw were the very Pequot chiefs who had proposed to form the league. They were at that moment talking about it to the Narragansett

chief. The white man's blood was still clotted on their knives, showing that they had recently done mischief by putting some innocent man to death. They apparently had no regrets or no misgivings. The fiendish look was still on their faces. They glared fiercely at Williams as he entered, as if to say that they

A Fight with Indians.

were sure at all events of one scalp more. But Roger Williams feared no one. He had pondered well before coming, and knowing he was on the side of right he went at his duty unflinchingly and without deception or diplomacy. He sat him down by his old friends, who had formerly saved his life in the woods, and began to argue against the proposals of the Pequots as calmly as if he had been sitting in his own house.

Three days and three nights he staid in the wigwam answer-

ing the Pequots and pleading the cause of those who, as you remember, had driven him so harshly from Boston. Every night when he lay down to sleep he knew he might be waked by a stab from a Pequot knife or a sudden stroke from a Pequot hatchet and that he was quite alone and defenseless. But he put implicit trust in God and never once thought of his own safety.

On the fourth day the Narragansetts decided. They said they would not join the Pequots. Roger Williams had won the victory. With a savage scowl, the Pequot chiefs slunk back to their tribe.

At last, all the colonies united and raised a small army. There was a great battle in which over seven hundred of the Pequots were killed. The few that were left were so weak and so powerless they were unable to defend themselves. Every wigwam was burned, every Indian corn field laid waste. So thoroughly was the work done that in a short time there was not a Pequot to be found in all the land.

Indians never forget an injury. Their sly and treacherous natures are shown even in a little thing like the following.

The Snake-Skin.

NEAR the Plymouth colony there lived two Indian tribes, one of which hated the white men. The chief of this savage tribe sent a bundle of arrows wrapped in a rattlesnake's skin to Plymouth—which was the Indian way of declaring war. The Governor, William Bradford, an undaunted man, filled the skin with gunpowder and balls and sent it back. They say that the Indians fancied these balls and powder were fatal charms and were frightened by them. But I think it very likely that the bold face and firm voice of the Governor and the other pilgrims had something to do with their fright. At all events, the Indians thought better of the matter and made no attack.

Massasoit's Illness.

MASSASOIT, the chief of the other tribe, was always friendly. He fell ill and Winslow, one of the pilgrims, went to see him. He found the chief surrounded by strange fellows of his own tribe, who called themselves pow-wows and fancied they could cure diseases by screeching and howling and wriggling their bodies in a ridiculous manner. When Winslow saw this he took the pow-wows by the shoulders and pushed them out of the wigwam; then kneeling beside the chief, gave him medicine and soon cured him.

Massasoit was so grateful for this that he revealed to Winslow a plot that had been formed among the Indians to surprise and massacre a party of white men who had settled in Massachusetts Bay at a place called Weymouth. So a messenger was sent to warn the people, and as a result the Indians were severely punished and taught a lesson.

King Philip's War.

AFTER the death of Massasoit and forty years after the Pequot War, King Philip, the Indian chief, made war upon the colonies. "We shall have no lands left us," said Philip. "Every year these white men come and build homes in our land, every year we are pushed farther and farther back. Therefore let us destroy these settlements one and all."

The first attack was made upon the little village of Swansey. These simple villagers were assembled at church.

As they came slowly out into the bright, warm sunlight, thinking, no doubt, about the goodness of life, suddenly there rose upon the still air the much-dreaded Indian war-whoop.

Suddenly out from the trees and rocks rushed the angry red men, brandishing their tomahawks and yelling with rage.

An awful massacre followed—too horrible to relate.

For a long time the war raged. It seemed sometimes as if the Indians would surely succeed in their purpose of slaying every man, woman and child in the colony.

But at last Philip himself was slain in battle and thus a death-blow was struck to the horrible war.

"Now," said the colonists, "if we can but find Annawon, King Philip's right hand man, and capture him, we shall be safe

Taunting the Rescuers.

again. With their leaders slain, these Indians will have no courage to carry on the war."

Annawon had made his camp in a swamp where he supposed he was safe.

But Captain Church, a brave Puritan solder, came upon Annawon, asleep before his tent.

So before he even knew the white men had come he was made their prisoner.

"Now," said Captain Church, turning to the Indians, "there are hundreds of white men outside the camp, who at a signal from me will rush in to destroy you. If, however, you surrender, and promise peace for the future, your lives shall be spared."

"We surrender," said the Indians. Thus ended King Philip's War, one of the longest and most awful of all the Indian wars. When at last King Philip and Annawon were conquered you be sure it was a happy day among the colonists.

Georgia.

IN England there lived, one hundred and seventy years ago, a brave and humane gentleman, whose name was James Oglethorpe. He had been a soldier, and had fought valiantly in the wars.

At this time a foolish idea prevailed in England—so foolish that it would seem almost laughable, if it were possible to laugh at so grave a wrong. It was this. When a man owed money and could not pay, it was supposed that the best way of making him pay was to shut him up in prison. You and I know well enough that when a man is locked up, and cannot go and work, it is not very easy for him to earn money; and if we had a debtor and wanted him to pay us, we should think it better to give him as much liberty as possible, and so put him in the way of earning what he could. But this was not understood by the English. And as there were a great many hard-hearted creditors in England, the prisons were full of poor debtors.

When good James Oglethorpe began to visit them and turned his whole thoughts to the subject, and finding that it would take too long—if, indeed, it was at all possible—to make the prisons what they ought to be, he resolved to find some new country whither poor debtors and unhappy prisoners might flee for a refuge.

The King—George the Second—granted him what he asked without scruple or hesitation. He gave him and his friends a wide

tract of land between South Carolina and Spanish Florida, and named it Georgia, after himself, of course.

It is delightful, after all the horrible Indian trouble, to think of the friendly way in which these Indians welcomed Oglethorpe. One of the chiefs went to his tent, bearing a large buffalo skin, on the inside of which an eagle was painted, and said:

"The feathers of the eagle are soft, and signify love; the buffalo skin is warm, and is the emblem of protection. Therefore love and protect our little families." A very pretty speech, is it not?

As soon as the town of Savannah was laid out, and people in Europe heard of the beautiful climate of Georgia, and the wise manner in which Oglethorpe ruled the colony, many poor persons from Germany and Switzerland, as well as Scotland and England, came to live there.

He drew up laws for his people and stipulated that no rum should be allowed there, and that any sale of it to the Indians should be punished as one of the greatest of crimes.

He also forbade the people holding slaves. He believed this was not right.

For a time the settlement prospered, then came discontent. The people wanted the very things which their wise leader had declared they should not have.

They wrote letters to the King of England making all sorts of complaints against their leader, until at last Oglethorpe returned to England and soon demolished his accusers, and proved that he was in the right and they in the wrong; but he never returned to Georgia.

When the twenty-one years had passed for which Oglethorpe and his companions had been given permission to hold this land in Georgia, their charter was given back to King George. Georgia then belonged to England; and as England cared very little what the colonists in Georgia or in any other colony did, they were now free to have their slaves and as much strong drink as they liked.

The Jesuits.

WHILE Englishmen were landing and planting colonies, and founding cities all along the coast—from Maine to Carolina—the French were as busy on the river St. Lawrence. With the first traders came Roman Catholic priests, in great numbers, hoping to convert the Indians to Christianity.

These were chiefly Jesuits. They prosecuted that work with great energy, and zeal and courage. They endured hunger, thirst, cold and cruel torture with cheerfulness, in their great work.

One of these was Father Jogues, who traveled away through the Indian country as far as the great lakes, teaching and baptizing the red men. The Hurons were his friends; but the fierce Mohawks, who hated the Hurons, hated the French likewise. As he was traveling up the St. Lawrence, a band of Mohawks caught him. When he was nearly dead, they sold him to the Dutch.

Very few men, I think, having once escaped out of the hands of these savages, and with their bodies covered with the scars, and bruises, and burns they had inflicted, would have run the same risks again. But when the French in Canada wanted a priest to go among the Mohawks to try to convert them, Jogues offered to go, and went, saying as he left:

"I am going away, and I shall never come back."

He had scarcely arrived at their village when they foolishly accused him of having spoiled their harvest. He knew what they meant. Smiling, and trusting in God, he walked to the wigwam of the chief, but was struck dead the moment he entered.

Many others, whose stories it would take too long to tell, perished in the same miserable way. But those who remained were as bold as ever. As soon as one of these priests had converted a few Indians, he established a little fort or village, and resided there among them. In this way many of the states of this Union were first peopled by white men.

In 1666 another priest paddled up the Ottawa, crossed over into Lake Huron, and again paddled to the Falls of St. Mary's, at the mouth of Lake Superior, where he established a little fort

—the first white settlement within the present State of Michigan. Other priests in the same way settled in Illinois. Wherever they set up forts, they claimed the country for the King of France.

La Salle.

THE greatest of these French travelers was named La Salle. He had been formerly a Jesuit, but had become a trader, and had built a fort on Lake Ontario, at a place called Frontenac, where the city of Kingston, in Canada, now stands. Hearing stories of a great river flowing through rich and fertile meadows in the west, and being a man of a roving and adventurous disposition, he set out with several companions to explore it.

On Lake Erie he built himself a small sailing vessel, and sailed westward into Lake Huron, where he bought furs of the Indians. In canoes he roved round Lakes Huron and Michigan, and planted a fort at Mackinaw about the year 1680.

In a storm his vessel was lost. His men lost heart. The Indians began to be unfriendly. But La Salle was a man of iron, and never flinched. With only three companions he set out on foot, without provisions, to find his way back to Fort Frontenac. It took him a year to go and return; but at the end of the year he was again on the banks of the Illinois River, as bold as ever. Down the stream into the Mississippi he floated, and the current bore him gently southward, through the most beautiful country he had ever seen, until at last he reached the mouth of the great river in the Gulf of Mexico.

Louis the XIV. was at that time King of France, and in honor of him La Salle named the country through which he had passed Louisiana. He went to France to tell what he had seen, and the King gave him several ships with a large number of settlers to people the new country.

But the day of misfortune had come. His ships missed the mouth of the Mississippi and landed in Texas. Then a storm destroyed their stores, and some of the Frenchmen, disgusted and heartsick, went on board the ships and sailed back home. With

those who remained La Salle built a fort, which he named St. Louis. But they soon began to quarrel among themselves; many of them died, and all were jealous of La Salle. He never lost courage. Over and over again he started out with one or two companions to try to find the Mississippi; but each time he returned ragged and sore, without having found it.

At last he made up his mind to go to Canada, and set out with sixteen men on foot. Two of these men hated La Salle, and on the journey laid a dark plot to murder him.

This was the sad end of the white man who sailed down the Mississippi.

French and Indian Wars.

IT would have been a happy thing if these Jesuits—who were so courageous and devoted that one cannot help admiring them—had been as tolerant as the Bible teaches us we should be. Unfortunately, there was at this time a great deal of blundering in the world about religion, and very few people indeed understood what Christ's Gospel really meant. The Protestants of Maryland, you remember, wanted to persecute the Catholics; the Puritans persecuted Roger Williams and the Quakers; and the first thing the Jesuits of Canada did, when they converted the Indians, was to get up a persecution of the Protestants.

A war breaking out between the King of England and the King of France, they set to work zealously, and secretly stirred up the Indians to attack the English settlers.

A bitter war now opened up between the French, aided by the Indians, on one side, and the English, aided by her colonies, on the other.

The French in America began to think of securing themselves in such a way that they could not be driven out by the English. The plan to do this, they thought, was to send officers to all parts of the country where the English had not settled, to dig holes in the ground and bury leaden plates with the French arms engraven thereon, and to nail some of the same plates on the trees. The meaning of these plates, buried and nailed up, was that the King of France was the rightful sovereign of the country

where they were. So they buried plates all through the west, and along the Ohio and Illinois rivers.

In this way the King of France came to claim a great deal more land in America than the English did. He had a fort at

Capture of a White Child.

Cape Breton; others were scattered along the St. Lawrence, at Quebec and at Montreal, and he had others at Niagara, at Detroit, and at Mackinaw. On the Mississippi, New Orleans had already been founded by French settlers, and other forts or trading posts stretched up the river to Natchez and beyond. Wherever the French had the least little bit of a fort or a trading post they

claimed the country far and wide for miles around. And thus, as you will see on looking at the map, the dominions of the French King were like a monstrous bow, of which the English colonies along the shore of the ocean were the string.

There were ten times as many people in the English as in the French settlements; but the French were very fond of fighting,

A Fear that the Baby might be Stolen.

very jealous of the English, and very anxious to be masters of the whole continent.

At this time a number of English traders started to plant a new colony on the borders of the Ohio.

The French sent them word that they could not stay there, that being the territory of the French King. But the people of Virginia said, on the contrary, that the territory was theirs, and they would not give it up.

When the French sent a party of soldiers, took the English prisoners, and carried them to their fort on Lake Erie, it enraged all the English colonies and England as well.

The Governor of Virginia, Robert Dinwiddie, sent a message

to the French that the prisoners must be surrendered. To be the bearer of this message he chose a young man of twenty-one years of age, who was a surveyor by trade. His name was George Washington.

Young George Washington.

ON the twenty-second day of February, 1732, George Washington was born in a plain, old-fashioned house in Virginia. He grew to be a tall boy, could run swiftly, and was a powerful wrestler. The stories of the long jumps he made are almost beyond belief, and it was said that he could throw farther than any other boy. When only eleven years old his father died, but he had a good mother, who trained him to be manly and noble.

The people of that day went everywhere on horseback, and George was not afraid to get astride of the wildest horse. He was a strongly built and fearless boy. But a better thing is told of him. He was so just that his schoolmates used to bring their quarrels for him to settle.

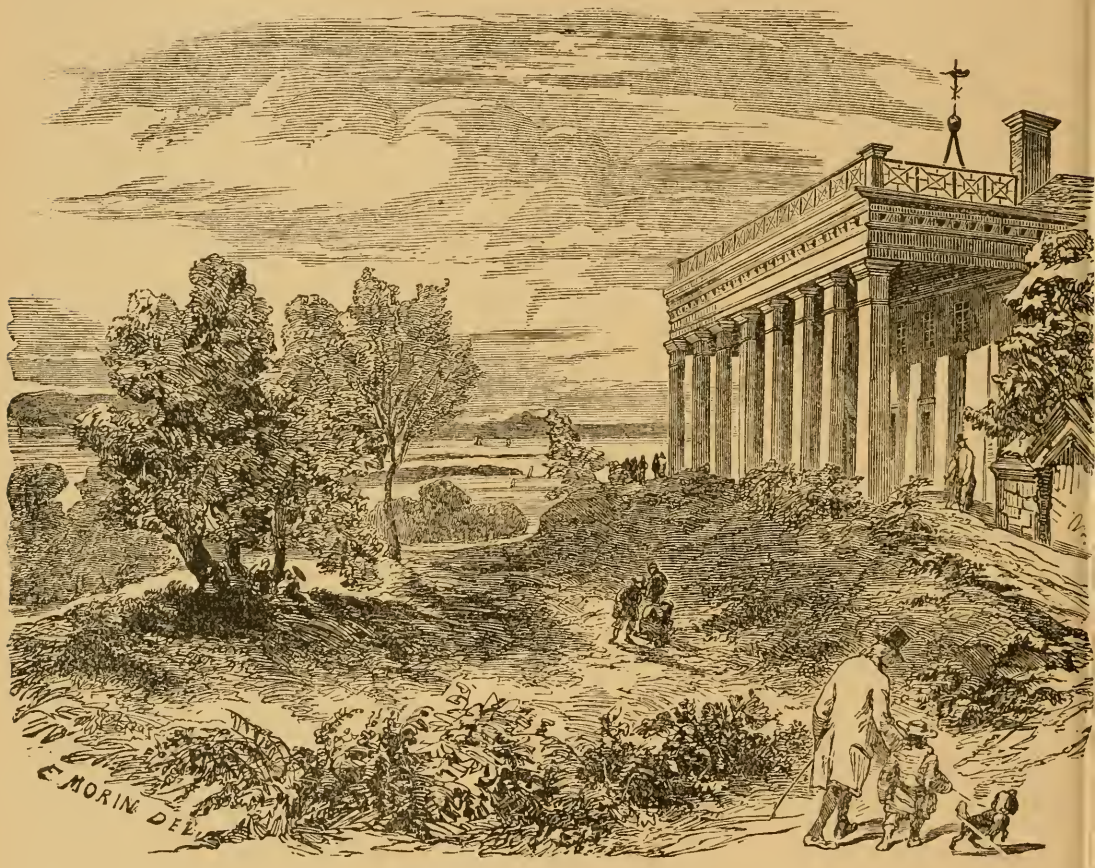
The food of people in the woods was mostly wild game. Every man did his own cooking, toasting his meat on a forked stick and eating it off a chip. Washington led this rough life for three years. It was a good school for a soldier. Here he made his first acquaintance with the Indians. When only nineteen the governor of Virginia made him a major of a militia. He took lessons in military drill from an old soldier, and practiced sword exercises under instruction of a teacher.

When the governor decided to send an officer to warn the French that they were on English ground, is it any wonder he sent George Washington? He was ready, this brave young major, and knew both the woods and the ways of the Indians. After crossing swollen streams and rough mountains, he got over to the Ohio River, where all was wilderness; then he called the Indians together and had a talk with them. He got a chief and some other Indians to go with him to the French fort.

The French officers had no intention of giving up their fort to the English. They liked this brave and gentlemanly young

A Brave Charge.

Major Washington and entertained him well, but tried to get the Indians to desert him, and did all they could to keep him from getting safe home again. Part of the way home they traveled in



Washington's Home Mt. Vernon.

canoes, often jumping out into the icy water to lift the canoes over shallow places.

When reaching the place where he was to leave the Indians and recross the mountains, his packhorses were found too weak for work. So Washington gave up his saddle-horse to carry baggage. Then he strapped a pack on his back, shouldered his gun, and, with his companion and a guide, started home. The Indian guide was a rascal. When Washington was tired the guide wished to carry his gun for him, but the young major thought

the gun safer in his own hands. At length, as evening came on, from behind a tree, the Indian leveled his gun and fired on Washington and his companion, the ball just grazing the major's body. Afraid of being attacked, they now traveled night and day till they got to the Alleghany River. They spent the night on an island in the river, and got ashore in the morning by walking on the ice. Washington bought a horse here, and soon got back to the colonies, where the story of his adventures was told from one plantation to another, producing great excitement.

The people of Virginia now knew that the French were determined to fight, and the Governor of Virginia quickly prepared for war.

General Braddock.

THE King of England resolved to send soldiers to America to fight the French. He chose General Braddock, a very brave but conceited and headstrong man, to be their leader.

Braddock was eager for the fight, and made quite sure of victory. He said he would take Fort Duquesne, on the Ohio River; then he would march to Niagara, and take the French fort there; then sail to Fort Fontenac, where he would rest a while.

When Benjamin Franklin advised him to beware of the Indians, he laughed at the idea. He said Indians might be dangerous to the men of America, but that his English soldiers would make short work of them.

The French sent out a party to meet him. They met a short distance from the fort, and the battle commenced in the middle of a wood. For a short while Braddock's soldiers fought bravely; but very soon the warhoop of the Indians began to terrify them, and the Indian plan of hiding behind trees and firing without showing themselves puzzled them completely. They fired their guns without taking aim, and one by one lost courage and ran away.

Washington, who was aid-de-camp to Braddock, had two horses killed under him and four balls in his coat. An Indian chief, who had fired at him several times, at last threw down his gun and cried that some great spirit must be guarding him.

The battle was won by the French, and Braddock's English soldiers fled like sheep. Braddock himself was shot in the side. He never spoke for a whole day after the battle. Then, turning to his officers, he said, "Who would have thought it?"

Braddock was carried from the field, and soon died. He was buried in the woods by torchlight; and on the margin of the grave, with sorrowing officers around him, Washington read the solemn funeral service of the Church of England. Then all the troops went back to their homes.

A far gloomier scene, however, and more shameful than the running away of Braddock's soldiers, was witnessed that same year.

Burning of Acadia.

NOVA SCOTIA, or Acadia, as it was then called, belonged to the English; but there were living there a great many of the old French settlers with their families. They were called neutrals; that is to say, they had promised not to fight against the English, on the one hand, and, on the other, they declared they would not serve against their old countrymen, the French. They were mostly quiet, orderly people, very simple in their customs and ideas, loving their churches and their priests, and seeking no harm to anyone.

The English, however, fearing that they might by and by be persuaded to join the French forces, made up their minds to break up this village and scatter the people. This was a cruel deed, and one for which there is no excuse.

One bright morning the English officers came into the village and demanded that the people be gathered in their village churches. When they had entered, soldiers surrounded the buildings, and the French were told that they were to be carried off in ships to the British colonies.

You may fancy how horrible a thing it was to be torn away from one's home and one's farm, and to be thrown on shore in some strange country without a friend in the world, or any means of earning one's bread.

On the tenth of September, the exiles were made to embark,

the young men first, the old men next, and before the turn of the women and children came the ships were full, and sailed away.

The women and children threw themselves at the feet of the British soldiers, and prayed wildly to be sent where their friends had gone.

Day after day, week after week, and month after month

Indians Attacking a Pioneer Settlement.

passed, and no ships came. On the cold seashore, in holes in the rocks or in the sand, the poor creatures shivered and wept.

From the desolate cliffs the men could see the smoke rising from their old homes. [illegible] soldiers had set [illegible] vent the Acadians coming back again, and they knew they had henceforth no home in this world. Many mothers, too, robbed of their husbands and their sons, lay stiff and stark when the

soldiers came at last to say that the ships were there, and they must go.

They were all exiled. Some went to Massachusetts, some to Connecticut, some to Pennsylvania, some to Virginia, some to the Carolinas, and some to Georgia. Fathers and sons, husbands and wives were separated, and never again found each other in this world. When they were landed they found themselves in a strange country, where their language was not understood. But God, who is just, beheld their sorrows from on high.

Wolfe and Montcalm.

THE French were low in spirits and in bad condition. They had always been outnumbered by the English; and during the winter they had suffered dreadfully from famine—all the farmers having spent the year in fighting instead of sowing the fields.

But their leader, Moncalm, never quailed. He wrote to the King of France that the people of Canada were sorely tried, and wanted peace very badly; but, having done this, he prepared to fight as bravely as if he had been sure of victory.

Quebec is, as you know, one of the strongest places in the world. The rock on which it stands rises out of the St. Lawrence to a towering height; and Wolfe, when he sailed up to attack the city, saw, that to reach it, he must either climb the heights on one side, or ford a river on the other. Both were very difficult operations. He had said, however, when he left England, that he would either conquer or die in the attempt; and he meant to keep his word.

On the last day of July he gave orders for the attack. But fortune was against him. Some of his boats ran aground and the French destroyed them. When his men landed, Montcalm ordered a fire, which threw them into confusion, and before they could be rallied night came on.

This reverse did not discourage Wolfe in the least. He sent word to General Amherst, who was at Crown Point, to come directly to assist him; and day after day, for weeks, he watched

for his coming, but Amherst never stirred. Then a fever seized him, and his teeth chattered so that he could hardly speak, and he knew he had but a short time to live. But his resolution to take Quebec never faltered.

He moved most of his troops some miles above the city, and pretended to be meditating a landing there. Some of his ships

Wolfe's Cave.

—commanded by the famous sailor Captain Cook—he ordered to sail to and fro below the city, so that the French might expect him there, too.

Then, at the dead of night, on the twelfth of September, he

dropped down the river in boats with muffled oars, and landed opposite a narrow path leading up the cliffs. There was only room for two men to walk abreast in the path; and often the soldiers were obliged to seize hold of branches and roots of trees to drag themselves up. But at last they all reached the heights above, and a messenger ran in haste to Montcalm to say the English were close to the city. He would not believe it at first; but when he saw the flags waving in the distance he ordered his men to march to the attack.

Battle of Quebec.

THE battle of Quebec began on the thirteenth of September. It was long and bloodly; but in the end the French gave way. Brave Wolfe had been in the thick of the fight, and had been wounded twice. At last a ball struck him in the breast, and he would have fallen but for an officer who caught him in his arms. As he sank exhausted, some one cried,

"Ah! they run."

Wolfe raised his drooping head and asked,

"Who run?"

The officer answered,

"The French run on every side."

"Then," said the dying hero, "God be praised, I die happy!"

Almost at the same moment an English ball struck the gallant Montcalm, and he fell. A surgeon running to him, he asked how long he would live. The surgeon replied,

"Ten or twelve hours, or perhaps less."

"So much the better," said the noble Frenchman, "I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." And turning to one of his officers: "To you, sir, I commit the honor of France."

In the middle of a pretty garden in the city of Quebec, there stands a tall column which can be seen from a great distance. There is no ornament of any kind about it; nothing but the plain stones laid one above another, and rising into the air. The rain and snow patter against it, and the east wind whistles round it

on the cold winter nights. On one side of that column is inscribed the name of Wolfe; on the other, Montcalm. I do not know where to look for a monument that bears the names of two braver men. In England in the armor room of the London Tower is kept the faded blanket upon which General Wolfe

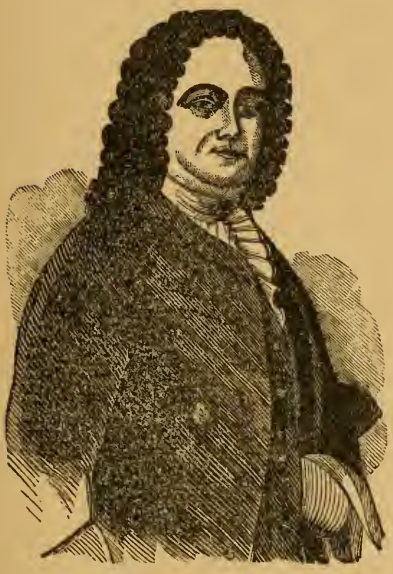
Montcalm.

breathed his last. During the French and Indian war many terrible battles were fought, and thousands upon thousands of brave men were killed on both sides. At last the British and the colonists won. Peace was made, and England now owned the land.

Death of Wolfe.

Benjamin Franklin.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was third to the oldest of a family of seventeen children. He was born in Boston in 1706. He learned to read when young, although he attended school only two years. When ten years old he helped his father, who made his living by boiling soap and making tallow candles. Little Benjamin had to cut wicks for the candles, fill the molds with the melted tallow, tend the shop, and run errands.



Benjamin Franklin.

Franklin and his playmates used to fish in a millpond which had a salt-marsh for a shore, so that the boys had to stand in the mud. He was a leader among the boys, and already very ingenious. One day he proposed that they should build a wharf in this marsh to stand on. Near the marsh was a pile of stones, put there to be used in building a new house. In the evening, when the workmen were gone, Franklin and the other boys tugged and toiled until they had managed to carry all these stones away and build them into a wharf.

Next day the workmen were very surprised to find that their pile of stones had disappeared. They soon found out their whereabouts and complained to the parents of the boys. Benjamin tried to show his father that it was a useful work to build such a pier, but the father soon taught him that "nothing was useful that was not honest."

Benjamin now became very fond of reading. He read his father's books, and sold some trinkets of his own to buy more. Being so fond of books his father concluded to make him a printer. So he was apprenticed to his older brother, who had a printing-office. Benjamin liked this trade, and learned rapidly. Going to bookstores often, he got a chance to borrow books. He

sometimes sat up all night to read them, taking great care to return them in good condition.

About this time, too, he suddenly rose into notice by writing short essays on various subjects, in the *New England Courant*, the only newspaper in New England. He told the truth, but he offended many persons, and they resolved to put him down.

The House reprimanded him; and the great people in Boston would have nothing more to say to the *Courant*, which soon expired in consequence. Almost everybody said the boy was rightly served, and no one had a good word for him. Above all, his master, who was also his brother, though not very brotherly in his feelings, used to ill treat him in many ways.

Wearied by this harsh usage, Franklin ran away to New York, in the hope of finding work there. He found none, and went on to Amboy. No work there; and on to Burlington, whence he rowed in a boat to Philadelphia.

Here is a story of his journey as told by himself:

"I have been the more particular in this description of my journey to Philadelphia, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figures I have since made there.

"I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul, or where to look for lodging.

"I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper.

"The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little. Then I walked up a street, gazing about, till, near the market-house, I met a boy with bread.

"I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed

me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia.

"Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not considering or knowing the difference of money, or the greater cheapness or the names of his bread, I bade him give me threepenny worth of any sort.

"He gave me, accordingly, three great, puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other.

"Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Reed, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward and ridiculous appearance.

"I then turned and went down Chesnut Street, and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way. Coming round I found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, I gave the other two to a woman and her child who came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

"Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into a great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market.

"I sat down among them, and, after looking round a while and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia."

This is the same Franklin that made the wonderful discoveries in electricity; he first made them by means of a kite with a small thread. In this way he found that he could "bring down the lightning."

Later he opened a small printing-office of his own. He went

in debt for his press and type. To pay for them, he worked night and day. Men saw him at work with his candle when they got up in the morning, and when they went to bed at night. When he wanted paper, he would take a cart and bring it from the store to his printing-office.

People said, "What a hard-working young man that Franklin is! He is sure to get there!" And then, to help him on, they brought their work for him to do.

He could write intelligently on almost any subject, so he started a newspaper, then the best one printed in all America.

Franklin married the same Miss Deborah Reed, who laughed when she saw him walking the street with a roll under each arm, several years previous. She helped in every way possible. They kept no servant, and ate their breakfast of plain bread and milk out of an earthen porringer with a pewter spoon. In time, Franklin paid off his debts and began to lay up money.

In those days books were scarce, but everybody bought an almanac once a year. Franklin published one of these. It was known as "Poor Richard's Almanac," because in among the matter that is always found in almanacs, Franklin scattered all sorts of "wise sayings" or proverbs. To these he gave the name "Poor Richard's Sayings."

After Franklin's discovery of electricity he was soon considered one of the great men of the world, and was called Dr. Franklin.

During the troubles between England and the colonies Dr. Franklin was the one sent to make peace.

Later he was made a member of Congress, and helped to write the Declaration of Independence. When America wanted some other country to help them to fight against England, Franklin, who had studied French when he was a printer, was sent to France.

The French Court was the finest in the world. Here in the midst of all the display and luxury he did not pretend to be anything more than he was in Philadelphia. The French admired his independent spirit and called him "the philosopher."

Franklin was never dizzied by the flattering attention he

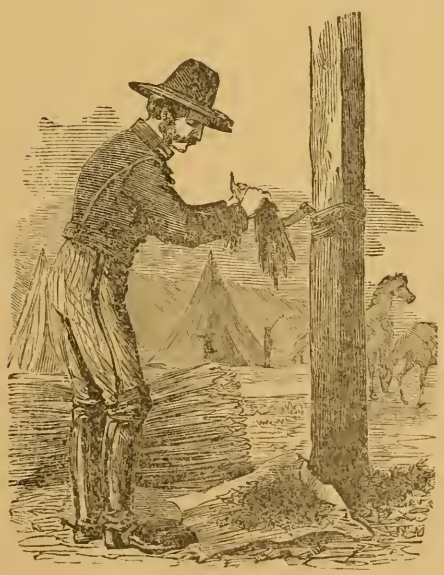
received in these countries. He never forgot that he was there to plead for America; and plead he did, wisely and well.

When at last he died, at the age of eighty-two, not only did twenty thousand of his own countrymen meet to do him honor in America, but in the English and French courts as well was every possible tribute paid to the memory of this great man.

Sir Edmund Andros.

SORROW and trouble were in store for the people of New England. They had grown prosperous and happy; their cities were large, and their trade extensive; King Charles began to be jealous of them.

After he was seated on his throne, he sent word that they must give up trading with foreign nations and send all they had for sale to England. To see that this was done, he sent out an agent who began to seize the vessels of the Boston merchants. The men of Massachusetts, in their old stout fashion, would not stand such tyranny at first, and rebelled openly. But when the King threatened them with the loss of their charter, they submitted.



An Early Settler.

In the vain hope of saving themselves, the people of Massachusetts sent bribes to the sordid King. They made him a present of Maine; then they loaded a ship with cranberries and other fruit for his table; and, finally, they sent him a round sum of money. They said they were ready to make any changes he wished in their laws, provided that their liberties and their church were safe. But these were the very things the King wanted to destroy, and so made answer that the offer of the colonists would not do.

Then the King took away the charter of Massachusetts.

Shortly afterward an English frigate sailed into Boston harbor. When she anchored, an officer, splendidly dressed in gold and lace, landed, with two companies of soldiers. This was Sir Edmund Andros, who was now appointed Governor-General of New England.

He had come, he said, to subdue the perverse spirit of the New Englanders; and he set about it with a will. He would not allow them to use their printing-presses. He tried to put down the schools. He said they should elect no more public officers. He raised the taxes without the consent of the people. He ordered the service of the King's church to be performed in the old Puritan meeting-house.

The people had borne it all till it came to this; but they could not stand quietly by and see their dear old church put down. So, when the Governor went to take their meeting-house, they said that the house was theirs, built with their money, and that neither the King nor the Governor had any right to take it. Sir Edmund Andros only laughed, and sent down soldiers to take possession. When he ordered the bell to be rung, the bellman refused to ring it. Sir Edmund made one of his soldiers ring it.

Then he went over to Plymouth, and put an end to its government and added it to Massachusetts. From thence to Rhode Island, where he broke the seal of the colony into pieces, turned the Governor and his Council about their business, and announced that he would rule their colony for the future.

The Charter Oak.

THENCE he crossed over to Hartford, in Connecticut, entered the room where the Governor and the Assembly were sitting, and demanded, in a haughty tone, that the charter of the colony should be given up to him. It was lying on the table in the room. "Now," thought Andros, "I will have it, even if I have to seize it." The Governor of Connecticut began to argue against giving it up.

Night came on while they were still arguing the point; the

candles were lighted, and, as the weather was warm, the windows were left open. Of a sudden, in the midst of the debate, the lights were extinguished, and several persons jumped into the room from outside. For a moment or two all was confusion; when the candles were relit the charter was gone.

Surprise and consternation were on the faces of all. A brave colonist, named Wadsworth, had seized it in the darkness, carried it out of the room, and hid it in the hollow of an old oak tree. Many and many a day it lay there, and the boys and girls played round the old oak without suspecting what it contained. At length, when King James was overthrown and the danger past, the parchment, damp and mildewed, was taken out of the hollow where it had rested so long and restored to the people.

That venerable and venerated tree stood in the city of Hartford one hundred and sixty-nine years afterward. On a very stormy night in August, 1856, it was blown down, and now it has passed away forever. It was known by the name of *The Charter Oak.*

When Andros found the charter was gone, he said it made no difference, and took a pen and wrote the word Finis in the colony records—meaning that there was an end of them.

Having written the word Finis, he said he took the government of Connecticut on himself, and went back to Boston.

New York and New Jersey were then added to New England, and Sir Edmund Andros became Governor of the United Province.

From that day, he and a few of his friends thought of nothing but extorting money out of the people and making them wretched.

Harvard College.

THE Puritans and Pilgrims both looked upon education as a civilizer. Only six years after Boston was settled, money was left by a clergyman, named John Harvard, for the purpose of founding a college. This good man doubtless never dreamed that his name would be revered by thousands and thousands two hundred years after his death.

The college, as it was originally built, was only one square of red brick with low ceilings. To-day it is surrounded by elegant modern-built stone structures with spacious halls and broad stairways.

Colonial Customs.

THE New Englanders were very severe about keeping the Sabbath day. No kind of work was allowed; no playing and no visiting was permitted. It has even been said that one man was fined for kissing his wife on this day of rest.

Everybody attended church. The men sat by themselves on one side of the church, the women by themselves on the other, and the children by themselves in the front.

A Puritan Miss.

The churches were not warmed, for the people had an idea that they were better Christians if they bore discomforts without complaining. After a time the people began carrying hot bricks and hot water bottles to keep their feet and hands from freezing; then later on they carried little foot stoves. These stoves consisted of little tin boxes, with handles to carry them. In these boxes were put live coals, and in this way the fire would last during the whole sermon.

There were no cushioned seats, no organ, and no hymn books. The minister read off one line of the hymn, which the people would sing to some old tune; then another line would be read and sung, then another and another, until the whole hymn was sung.

After church all would go solemnly homeward, scarcely daring to smile even. Such a dismal day as Sunday was in those times. What a strong contrast to ours of to-day, with our pretty music, our books and picture lessons!

How the Colonies Grew United.

DURING the French and Indian wars the colonies were fighting with one object in view of defeating a common foe—the French and Indians. They succeeded so well that they made the Indians afraid and taught them a lesson which they long remembered. The colonies, on the other hand, became really one great nation of planters, doing all they could to help make the other happy. They were becoming acquainted with each

Early Times.

other, and found that, although they differed on religious points, at heart their aspirations were the same—that of freedom in America.

They now all began to feel a brotherly love for each other, and were ready to join hands and hearts for the good of their families, their homes, and their God.

Causes of the Revolution.

HERE, my young friends, the story of the American people as English colonists draws to a close. I am now to tell you how they became tired of being ruled by a King beyond the ocean, and, resolving to rule themselves, struggled many years and gained the victory. A new and more interesting scene will now open

Revolution means turning over—a changing about. The previous successes made the planters know how strong they were when united, and they felt a desire to become one people. They talked about this a great deal, and finally they resolved that if the King and governors did not use them better than they had done, they would defy them all, and govern themselves.

When the French and Indian war closed they hoped for better times, for a good young man had just become King of England. This was George the Third, who lived almost sixty years a King. If he could have had his own way, he would have been kind and indulgent to the Americans, but bad, and often ignorant, men advised him, and things went wrong.

The war just ended had cost England a great deal, and all the money in the King's treasury was spent. He asked his ministers or advisers how he should get more. "Tax the Americans," they said; "they are rich, and are willing to give you as much money as you want. Make them pay so much upon everything they receive in ships. It is but little, and they will not mind it."

Charles Townshend, who pretended to know all about America, made a speech in the British Parliament, in which he said that the colonies had been "planted by the care of the English, nourished by their indulgence, and protected by their arms; and that it was only fair they should give their mite toward relieving England of her heavy burdens."

Upon this the brave Isaac Barré rose in his place in parliament and cried:

"They planted by your care! No; your oppressions planted them in America. They fled from your tyranny. They nourished by your indulgence! They grew by your neglect of them. They

protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your defense."

Much more that gallant soldier said, which you will find in larger books than this, telling the bold truth to the great lords in much plainer and gruffer language than they were used to hear, and giving to the people of America the new and glorious name of Sons of Liberty. There was a buzz and a murmur in the house of Parliament when he sat down, and a great many Englishmen, I dare say, then remembered how their fathers had fought for their rights, and for a brief moment saw that the people of America were but doing the same.

These laws were of two kinds. One was what is called a Customs' Duty, to be levied on coffee, silk, calico, wine, sugar, and such articles, when brought into the colonies. That is to say, on every yard of calico or silk, on every bottle of wine, and on every pound of coffee or sugar, that was brought in ships to the ports of America, the King required the owner to pay him so much money.

The young King did as he was told, and sent men to collect the money. The people grumbled about it and declared it was "*Taxation without Representation*!" A great patriot named James Otis, of Massachusetts, spoke his mind plainly, and advised the people not to pay a penny. So the King did not get much money in this way.

The King and his advisers now tried another way to get money from the Americans. They made a law that every piece of paper on which agreements of any kind were written, should have fastened to it a little piece of blue paper, on which were stamped certain words. It was decreed that all agreements written upon paper without this should be good for nothing. These bits of blue paper were called "stamps," and were furnished by the King only, for which he charged certain prices. It was thought that in this way money could be got from the Americans, because they would have to buy paper with these stamps on, or else have none that was good. This law was called The Stamp Act.

The Americans were very indignant because of this attempt to get their money. In Virginia, a great patriot, named Patrick

Henry, boldly advised the people to write bargains on whatever paper they pleased, and pay no attention to the Stamp Act. Henry charmed everybody by his manner of speaking. When in the Virginia Legislature, he boldly defied the King and his government, and in speaking of the danger a monarch was in who oppressed his people, he said, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third"—he was interrupted by persons who cried, "Treason! Treason!" Henry finished by saying—"may profit by their example; if that be treason, make the most of it."

All over the country the people were very much excited. The ministers in their pulpits, speakers at public meetings, and the newspapers spoke against the Stamp Act. At length men were appointed in several colonies to meet in New York in the autumn of 1765, to talk the matter over, and advise the people what to do.

After that, the people resolved to have nothing to do with the stamps. Men who had agreed to sell them were insulted everywhere. Many persons formed societies, and called themselves Sons of Liberty. Merchants agreed not to buy any more goods in England while that act was a law.

The King and his ministers soon saw that they had made a serious mistake. The great William Pitt was in Parliament and his advice was finally taken. The Act was repealed in the spring of 1766.

Benjamin Franklin, who was in London, was asked his opinion by the great lords. He answered,

"The people of America will never submit to the Stamp Act."

He knew them well. "Then," said the great lords, who did not relish the idea of getting no money out of the colonies, "suppose we try some other tax on the same plan?"

But Franklin answered that it made no difference what the tax was, the Americans would not pay it.

It was a dreadful blow to the proud lords of England, and William Pitt lashed them with his cutting words till they writhed again; but there was nothing to do but to yield. And yield they did.

A great many of them—splendid old fellows with long lines of ancestry and rich estates, and heads of unspeakable thickness—wrapped themselves up in their dignity, and protested that, for their part, they never consented to giving way to the rabble in the colonies.

But it was repealed, nevertheless, and the honest people of London lit bonfires, and rang bells, and pranced through the streets shouting for joy and blessing Pitt, when they knew that the Americans were again free. Swift messengers rode off on fleet horses to the seaports, and fast-sailing ships dashed through the waves bearing the joyful tidings to the people of the colonies.

When the news arrived there was nothing but gladness and joy throughout America.

Daughters of Liberty.

THINK you all the time the men and boys were working out the spirit of independence that the mothers and daughters sat idly by? Not a bit of it. The ladies made a vow to wear no silk, and they would wear no mourning, because

they would have been compelled to buy it from the English. All over the country, from New Hampshire to Georgia, the farmers'

wives and daughters wrought with their own hands the cloth with which to make the suits for the brave and glorious men. Everywhere they had spinning societies, and from the wool they spun the yarn for shirts, stockings, and bedding, rather than have them buy in England.

Custom House Duty.

BUT the people of America very soon found out that the King and the great lords were still the same as ever, and that the repeal of the Stamp Act really signified nothing. The great lords had made up their minds to do what they liked with the colonies, and to squeeze money out of them, if not on one pretense, on some other.

Money was the thing the great lords wanted. Charles Townshend—a vain, fickle fellow—hit upon a fresh plan for squeezing the colonies.

This was a customs duty, by which the colonists were to pay so much to the King on every pound of tea, and so much on every package of glass, lead, paper, and other articles brought into the country from abroad. The great lords thought the plan a capital one, and it became a law immediately.

You know, of course, that all these and many other articles pay a tax or duty of so much to this day when they are brought into this country from abroad. But you know, also, that this is done in virtue of a law made by Congress, in the name of the people, and that the money which is thus paid goes into the Treasury of the United States, and serves to pay the President, the other public servants, the army, the navy, and so forth. This is the difference between the customs duty which is paid to-day and that which the King proposed years ago. He did not ask the consent of the people of this country; and the money paid on tea and the other articles was to go into the pocket of the King of England, to be used by him as he thought fit.

When the news of this new plan reached America the people said, in their old blunt way, that they would not submit to it. They said that the King of England had no right to take their money without their consent, and that they had given no consent.

Charles Townshend, who thought himself a wonderful statesman, had supposed they would be satisfied with the repeal of the Stamp Act, and that they would make no objection to a duty. But they said the name didn't matter—call it a Stamp Act, or call it a duty, it was all one.

So they entered into an agreement not to eat or to drink or to wear or to use anything that was named in the new law. The same spirit fired the whole country from north to south; there was nothing heard so loudly and so often as the cry for American freedom.

When the great lords received the news they burst into a fury, and sent to Boston with orders to the Governor to make the Assembly eat their words. But he might as well have tried to move the mountains—the men of Massachusetts made answer that they would not alter one single letter in what they had said.

Here again England blundered in this as in everything else. She sent an English ship of war to America.

When the troops came and landed in Boston, with their colors flying, their drums beating, and their guns loaded, the people were much enraged; but wise James Otis and Samuel Adams had warned every man to be quiet and to make no disturbance. So the troops had no chance of shooting anyone.

All this time the colonies had been petitioning and begging Parliament and the King of England to deal fairly by them and to repeal the unjust duty. They never ceased to assure the King that they were faithful, loyal subjects, and that they would give their blood and all they had for the glory and safety of England, but that they would never yield their rights as freemen. But the great lords scoffed at their entreaties.

The Boston Massacre.

IN Boston, the people and the soldiers hated each other with a deadly hatred. The officers were enraged that they had not had a chance to fire on the rebels, as they called them. The people could not bear the sight of the red-coats marching up

and down their streets, and beating drums at all hours, and often insulting and maltreating their wives and their daughters.

A quarrel arising between a rope-maker and a soldier, they fought with their fists, and the soldier was beaten. Other soldiers came, but they were thrashed likewise. On this the whole garrison resolved to be revenged, and on the evening of the fifth of March, just as the moon appeared, bands of soldiers ran up and down the streets beating every man they met, and seeking a quarrel. One or two of the officers stood by, crying,

"Knock them down!"

First one man was knocked down, then another; then a poor boy was cut on the head with a sword by a soldier.

When the boy who had been wounded told his story, other boys ran up to the soldiers and jeered them, shouting, as boys would,

"Ah! you lobsters, you scoundrels! fire if you dare!"

One of these boys threw a stick which hit a soldier, thereupon they fired on the crowd before them, taking good aim, and not missing a shot. As a result, five persons were killed and nine wounded.

It was late at night, but the church bells began to ring furiously, and every man in Boston ran out of his house to ask what had happened. When they heard that their friends had been shot, and saw their blood trodden into the snow in King Street, their fury was terrible.

What a crisis had now arrived! Up to this very moment the angry feelings between England and America might have been settled. England had but to stretch out the hand of reconciliation, and acknowledge that she had done wrong, and would do so no more. Then the bonds of brotherhood would again have been knit together. Now that the King's soldiers had shed one drop of American blood, it was a quarrel to the death. Never, never would America rest satisfied, until she had torn down royal authority, and trampled it in the dust.

They arrested the officers and soldiers and left a hundred men to guard them, and went to bed, sternly resolved that justice should be done.

The next morning Samuel Adams told the Governor that the soldiers must be removed from the town.

Hutchinson replied that he could not remove them.

"Then," said Adams, "we must do it ourselves."

And ten thousand stout men of Massachusetts buckled on their swords and loaded their guns to drive out the murderers. Governor Hutchinson was now awed by their threat. Before the week was out the soldiers slunk out of Boston and took up their quarters in Castle William.

Meanwhile the great lords in England saw that their latest plan for taxing the colonies was a failure, and that every day the Americans were growing more and more resolute to defend their rights.

The Boston Tea Party.

THE King saw that he could not enforce the laws he had made, and yet he had not the heart to abandon them altogether. So he and his lords repealed the old law and made a new one, taking off the taxes from every article except tea. Tea alone was still to pay so much a pound to the King.

When the Americans heard of the new law, they said it was no better than the old one. For if the King had a right to tax tea, he had as good a right to tax anything else. They said it was not the amount of the tax they cared for, but the principle.

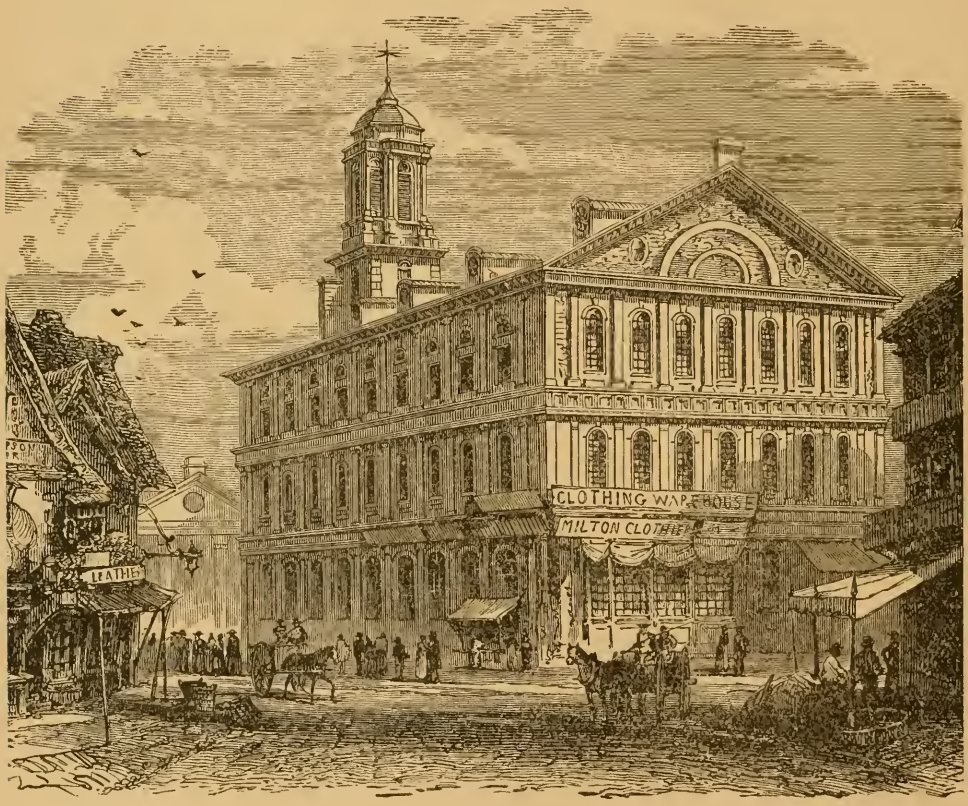
But the merchants began, as before, to buy goods from England—tea only excepted.

Trade went on as usual; ships sailed in and out of the harbor; people bought and sold in the town; farmers plowed and sowed in the fields. But for the dark, thoughtful faces that were seen in the streets, and the grave, manly talk that was heard at the fireside of an evening, no one would have guessed that the people of Massachusetts had resolved to be free.

Ship after ship was filled with tea and sent to America. The ships arrived, but nowhere was the tea allowed to be sold. In most places it was not permitted even to be landed. In Boston the people had resolved beforehand what to do, when any tea ships should arrive. The captains were to be ordered to leave

the harbor at once, and if they refused, their cargoes were to be destroyed.

Two ships came to Boston wharf in cold December, 1773, and would not leave. The people held a great meeting in Faneuil Hall; and at dusk, a large number of men, dressed like Indians,



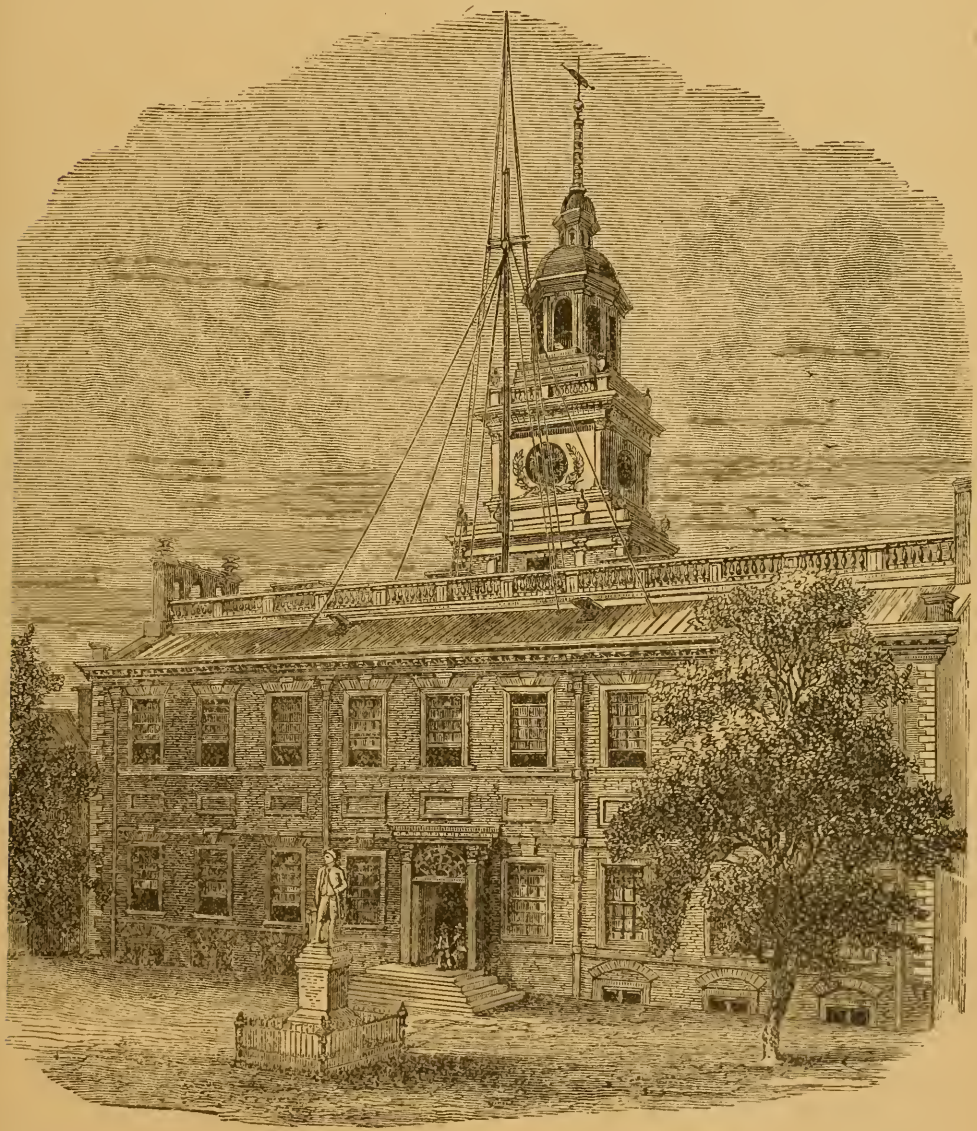
Faneuil Hall, Boston.

went on board the vessels, broke open every chest of tea, and cast the contents into the water. So, as they said at the time, "Boston harbor was made a great teapot."

When news reached England, the King and Parliament were angry, and resolved to punish the people of Boston by prohibiting vessels from leaving or entering that harbor.

On the 1st of June, 1774, General Gage came to Boston as Governor of Massachusetts, and troops were ordered there to

carry out the measures for punishing the people. Of course, all business was stopped, and the inhabitants suffered very much. But the patriots all over the country sent them food and other necessaries. So they managed to get along, though it was hard work, I assure you.



House at Philadelphia where the First Congresses were held.

The First Continental Congress.

THE idea of Union now filled all minds and hearts. The newspapers were also filled with it; and on the 5th of September, 1774, delegates were sent from all the colonies except Georgia, so the First Continental Congress—as it is called in history—met at Philadelphia.

It would take me too long to speak of all the great and good men who met on that day to guard their country from oppression. I cannot think of any assembly that ever met in any country in which truer patriots were gathered together.

It was a very small matter—the tax on tea—which they had met to resist; only a few pence a pound; but they knew that if the King had the right to tax them even the millionth part of a penny, they were no longer free, and therefore they had resolved to resist. They knew that the King was ready to enforce his unjust laws with guns and bayonets; that they were but a handful in comparison with the King's troops; but they thought of their sons, and determined to leave them a heritage of freedom.

The whole country was much excited during the summer; and before August, delegates for the Congress were appointed. These met in Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia, in September, 1774. That assembly is known as the First Continental Congress.

Then it was that a union of the colonies was really commenced, and the first grand step was taken toward forming our noble Republic, The United States of America.

That Congress continued fifty days. The members showed so much wisdom and firmness, that the greatest men of Europe were astonished. When they separated, they agreed to meet again on the 10th of the next May, unless, in the meanwhile, the King and his advisers and the Parliament should treat the Americans justly.

But the King and Parliament were not just to the Americans; and before the 10th of the next May, British troops and armed patriots had commenced the Revolution—the old War for Independence. Of this I shall now tell you. It began in 1775 and ended in 1781.

PART III.

AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Battle of Lexington.

NGLAND, Scotland, Wales and Ireland formed one kingdom, called Great Britain. Hereafter I shall say Great Britain instead of England—and the British instead of the English.

When the trees budded in the spring of 1775, there were three thousand British troops in Boston, under the leadership of Gage, sent there to frighten the Americans. Yet they were not frightened. They saw that they must fight for freedom, or be slaves, and they resolved to defy the fleets and armies of Great Britain.

In every town and village around Boston, companies were being formed for military drill. These men were called "minute-men," because they were ready to enter the battle at a moment's warning.

Gage with all his soldiers felt strong. Hearing that the patriots were collecting powder and balls, muskets and provisions, at the village of Concord, he sent a party of soldiers, on the night of the 18th of April, to seize and carry them to Boston.

When the troops reached Lexington at daylight, a good many minute-men were watching for them. A sharp fight took place, and eight of the patriots were killed, and the rest driven away. This was the beginning of the old War for Independence.

The British now marched on to Concord to seize the stores, and there they had another fight with the patriots. They soon found that the minute-men were coming from all quarters, so they

turned and fled to Boston as fast as their feet could go. When they got there, they found that two hundred and seventy-three of their number had been killed or wounded.

At Bunker's Hill the soldiers were safe; and thus ended the first battle of the Revolution—the battle of Lexington.

A young patriot, named Paul Revere, was warned, by a signal light in a church steeple, that the British were about to start. He then set out toward Lexington on his famous ride. He alarmed the people of the villages through which he passed, and the men, taking their muskets with them, hurried on toward Lexington.

Paul Revere's Ride.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.
On the eighteenth of April in seventy-five.
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—
One if by land, and two if by sea,
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,

Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the Church,
Up the wooden stairs with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch,
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A *second* lamp in the belfry burns!
A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;

. . . . . .

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!

For, borne on the night-wing of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere

When the news of this bloodshed became generally known, there was great excitement among the patriots all over New England and elsewhere. Hundreds of people, armed and unarmed, started for Boston; and, before the first of May, full twenty thousand men were there, building fortifications to keep the British army from coming out of the city. In other parts of the country the Sons of Liberty took bold steps. They seized powder, cannon, muskets and other things; told the royal governors to leave the country as soon as possible, and plainly said to the King and Parliament, "Now we are ready to fight for our freedom. Send on your soldiers as soon as you please."

Old North Church.

Fort Ticonderoga.

AT Fort Ticonderoga the British had a great many cannons and much powder. Early in May, many people, led by Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold, went across Lake Champlain one night, and just at daylight rushed into that fort in spite of the sentinels.

Ethan Allen was a rough, but very brave man. He called to the British commander who was ready to give up the fort. The commander came to the door, and said: "By what authority do *you* demand it?" "By that of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" shouted Allen. The commander thought the authority sufficient, and gave up the fort. Crown Point was taken two or three days afterward, and the cannons from Ticonderoga were conveyed to Boston, and used against the British.

Battle of Bunker Hill.

TOWARD the close of May, several war vessels came from England with troops and those famous soldiers, Generals Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne, of whom you will hear a great deal. There were then twelve thousand British troops in Boston, and many large warships were in the harbor.

To lock up the English in the city more securely, a party of Americans were dispatched, under Colonel Prescott, on a dark night in June, to take possession of Bunker's Hill, opposite Boston. Whether they mistook their way, or did not obey orders, is not now well known; but instead of going to Bunker's Hill, they marched to Breed's Hill, quite close to Boston.

The men brought spades and pickaxes with them, and wrought all night so steadily, without speaking a word, that by morning they had thrown up quite a formidable breastwork and redoubt.

The moment day dawned and the English saw Prescott and his men working on the heights, the English generals resolved to take possession of the hill if they could; and the ships and forts opened fire upon the Americans. It did not delay the works in the least. Though the bullets rattled around them, and every

now and then a brave man fell dead with his spade in his hand, the breastwork grew larger and larger every hour.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the British soldiers crossed over from Boston and advanced against the breastwork. They had set Charlestown on fire; the flames rose fiercely in the air, and at times the smoke almost blinded both English and Americans. But the former marched bravely on.

Behind their work, which they had lengthened with rails from fences, and earth and hay, the Americans crouched, and watched the enemy slowly ascending the hill. General Putnam walked backward and forward among them, as active as if he had been twenty instead of sixty, and gave the word:

"Don't fire a shot, boys, till you can see the whites of their eyes!"

So not a shot was fired, and the English could not understand why they were permitted to advance. In every window, and on every housetop in Boston, there were crowds of people looking on, and wondering why the patriots allowed the English to fire away at their ease without returning a shot.

At last the sharp-sighted Yankees saw the whites of the Englishmen's eyes. Up they rose in an instant, and fired. Such a volley, fired with such good aim, and from so short a distance, stunned the soldiers, and, losing many men, they broke and ran down the hill.

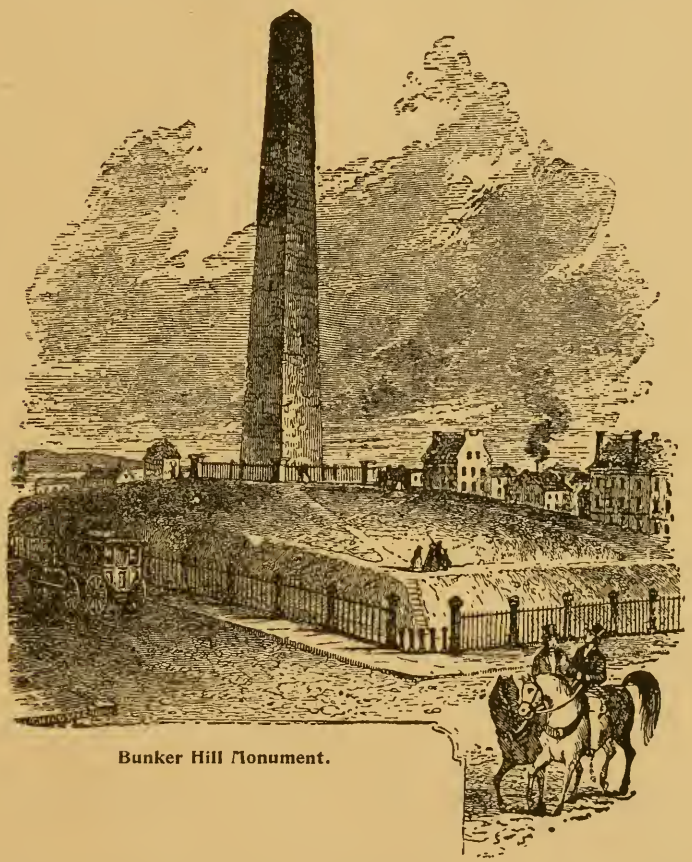
The officers rallied and again charged. Again the Americans crouched or squatted behind their breastwork. Cool as if the enemy had been a thousand miles off, the American officers walked about, bidding each man take good aim, as their stock of powder was small. When the soldiers were quite close, bang went the Yankee guns again, and every ball brought down its man. Down the hill again ran the soldiers.

Bursting with rage at these two repulses, General Clinton and several other British officers came over from Boston and rallied the troops for a third charge. By this time the Americans had spent nearly all their powder and ball.

Up the hill for the third time came the English, the officers shouting and cheering their men; and once more the deadly bullets

of the Yankee rifles laid many a stout man low. By this time the English had planted cannon so as to rake the redoubt; and the soldiers, leaping in among the Americans, began to sweep them back with the bayonet.

The American soldiers, who were nothing but farmers, fishermen and mechanics, had only their guns, with which they had



Bunker Hill Monument.

been used to hunt, and no bayonets. When the English came on, and their powder was spent, they clubbed their guns and fought desperately, battering down their enemies as they advanced. But the English outnumbered them, and were already inside their breastwork.

There was nothing for it but to retreat. They did so, slowly, fighting as they fled. Brave Doctor Warren, who was one of the

chief leaders on the American side, stood firm, shouting to the English to come on. A soldier took aim at him and shot him through the head. As evening fell the battle ceased, and the English were in possession of the hill.

This battle, which was fought on Breed's Hill, is called in history the Battle of Bunker's Hill, just as many other things are called by wrong names. The Americans were beaten, and the English, though at an awful cost of life, won the victory.

You will hear of many other battles in which your countrymen were beaten. But, as you know, there are many plants which grow the better and the stronger the more they are trodden and trampled into the earth—so the Americans gained boldness from every defeat, and were never more trustful or more unyielding than just after they had lost a battle.

Upon Bunker Hill is placed a monument to commemorate the event.

Second Continental Congress.

WHILE these things were taking place in New England, the patriots in other colonies were just as bold and busy.

The Second Continental Congress met at Philadelphia. The wise men and great patriots collected there said to the King: "Be just, and we will lay down our arms, and be your best friends. But know, O King, that we have counted the cost of war, and find nothing so dreadful as slavery. Be just, or we will fight your fleets and armies until we become a free people."

The Congress did not wait for the King's answer, but wisely prepared for war. It appointed George Washington, the brave soldier who was with Braddock twenty years before, to be the Commander-in-Chief of the Continental armies.

Washington went immediately to Cambridge, near Boston, and there, under the shadow of a fine elm tree, he took the command of the army on the 3d of July. That army was made up of all sorts of people, with all sorts of dress, and all sorts of weapons. He began at once to put them in good condition. Speeches everywhere, in favor of independence, were being made.

Speech of Patrick Henry—1775.

MR. PRESIDENT: No man thinks more highly than I do of patriotism. But different men often see the same subject in different lights, and therefore I hope it will not be thought disrespectful if I speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. For my part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not and, having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation?

Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insults; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so

formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that the gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

Battle of Quebec.

IN 1775 the Yankees began a longing look toward the province of Canada, which had refused to join the other colonies in obtaining freedom.

Washington knew it would be a good thing for the American army to get possession of these cities; but he also knew that the American army had not enough powder to carry on their work, where they were, much longer unless help came. For this reason

he was slow to act. Many officers heaped abuse upon Washington's head for this, and nearly accused him of being cowardly. He endured their blame, however, for he dared not let it be known how low the powder supply was growing.

In the early fall, however, two armies were ordered into Canada. Their leaders were the brave Montgomery, Ethan Allen and

Benedict Arnold. The two former advanced by way of Lake Champlain to St. John's, which they took.

Ethan Allen, who was a very daring soldier but wanting in prudence, undertook to take Montreal with only one hundred and fifty men. He set out by night, and appeared suddenly before the town, hoping to surprise it. But Governor Carleton was on the alert. When Allen advanced, he was attacked by a much

larger force than his own, defeated, and sent to England in chains.

After this, Carleton, fearing that Quebec might be taken, embarked in a boat with a few soldiers and rowed down the river. Montgomery crossed over to Montreal, took it, and went with all speed to Quebec. There he had arranged to meet Arnold, who was to cross the mountains from Maine.

But the journey had been a desperate one—through brush and brier, swamp and bog, over mountain and river. Many of Arnold's men had died on the way of fever and hunger; others had lost heart and gone home. When he joined Montgomery he had nothing but a miserable, famished band, who were hardly able to walk.

But Montgomery's courage never flagged. He climbed the heights which Wolfe had ascended and offered battle. Carleton would not leave the city. Then Montgomery tried to make a breach in the walls, but his guns were far too light.

It was in the depth of winter. The snow was several feet high; and it froze so hard that the sentries were often found stiff and dead at their posts. Montgomery saw that if they did not take the place they would all die before spring.

Accordingly, long before daybreak, on New Year's morning, in the middle of a heavy snowstorm, he led his men to the attack. For a short distance they advanced over the snowdrifts and masses of ice, Montgomery leading the way toward a battery. But the garrison were awake and at their posts, and the very first shot killed Montgomery and many others. At the same time, Arnold, who had advanced on another side, was wounded; and, after a brief struggle, the Americans gave way and returned to their camp.

The body of brave Montgomery was found in the snow frozen stiff next morning, and was buried with great honors by the English Governor, Carleton. Many years afterward, his bones were brought to New York and buried a second time, in St. Paul's Church, where you can at this day see the monument erected by Congress to his memory.

Fine Feathers Ne'er Make Fine Birds.

BY this time you must be wondering how the dress of the American armies compared with those of the British. In this case comparison is odious, for while the soldiers belonging to the King's army were in excellent uniform, well equipped for heat and cold, our brave boys had entered the army in perhaps the very homespun suits which had been woven by the sweet-faced sister, who pledged her heart and hand to help the good work on, or they may have come in pulpit-dress, or Quaker style. We know this—they came from the bench, the farm, the garden, like a lot of sheep from the mountains, without drill, without pomp and without display.

British Soldier.

But this we know: Their hearts were true and purpose noble.

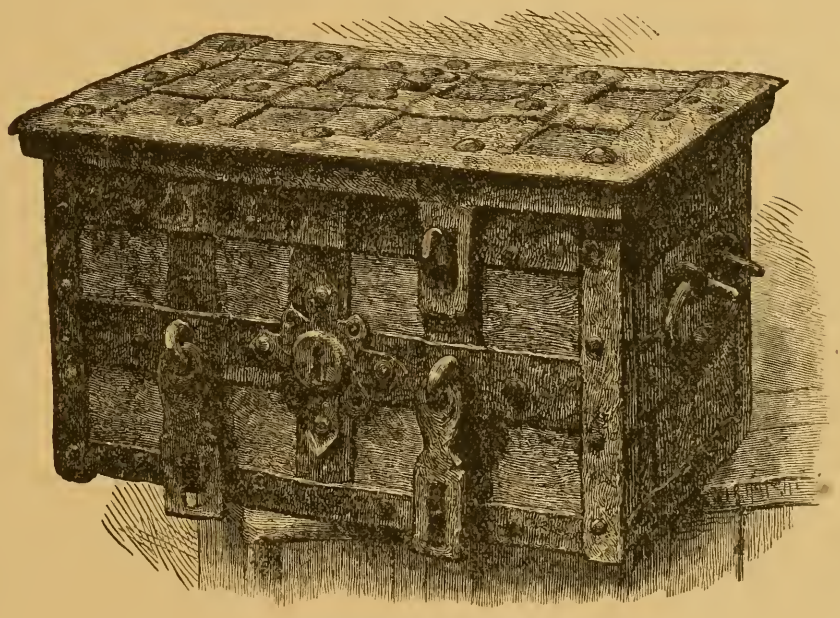
When General Washington rode grandly out on horseback, dressed in his fine blue broadcloth coat, with buff-colored facings, buff waistcoat and breeches, a hat with black cockade, and a sword in an elegantly embroidered sword-belt, I think his heart must have sunk within him as he looked on his poorly equipped army and then glanced over toward Boston, and thought of the British soldiers, gorgeous in their elegant new uniforms, trained to march up to the cannon's mouth like a solid wall in motion.

But for all this he knew the metal of which the Americans were composed, and he must have mentally said "fine feathers ne'er make fine birds."

Washington and His Army.

THE British had remained quiet in Boston ever since the battle of Bunker's Hill, closely besieged by the Americans. General Washington, who commanded the Americans, finding himself at last strong enough to make an attack, sent a large party of men by night to Dorchester Heights.

When day dawned next morning, the English were astounded at the sight of the new American batteries, which were expected



Washington's Army Chest.

every moment to thunder on the ships and the town. The English General at first thought of attacking the Americans, but, a storm arising, he changed his mind, and sent word to Washington that he would evacuate the town if the Americans would allow him to embark in peace. This was agreed to, and General Washington entered Boston in triumph. The English, nearly 10,000 strong, sailed away to Halifax.

This was a truly glorious victory, won without spilling a drop of blood. The wretched people of Boston had been half starved during the siege. During the winter firewood had been so scarce

that the pews and benches had been taken out of the churches and burnt in the stoves. You may imagine how glad the people were when Washington entered, with drums beating, colors flying and every man shouting for joy.

Declaration of Independence.

FOR ten years the colonies had struggled for their liberty. Year after year they had sent petitions to the King, praying that he would not oppress them, but would suffer them to grow up a great and prosperous country under the dear old English flag.

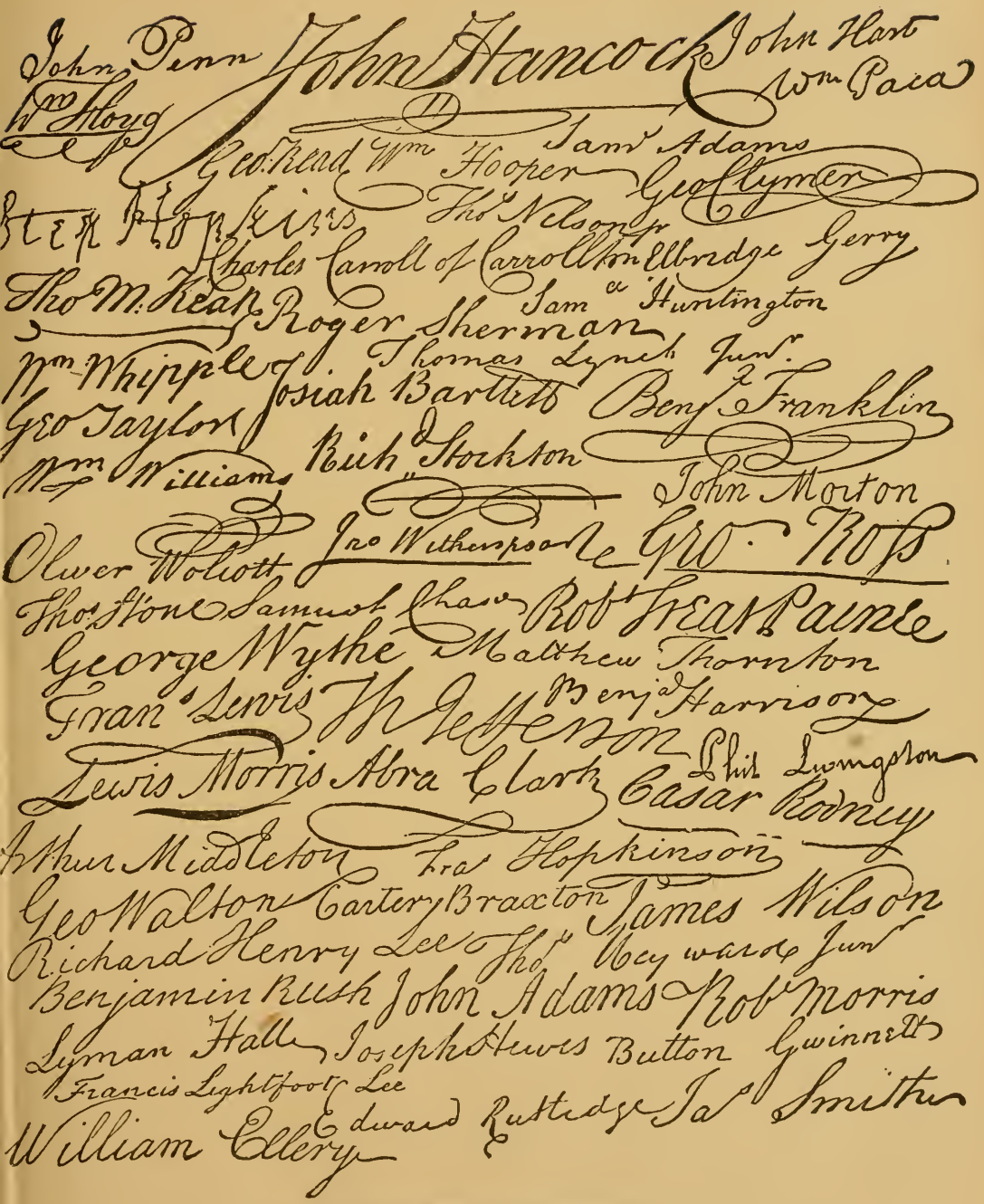
But every petition had been spurned. They had taken up arms to defend their rights. To the last they had hoped that, when the King knew how stanch they were, he would cease to oppress them.

Now, these hopes were destroyed. It was vain to expect any justice from the King.

All over the country men began to say openly that it was absurd to remain the subjects of a king who treated them thus. First in one colony, then in another, an outcry for independence arose; and every now and then someone who made himself very officious in suppressing the cry for independence was tarred and feathered, or ridden on a rail by the people. They were called Tories, and the patriots who were for independence were called Whigs.

When the Continental Congress met again at Philadelphia, Georgia being represented this time with the others, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia proposed that the colonies should throw off their allegiance to England, and declare themselves independent.

We know very little of what passed in that Congress, as it sat with closed doors, and no reports of its proceedings were published. But it is said that at first six out of the thirteen states were opposed to Lee's motion. The other seven being in favor of it, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, R. Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston were appointed to draw up a declaration of independence.



Signers of Declaration of Independence.

On the fourth day of July, in the year 1776, the Declaration of Independence, as drawn up by them, was adopted almost unanimously and signed by the members of Congress.

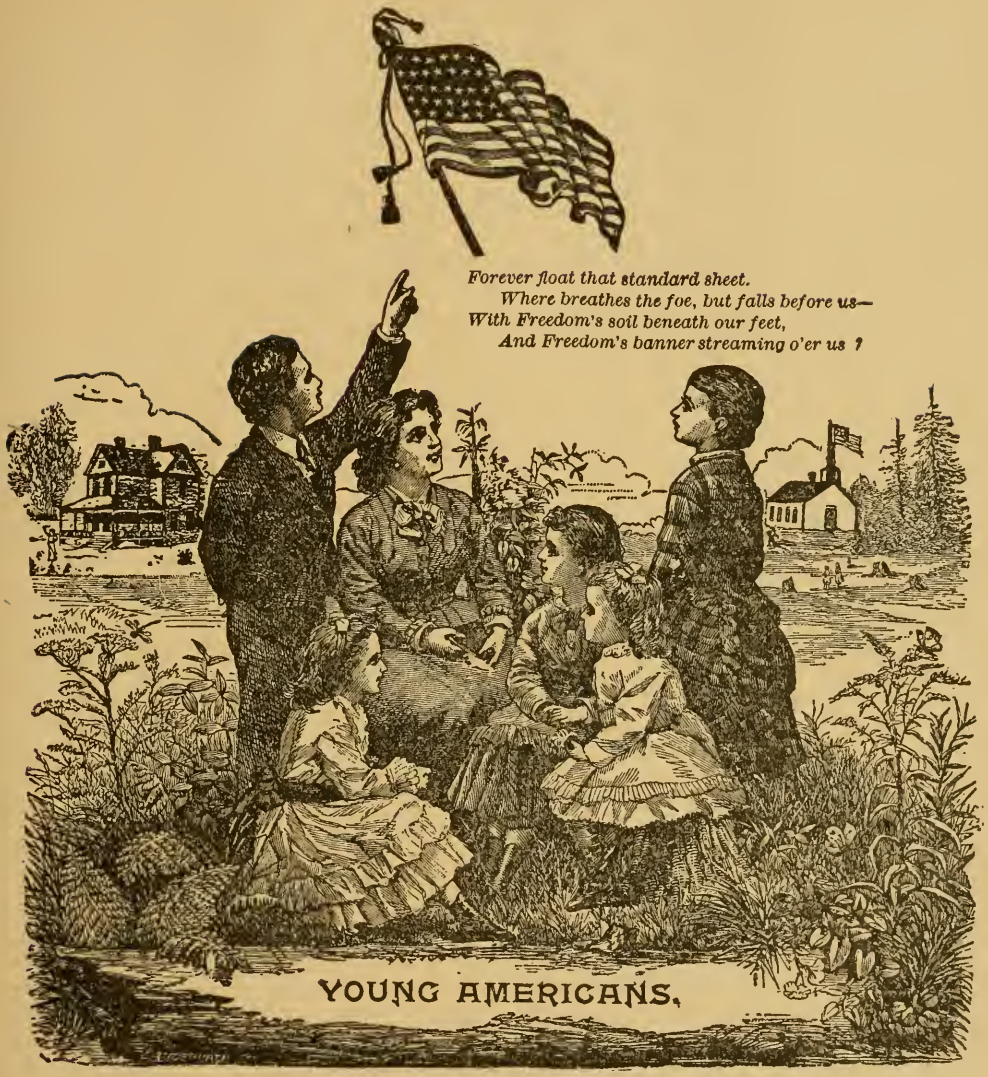
Depend upon it, the men who signed that declaration did not think of getting into fine attitudes or looking grand. The writing their names on that paper was a very serious and desperate act, which might cost them their liberty, their property, and their lives. It was sure to plunge the country into a long war with a powerful enemy, and to make many a widow and many an orphan; to lay many a home desolate, and spread gloom over many a smiling village.

Yet they signed it, each of them—save one who was ill—writing his name in a bold and firm hand.

So, every year, on that day, at sunrise and sunset, we ring the bells and fire the guns; and at noon the soldiers are out with their flags flying, and drums beating. The boys, full of glee, let off crackers from morning till night, and in the evening splendid fireworks are shown, to the delight of everybody. This is as it should be, for that was the birthday of the United States of America, which soon became a nation.

The First American Flag.

THE first American flag according to the design and approval of Congress, in 1777, was made by Mrs. Elizabeth Ross of Philadelphia. The fact is not generally known that to Philadelphia not only belongs the honor of flinging the first star-spangled banner to the breeze, but to a Philadelphia lady belongs the honor of having made it. It is related that, when Congress had decided upon the design, Colonel Geo. Ross and General Washington visited Mrs. Ross and asked her to make it. She said, "I don't know whether I can, but I'll try," and directly suggested to the gentlemen that the design was wrong, that the stars were six cornered and not five cornered as they should be. This was corrected, and she made the flag. Congress accepted it, and for half a dozen years this lady furnished the Government with all its national flags.


Forever float that standard sheet.
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us—
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?
YOUNG AMERICANS.

Congress voted, June 17, 1777, "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and the Union be thirteen white stars in the blue field." It was originally intended that, as time went on and the country grew, a new stripe should be added for each new State; but later, when the growth of the country caused the flag to become too wide, it was decided to return to the thirteen original stripes, and let a

new star be added for each new State. And thus it is that our flag to-day shows thirteen stripes of red and white, while the stars show the number of States in the Union.

The Darkest Hour in American History.

IT was in the year 1776, only a short time after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, that hope seemed to have left all hearts but Washington. His army had had nothing but defeat. The British had kept pressing him back; his men were too few, and were suffering, and, with no money, what were the Americans to do?

This has been called the darkest hour in American history, and dark, very dark, it was. Washington dared not give battle, having less than half as many soldiers as the British. His men lost heart, and began to desert by whole companies. Some joined the British; others fled to distant parts of the country. They had lost their tents and blankets; their clothes were in tatters, and winter was coming on. Their supply of food was scanty, and very often, in that disastrous retreat, they were obliged to eat it raw, for want of utensils with which to cook it.

The English officers offered a free pardon to those who would lay down their arms, and a great many did so. In New York, especially, the respectable people said they saw quite plainly that it was useless to contend any longer, and that the Americans must give up.

Congress, which was sitting at Philadelphia, was so poor that, when a gallant young Frenchman, by the name of Lafayette, offered to come to America and fight on the American side, it could not find the money to pay his passage.

In that gloomy hour George Washington never once lost hope. Calm and serene in the midst of these cruel trials, he never despaired of his country; and by his strong faith and noble words gave confidence to the drooping hearts around him. When the British soldiers appeared on the banks of the Delaware, and only waited till the ice was strong enough to cross over into Pennsylvania, he said he would retreat still further to Philadel-

phia; if they took Philadelphia, he would retreat beyond the Susquehanna; if they followed him there, he would retreat beyond the Alleghanies. But give up, never!

Success on the Ground of Defeat.

THE British Generals, who had no idea of Washington's tenacity and courage, thought the war was over, and that there was nothing more for them to do but to go home again. They soon found out their mistake. On Christmas night Washington collected a part of his army to cross the Delaware. The night was cold; it was snowing heavily; great lumps

Washington Crossing the Delaware.

of ice floated in the river, and almost prevented the boats from crossing. With the ice masses floating round the boat, and the Great Man standing erect in the bow, his eagle eye fixed on the

opposite shore, and every feature in his face lit up with resolution and unquenchable fire.

At eight o'clock in the morning he fell upon the Hessians, who had been carousing, and arranging among themselves how they should divide the plunder they felt sure of making at Philadelphia. Washington did not give them much time to change their minds. Before they knew what had happened they were surrounded, and nearly one thousand of them made prisoners. Washington then recrossed the Delaware, with the loss of only ten men.

Valley Forge.

AT the close of 1777, the third year of the War for Independence, the Americans felt very much encouraged, for they had done wonders during the campaign, and the good opinion of the world was on their side.

Twenty miles northwest from Philadelphia is a little valley that opens upon a wide plain along the banks of Schuylkill River. Through it runs a stream, on which, before the War for Independence, was a forge, where iron was made into various things. It was called the valley forge, and after a while the whole place was named Valley Forge.

To that little valley Washington led the American army into winter quarters. It was December, and snow was on the ground. Many of the soldiers were barefoot, and left marks of blood in their tracks.

There the soldiers built rude huts, and spent the dreary winter, thinly clothed and half-starved. They were more willing to suffer than to lose their freedom and become slaves to the King and Parliament. At this time the British army were enjoying every comfort in Philadelphia. Then it was that the good Washington prayed in secret for God to help his countrymen, and his prayers were heard and answered.

By and by, when the snow had melted, and the tree-buds began to open, news came that the French King would send soldiers and ships to help the Americans. It made them very joyful. Then came news that the King and Paliament would now

Washington and His Men at Valley Forge.

do right. Then they were still more joyful. But when they remembered how often they had been deceived, they would not believe it.

In the pleasant month of May General Howe sailed for England, and left the British army in charge of Sir Henry Clinton. They gave Howe a great ball and feast before he left. At the same time the Americans, who loved freedom better than all such things, were suffering at Valley Forge.

Battle of Monmouth.

NEWS now came that the French King had sent one of his war sailors, with many ships, to take the British vessels in the Delaware. The British commander, Lord Howe, was frightened, and left that river as soon as possible. Clinton was also alarmed, and left Philadelphia, with all his army, on

the 18th of June. They fled across New Jersey toward Sandy Hook, to get upon Lord Howe's ships that lay at anchor there.

When Washington heard of this he set his army at Valley Forge in motion, crossed the Delaware and pursued the British to Monmouth, in West Jersey. There, on one of the hottest days ever known, they had a terrible battle. Victory was on the side of the Americans. It was on the 28th of June, 1778.

Fifty soldiers died of thirst that day. One soldier, who was firing a cannon, was shot dead. His wife, a young Irish woman, named Molly, who had been bringing water to him, took his place at the gun, and kept firing it all through the battle. Washington was so pleased with her for this, that he gave her the pay of her husband after that, and she wore his soldier-clothes and was called Captain Molly as long as she lived.

The Little Black-Eyed Rebel.

WILL CARLETON.

Between Sept. 26, 1777, and June 17, 1778.

A BOY drove into the city, his wagon loaded down
With food to feed the people of the British-governed town;
And the little black-eyed rebel, so innocent and sly,
Was watching for his coming from the corner of her eye.

His face looked broad and honest, his hands were brown and tough,
The clothes he wore upon him were homespun, coarse, and rough,
But one there was who watched him, who long time lingered nigh,
And cast at him sweet glances from the corner of her eye.

He drove up to the market, he waited in the line;
His apples and potatoes were fresh and fair and fine;
But long and long he waited, and no one came to buy,
Save the black-eyed rebel, watching from the corner of her eye.

"Now who will buy my apples?" he shouted, long and loud;
And "Who wants my potatoes?" he repeated to the crowd;
But from all the people round him came no word of a reply,
Save the black-eyed rebel, answering from the corner of her eye.

For she knew that 'neath the lining of the coat he wore that day
Were long letters from the husbands and the fathers far away,

Who were fighting for the freedom that they meant to gain or die;
And a tear like silver glistened in the corner of her eye.

But the treasures—how to get them? crept the question through her mind,
Since keen enemies were watching for what prizes they could find,
And she paused a while and pondered, with a pretty little sigh;
Then resolve crept through her features, and shrewdness from her eye.

So she resolutely walked up to the wagon old and red;
"May I have a dozen apples for a kiss?" she sweetly said;
And the brown face flushed to scarlet, for the boy was somewhat shy,
And he saw her laughing at him from the corner of her eye.

"You may have them all for nothing, and more, if you want," quoth he.
"I will have them, my good fellow, but can pay for them," said she;
And she clambered on the wagon, minding not who all were by,
With a laugh of reckless romping in the corner of her eye.

Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped her fingers white and small,
And then whispered, "Quick! the letters! thrust them underneath my shawl!
Carry back again *this* package, and be sure that you are spry!"
And she sweetly smiled upon him from the corner of her eye.

Loud the motley crowd were laughing at the strange, ungirlish freak,
And the boy was scared and panting, and so dashed he could not speak;
And, "Miss *I* have good apples," a bolder lad did cry;
But she answered, "No, I thank you," from the corner of her eye.

With the news of loved ones absent to the dear friends they would greet,
Searching them who hungered for them, swift she glided through the street.
"There is nothing worth the doing that it does not pay to try,"
Thought the little black-eyed rebel, with a twinkle in her eye.

The Surrender of Burgoyne.

YOU will always hear in connection with the War of the Revolution the surrender of two great armies, those of Burgoyne and Cornwallis.

The King sent over Burgoyne, with a large army, to invade the United States by way of Canada. Burgoyne is said to have been a fine soldier, but was a bullying sort of fellow, who thought hanging was too good for the Americans, and that he could easily frighten them into submission. The first thing he did was to enlist as many Indians as he could find, and then to

threaten the Americans that, if they did not surrender, he would be obliged to let loose upon them these savages. No one knew better than he that there was no need of hiring Indians to fight; but he thought the terror of the Indian scalping-knife and tomahawk might induce many of the Americans to desert their own standard and join his.

At first everything went well with him. He marched to Ticonderoga, and took possession of the fort there. Hearing that the Americans had collected a quantity of stores at Bennington (which is within the present State of Vermont), Burgoyne sent a party to seize them. But bold John Stark was there, with his men, and determined they should not get the stores.

The victory at Bennington gave heart to the Americans. General Gates soon after fought another battle with Burgoyne at a place called Stillwater, where the English were defeated. A day or two afterward, Burgoyne again led his men to the attack at the same place, and was again defeated. At night, when he buried his dead, the American cannon was still roaring, and the balls dashed into the camp, spattering the clergyman who read the funeral service with earth and blood.

General Gates.

The English were now reduced to great straits. The Indians had deserted them, plundering the camp as they went. General Burgoyne, after consulting his officers, saw there was nothing for it but to surrender, with his whole army, to General Gates, which he did, on the seventeeth of October, at Saratoga.

This was a great and glorious victory, and nobly did the American generals use it. Gates showed great kindness to the English officers, and would not allow his men to see the soldiers lay down their arms, in order to spare the feelings of the conquered.

The German general had his wife and children with him. After the surrender the Baroness drove to the American camp, and trembled when she saw herself in the power of the people her husband had come to war against. But while she was gazing

in a frightened way, a tall, handsome man stepped out of a tent, and took her children in his arms and kissed them. Then turning to their mother, he offered her a home in his house, and bade her

Surrender of Burgoyne.

fear nothing. This was General Schuyler, whose country house had just been burned by the enemy. It is far pleasanter to think of acts of this kind than of all the victories in the world.

When the news of these things reached the King he flew into a passion, and at first nothing would satisfy them but to sweep the Americans from the face of the earth. On second thought,

however, he relented and tried to pacify the colonies. So they sent word that the King would forgive all that had happened, provided they returned to their allegiance and became good subjects without loss of time.

The Commissioners arrived at Philadelphia in the year 1778, and began to write long papers to Congress, advising it to give up fighting and return to the arms of good King George. This Congress civilly declined to do. Then the Commissioners began to try the members separately. They sent word to Joseph Reed, one of the leading statesmen in Congress, that if he would work for the King and against the United States they would give him ten thousand pounds and any office he might choose to ask. But Reed made answer, that he was not worth buying; but poor as he was, the King of England was not rich enough to buy him.

Massacre at Wyoming.

EVERY time the Tories heard the Americans had been beaten, they feasted, and reveled, and made merry; seeming to hate their own countrymen far more than the English did.

Under the leadership of John Butler, a band of Indians and Tories made up their minds to lay waste one of the most beautiful settlements in the United States—the Vale of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania.

It had been peopled by sturdy men from Connecticut, and, the land being fertile, it throve wonderfully. When the war broke out, one thousand stout-hearted men marched from Wyoming to fight for their country, leaving their wives and children to till their lands and tend their cattle in their absence, and five hundred men to guard them. John Butler knew that most of the young men had gone away, and led his band of savages to Wyoming one fine July day.

The chief officer at Wyoming happened to be a cousin of his, named Zebulon Butler. He and the five hundred men, with the women and children and sick people, shut themselves up in a fort they had built, and prepared for defense. John Butler laid siege to the fort; but finding he could not take it, sent word to his

cousin that he would like to speak to him outside. You know very well what that meant, and so, I think, did Zebulon. Nevertheless, he went out of the fort, with four hundred men, and marched to meet his cousin.

On and on he marched, meeting no one; but as he went he saw at a distance, on the top of a hill, a man waving a flag, and

Indians Surprise a Detachment of Soldiers.

beckoning him to approach. As he approached, the man moved further and further away, till at last Zebulon and his four hundred men found themselves in a dense and desolate forest, and a long way from the fort. While they were wishing themselves back again, all at once the Indian warwhoop rang through the air, and John Butler and his men fell upon them.

Even then Zebulon might have saved his party, if he had made them stand firm; but someone cried, "The Colonel has ordered a retreat," and they scattered and fled. Of all the four hundred, only sixty—of whom Zebulon was one—escaped.

I cannot describe to you the horrors of that night. Rushing to the fort, John Butler threw into it two hundred of the scalps he had torn from the slaughtered men. The people inside sent to know what terms would be granted them if they gave up the fort. The answer was—The hatchet.

They could not defend themselves; the savages broke in, and began the slaughter afresh. As they found it took them too long to kill the men, women, and children separately, they shut them up in their houses, set fire to them, and sat down outside, mocking their cries of agony. Every man was put to death, while women and little children were driven, half-naked, into the woods, to perish of hunger.

So completely did they do their vile work, that the settlement in the Vale of Wyoming ceased to exist altogether, and there was nothing left to show where it had stood but a few charred logs and heaps of ruin.

Robert Morris.

THERE was not much regular fighting in the year 1779. Washington had very few soldiers, and the government had very little money. Indeed, if it had not been for the generous help the country received from several patriotic citizens, I do not know what would have happened.

One of the most generous of these great-hearted men was Robert Morris, of Philadelphia. He was a merchant and a man of great shrewdness and common sense. Many pleasant stories are told of his efforts to raise money for the army when no one else could raise a dollar.

On one occasion a large sum of money in gold and silver was required, and the only man who had it to lend was an old Quaker, who, as you know, thought fighting altogether wrong, and, of course, could not be expected to lend his money to pay or arm soldiers. Robert Morris fell in with him, and put on a countenance full of grief. The Quaker, perceiving his downcast looks, asked him what was the matter.

"I am dreadfully in want of such a sum of money in gold or silver," was the answer; "and I do not know where to get it."

The Quaker, I think, knew pretty well what the money was wanted for, though he pretended he didn't. He asked Morris what security he could give. Morris said that he would be answerable for it himself, never hinting anything about the Government or the State.

"Cease thy sorrows," then said the good Quaker, "thou shalt have the money; only thou must never say thou hadst it of me."

And it was paid accordingly, and the poor soldiers got shoes and clothes with it. It is almost impossible to believe that this same Robert Morris, who had so freely given his own for his country, and done so much for American freedom, spent the last years of his life wretchedly, in prison for debt. It was so, however.

Captain Paul Jones.

ANOTHER brave man who began to make a great noise in the world at this time was John Paul Jones, the sailor. He was born in Scotland. When he was only twelve years old he took to the sea, and became a daring and gallant mariner. His sympathies were with the Americans, and when the war broke out he was the first man to hoist the American flag (it was at first a rattlesnake, but was altered to the Stars and Stripes about a year after the Declaration of Independence.)

John Paul Jones.

The Americans were not able to build large ships to fight those of the British, nor did the Government have a great many vessels of any kind during the war. But privateers took a great many ships away from the British war-sailors.

At first Paul Jones cruised on the coast of the United States, pouncing on the English ships, big and little, and carrying them off as prizes. But he pined for greater deeds than these. In his ship called the Ranger he sailed across to the British coast, and

very soon began to make himself known and dreaded. After a time the captains of ships could not sleep for fear of bold John Paul Jones, who was always dashing down upon them like the wind of a stormy night, hailing them in a voice of thunder, and bidding them strike their flag.

Once, in sailing past a harbor in Ireland, he saw an English ship of war called the Drake. John Paul Jones went outside the harbor and the Drake sailed out. Her captain had heard that the Ranger was near, and came out to capture her, crowds of boats following him to see the American vessel made a prize.

Then Drake sailed up and hoisted the English colors. Paul Jones remained where he was, and hoisted the American colors. Then the captain of the Drake shouted through his speaking-trumpet, what ship was that?

Paul Jones shouted back that it was the American ship Ranger.

On this he put the helm up and gave the Drake a broadside. Then the fight began, and before dark the Drake struck her flag, and bold Paul Jones carried her off as a prize.

Afterward he made a sudden descent on St. Mary's Isle, where the Earl of Selkirk lived, in order to take the Earl prisoner and keep him till the war was over. As it happened, the Earl was not at home at the time, and Paul Jones, after landing, and finding he was away, turned again toward his boats.

But his sailors, who knew how much plunder the British cruisers had made on the coasts of America, grumbled, and cried that they must have something to repay them for their pains. Paul Jones, finding it impossible to satisfy them, said that they might go to the Earl's house, and receive his plate from the servants; but that they were not to disturb anything or hurt anyone. It was so done, and the Ranger sailed away, without having done the least harm on St. Mary's Isle, or taking anything but the Earl's plate.

When the plate was sold Paul Jones bought it, and sent it back to the Earl's wife, with a very pretty letter, saying that he was not a thief or a pirate, but a sailor, who scorned to gain wealth by such means.

Le Bonhomme Richard.

AFTER this Paul Jones tried hard to get the command of a squadron which Congress was fitting out in France. He wrote letter after letter without avail, and at last began to despair. But, one day, while reading Franklin's little book called Poor Richard—in French, *Le Bonhomme Richard*—he found this passage: "If a man wants to have any business faithfully and quickly performed, let him go himself." Paul Jones put down the book, and went himself. And the consequence was that he got the command he wanted; and, to mark his gratitude, he named his ship Le Bonhomme Richard.

Le Bonhomme sailed with two other vessels, all under bold Paul Jones, and once more the seaports of the British Isles were in an agony of terror. Men would start from their beds, and captains from their cabins, with terrified gaze and whitened cheek. at the very name of terrible Paul Jones.

He took a good many small vessels, and at last he fell in with a British frigate—the Serapis—a stronger and larger vessel than his own. It was close to the British shore, and, the moon being up, crowds of people flocked to the shore to see the fight.

The commander of the Serapis, a brave sailor, Commodore Richard Pearson, shouted through his trumpet: "What ship is that?" He knew very well what ship it was; and a minute after he knew still better, for Paul Jones gave the signal, and poured a terrible broadside into the Serapis. Then, running the Bonhomme Richard into her, he ordered the two vessels to be lashed together, to fight at closer quarters.

For an hour or so the battle raged with great fury on both sides, and man after man was carried below. Then Pearson, who began to think enough had been done in the way of fighting, called to Jones, to ask if his ship had struck.

"Struck!" roared Paul Jones, "why I am only just beginning to fight."

And for an hour or so longer the battle continued. At last, both ships being on fire, and almost every man on board the Serapis being killed, she surrendered.

When the sun rose next morning the Stars and Stripes floated over the masthead of the Serapis. Almost the first thing Paul Jones saw was his own dear ship—the Bonhomme Richard—sinking to the bottom, from the injuries she had received during the fight. He then took possession of the Serapis, and sailed away.

After that he entered the service of foreign princes, and was appointed Admiral by the Empress of Prussia.

But he was of a restless disposition, and on account of a dispute between himself and the Empress he went to Paris to seek employment. After a time his money was spent and poverty stared him in the face.

In 1796, when Washington was President of the United States, he appointed him to go to Algiers to settle a difficulty. He prepared for the journey, and made up his mind to lay one more claim to the gratitude of the United States. But before he left Paris, he fell ill, and soon after died, with but few friends around him.

His was a sad history.

Emily Geiger.

A STORY is told of the war in the South, which shows how gloriously the fire of patriotism burned in every heart.

On one occasion an American general wanted to send a message to Sumter. He could not find a man to carry it, as the English scoured the country, and it seemed almost certain that anyone who separated from the army would be taken prisoner. While he was thinking how he should manage, a young girl, named Emily Geiger, went to him, and said she would carry the message.

He wrote a letter, and told Emily what it contained, in case it should be lost. Then she started alone, on horseback. On the way, as was expected, she fell in with a party of British soldiers, who took her prisoner, and shut her up in a room. She knew that she would be searched, and that the letter would be found, if she did not make away with it; so, having no other means of destroying it, she tore it up, and ate it piece by piece.

A few minutes after she had done so, an old woman came in and searched her. But finding nothing, she told the officer there was no use in keeping her prisoner. Emily was accordingly set free, and rode off in all haste to Sumter, to whom she delivered the message.

Arnold the Traitor and Andre the Spy.

WE now come to one of the saddest episodes in the Revolution.

You remember that among the many brave men who fought on the American side when the war broke out, no one had more opportunities of proving how daring a soldier he was than General Benedict Arnold. He had been to Ticonderoga with Ethan Allen, to Canada with Montgomery; had fought valiantly against Burgoyne, until, at the battle of Behmus's Heights, his leg was broken, and he was disabled. At this battle, it is said, he lost his reason.

A great deal has been written about General Arnold. Some have tried to make him out an injured man. There is no doubt of his having been at last a black-hearted villain.

When he was wounded, Washington gave him the command of Philadelphia. He was wonderfully fond of pomp and display; he took the house of Governor Penn, fitted it up with great magnificence, and began to give splendid parties, and spent immense sums of money. His own fortune was soon exhausted; but he had public money in his hands, and dishonestly used it for his own purposes. Congress soon found it out, and reproached him. He replied in a most insolent strain; accused Congress of ingratitude, and pretended to be the most innocent and injured man in the country.

In society in Philadelphia he had met a beautiful young lady, the daughter of an old Tory. He fell in love, and married her. This was his second misfortune. For, when his angry heart was brooding over the reprimand he had received from Congress, his young wife's friends came to him, and asked why he suffered such an insult. He might, they said cunningly, go over to the

English, who would know better than to ill-use so fine an officer. It was just what Arnold was thinking.

Then, again, he was deeply in debt for his balls and his dinners, and the expenses of his fine house; and after Congress had refused to allow him to rob the country any more, he could not find means to pay his creditors. He tried to make money by speculating, but his ill-luck never deserted him, and he only plunged deeper and deeper into debt.

You remember the dashing young officer in the British army, named André. Mrs. Arnold had been a friend of his, and still wrote him letters from time to time. There is no doubt but this pretty young lady had a hand in other letters which began to be written at this time.

They were signed "Gustavus," and addressed to "John Anderson;" and seemed to be all about shipments of goods, invoices, and ships. But, in reality, the goods meant were the United States, which the letters proposed to sell to the English; Gustavus was Benedict Arnold, and John Anderson was Major André. The wretched traitor offered to desert to the English for a sum of money.

To make himself worth more, Arnold pretended to be well again—though he never wholly recovered from his wound—and to be anxious to serve his country once more. At his earnest request he was appointed to the command of West Point, on the Hudson. This was one of the strongest places which remained to the Americans; and Arnold knew that the British would give almost anything to gain it.

The moment he arrived there, he sent word to the British General Clinton that he was ready to give up the Fort at West Point for a sum of money; and that he had divided his army in such a way that each division could be easily beaten by the British.

At first, Clinton did not think Arnold worth buying at the price, but finally concluded so good a chance should not be lost.

Major André had already had much to do with the traitor, and was besides a shrewd and able officer, so he sent him to meet Arnold, by appointment, near Dobb's Ferry. A British sloop, the *Vulture*, lay near the place. André went on board of her, and waited for a messenger from Arnold.

In the dead of night the sound of oars were heard, and a boat pulled alongside the *Vulture.* André leaped into her, and was soon ashore. In a thick bush, at the foot of the Clove mountain, he met the villain Arnold, who began trembling and

Arrest of Major Andre.

quaking—all his courage had deserted him now. The boat's crew becoming anxious to be off, André and Arnold mounted horses and rode a short distance higher up the bank to a house within the American lines.

They tell a very pretty story of André's reluctance to enter the lines, and make out that he was entrapped by Arnold. But probably he was not so squeamish. He had come to meet Arnold in order to fulfill his plan of treason; and he was not likely to stand upon trifles. It is quite certain that André believed he was only doing

his duty and serving his country; though it is a great pity any country should ever need to be served by such means.

When the conference was over, Major André started to return to New York. As he was to pass through the American lines, he took a disguise, and received from Arnold a passport under his old name of John Anderson. The first American posts he passed without trouble; the officers being satisfied with the passport.

But as he was galloping along the road near Tarrytown, a man sprang from the wayside, seized the bridle of his horse, and challenged him. Two others appeared and asked him who he was. André did not answer the question, but asked them who they were. Suspecting mischief, they replied; "From below;" meaning from the British headquarters at New York.

André felt quite relieved at this.

"And so am I," said he. "I am an English officer on urgent business; do not detain me."

"Then you are our prisoner," cried one of the men; "get off your horse."

They searched him at once, and found in his stockings full plans of the fort at West Point, and directions, written by Arnold, for the capture of the fort and the destruction of the American army.

André was distracted. He offered the men his watch, his purse, anything they chose, if they would let him go. But they scorned his offers. They were poor, they said, but not so poor as to sell their country. He must remain their prisoner.

He was taken before Colonel Jamieson, who was so astonished at the papers found on André's person that he wrote foolishly to Arnold to say that "Anderson" had been taken, and to ask what the papers meant. The traitor was breakfasting with two of Washington's officers when the letter came. He was so finished a villain that the quivering of his lip at the intelligence was so slight that his guests did not notice it. Hastily making some excuse, he rushed off to his wife's room, and exclaimed, "All is discovered. André is a prisoner. Burn all my papers; I fly to New York!"

With a shriek his wife fainted. The wretched man had not time to think even of her. In a few hours he knew his treason would be discovered. Springing on horseback, he tore to the river. A boat was there; he leaped into it, and waving his handkerchief as a flag of truce to the batteries, he bade the oarsmen pull for their lives to the *Vulture*. He dared not breathe till he stood on her decks, safe under the English flag.

News of what had happened soon reached Washington, who hastened to West Point. As soon as he had made sure of the garrison, he ordered a court-martial to be held to judge the prisoner André.

When André heard that Arnold was safe, he threw off his disguise, and openly avowed that he was a British officer. Brought before the court-martial, he would not deny or conceal anything, but candidly confessed why he was there, and what he had done.

He was so young, so manly, so noble in his bearing, that everyone who heard him felt his heart yearn toward him. Some of the members of the court-martial cried when the sentence was rendered. But the rules of war were clear and plain. It was not possible to mistake the nature of his fault. Major André was condemned to be hanged as a spy.

The moment the news of his arrest reached New York, General Clinton, who loved him as his son, sent messengers in hot haste to Washington, beseeching him to spare his life. He offered any prisoner, or several, in exchange for him. Even the traitor Arnold sent word to say that André was not a spy, but had entered the lines under a flag of truce.

When the gallant André heard of it, though his life hung on the question, he promptly declared that Arnold had written a falsehood. He said he had not come under a flag of truce.

General Clinton proposed to Washington that his case should be discussed by an officer on each side. Washington agreed. The British officer said everything that could be said in favor of the unfortunate André. He threatened to have all the Carolina prisoners put to death if André were executed; Greene answered that no one deplored André's fate more than himself, but that even if the English should threaten to butcher every American in the

land, the sentence of the court-martial would nevertheless be carried out.

When the time came, André was prepared to die. He wrote a very touching letter to General Clinton, entreating him to see that his mother and sisters, who had been dependent on him for support, were not left to starve.

Having dispatched this letter, he wrote to the court-martial begging that he might die the death of a soldier. They had not the heart to reply no; but the rules of war positively declared that a spy must be hanged, and Washington had resolved to carry them out.

On the second of October he was led to the scaffold. "And must I die thus?" he cried, seeing the rope. The soldiers were all in tears. Turning to them, after a short prayer, he said, "Bear witness that I die as a brave man should." The next minute he was no more.

It is said that André became a soldier from disappointment. He had deeply loved a beautiful girl in England, who did not requite his affections; when she married another, he left his native land to serve in the army in America.

If you are sorry for brave young André, as I am sure you are, you must remember what the consequence would have been had his scheme been successful. West Point would have fallen into the hands of the British—the army would have been destroyed —who knows whether the independence of the United States would have been gained to this day?

Benedict Arnold was very miserable after André's death. His first act, when safe inside New York, was to write a pitiful letter to Washington, declaring that he had acted from the best of motives, and begging that his wife and child might be sent to him. He then published a sort of appeal to the American people, advising them to follow his example and become traitors likewise. For their part, they perfectly agreed with Washington, when he said that "Arnold's conduct was so villainously perfidious that no terms could describe the baseness of his heart."

Clinton, always remembering the death of his friend André, could not bear the sight of him; and, though he was made a gen-

eral in the British army, the officers would not associate with him. As usual in such cases, the British very naturally argued that a man who had been a traitor to his own country would be a traitor to them, if anything were to be made by it.

Surrender of Cornwallis.

AFTER Burgoyne surrendered, the Americans always felt more hopeful; still there were powerful armies yet to defeat, the greatest ones being those of Cornwallis in Virginia and Clinton in New York.

At last came the final battle between Cornwallis' troops and those of Washington. A large party of French landed and joined the Americans; and both together proceeded to besiege Cornwallis in Yorktown.

He was fairly caught in a trap. The French and Americans —who had more than twice as many men as he—surrounded him by land on every side; and the French fleet locked up the mouth of the river. He sent word, in all haste, to Clinton to come to his assistance; but that general, who had ceased to chuckle by this time, could not get his ships ready, and wrung his hands in despair.

The siege began with great vigor, and every day the besiegers approached closer to the walls. Cornwallis did all he could to save himself. He tried to cross the river in boats, but a storm drove the boats out to sea.

At length, after six weeks' siege, on the nineteenth of October, 1781, Lord Cornwallis surrendered with all his army; seven thousand soldiers becoming prisoners of war. With all their defeats, the Americans had never suffered such a blow as this was to the British.

A story is told of this surrender which I like to believe. Before the British troops marched out of Yorktown to lay down their arms, Washington rode up to the Americans, who were drawn out in line, and said,

"My boys, let there be no insults over a conquered foe.

When they lay down their arms, don't huzza. Posterity will huzza for you."

Such events are even more pleasant to think of than victories in the field.

When the people of England heard that Lord Cornwallis had surrendered, they could rest quiet no longer, and great tumults arose.

The people said that the war was wrong from the beginning; that the King had no right to tax the Americans without their consent; that though the English had won many battles, they had gained nothing; on the contrary, had lost two armies, had spent immense sums of money, and were no farther advanced toward the conquest of America than they were six years before; that the Americans were a sturdy race, and would never give up.

These were the things the strong-hearted men of England shouted in the ears of the King and the great lords.

But the King and the lords were as obstinate as ever, and, as for talking, you might as well have talked to a stone wall.

The men of London assembled, and said plainly that they would have their way, no matter what it cost. They threatened the King that, unless he made peace with the United States, they would vote him no more money.

It would take too long to relate all the shilly shally trickery and dodging which preceded the peace. The fact was, old lords or new lords, it was much the same thing. They one and all tried to cheat the United States in every way they could.

In the end, however, a treaty of peace was made at Paris, in the year 1783. The King of England acknowledged at length the independence of the United States.

Before the close of the year, Charleston, New York, Long Island and Staten Island were evacuated by the British, and the British soldiers taken with Burgoyne and Cornwallis allowed to go home. The American troops entered New York as the British left it, and great were the shouting, and cheering, and blazing of fireworks, as they marched in with drums beating and colors flying.

Washington Taking Leave of His Army.

AT twelve o'clock on a certain day General Washington took leave of his soldiers. He said a very few words, told them of his love for them and gratitude for their services during the war, and begged them to grasp his hand once more ere they parted. Each did so; and a good many rough, weather-beaten old fellows, who looked tough, as if they had been made of cast iron, cried like children at the parting.

Washington hastened to Annapolis, where Congress was sitting, and, in the presence of all the members assembled, resigned his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the armies. He made a short and very touching speech, and the President of Congress replied, praising and blessing him in very strong language, but not stronger than he deserved.

Washington then returned to his quiet home at Mount Vernon, and prepared to enjoy tranquillity and repose.

We shall hear more of him yet, but it is not possible to reflect on what he had done during the past eight years without already feeling a livelier love and a deeper respect for him than any other character in history. Not because he had served his country without pay; though that is not by any means a common occurrence either in this or any other nation. Not because he had fought so well and so skillfully against the best soldiers that England could send against him; though many men whom we are taught to admire and respect were nothing but soldiers, yet not so able in this respect as he. Nor yet because he had been successful in freeing his country; though this alone, as you know, is quite enough to secure for any man immortal fame.

You will love and respect George Washington because of his whole-souled devotion to this country, a feeling into which not one spark of selfishness or ambition ever entered. Because, from the day he took command of the Continental army to that on which he resigned his commission, his great mind never once, even for an instant, swerved from the pursuit of the object he had undertaken to gain. Because good report did not spoil or bad report irritate him. Because in the darkest hour of distress, when almost

everyone about him lost heart and hope, he never despaired of his country. Because in success and defeat he was always the same—firm, vigorous, prudent, wise; and all the envious creatures who surrounded him, seeking an opportunity of doing him a mischief, never once found the tiniest loophole through which his honor, or his virtue, or his courage, or his sagacity, might be assailed.

War versus Peace.

IT seems quite a pleasant thing for us to-day to think of the battles won by the Americans. We can fancy them charging in high spirits and with great shouts, and the English flying before them—as they sometimes did—and at last, when the fight was over, the soldiers returning to their camp with huzzas of victory, and sitting down, begrimed with blood, and dust, and sweat, and powder, but exultant in the full pride of having struck a blow for freedom and their children. But though this picture was realized now and then during the tussle, there was another which might have been seen far more frequently.

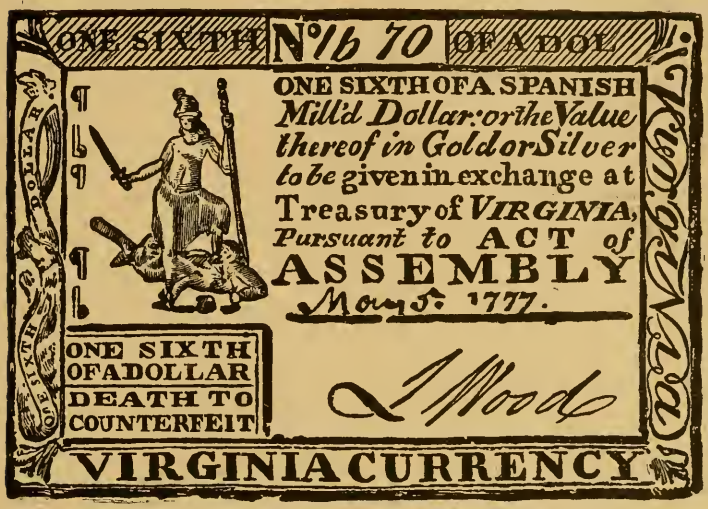
That picture was sorrow, poverty, despair. We who live in peace-time have never seen the real horrors of war. We have never gazed on villages blazing in flames, houses sacked, men murdered by the roadside, women and little children driven into the woods to live with foxes and wolves and wildcats.

All these and many worse things were endured in each of the thirteen States at various times. Often and often in the course of these eight years men said to themselves that it would be better to submit to the English than to suffer such misery; happy it was for them and for you that George Washington and the other leaders did not share these feelings.

American Money.

WHEN the war broke out, Congress had no money to pay its soldiers. It raised funds by issuing paper bills, which were to be paid at a fixed time afterward; and severa of the States did the same thing. For a short while people took these bills instead of money. But, as the war went

on, people began to fear that England might conquer them, and that the bills would never be paid. Then the bills began to be current for less than their original value—one dollar in coin being worth two and three and four in paper. After a short time they fell again, and men who had gold or silver would not exchange one dollar of it for less than twenty paper dollars. Again after a short time they fell still lower, and continued to fall till one silver dollar was worth one thousand in paper.



Virginia Currency.

The consequence was that the price of all things rose enormously. In some places a coat was worth more than a thousand dollars in paper. Congress was so poor that when La Fayette went to Virginia to oppose Cornwallis no one would give him clothes for his men on the credit of the United States. He was forced to buy them himself on his own account.

Before the end of the war many paper bills fell to nothing, and I dare say some of them were sent to the mills to be ground up and made into paper again.

La Fayette.

THE people of France had never blamed us for revolting against England. Those two countries were old enemies, and Frenchmen were glad to see English pride have a fall. So it would not seem fitting to close these pages of the Revolution without at least mentioning the young French nobleman, La Fayette, who offered his services to America in time of trouble.

When less than twenty years of age, while at a dinner with the Duke of Gloucester, he heard of the struggle of the Americans, their Declaration of Independence, and the preparations made to

La Fayette.

crush them. His young soul was fired with aspirations to give them aid; and quitting the army he hurried to Paris and offered his services to America. When Congress sent him word the country was too poor to pay his passage to America, he answered that he was so much the more resolved to go. Although he had just married a young and beautiful girl, and a bright career was opened for him in his own country, she, generous as he, cheerfully con-

sented to his departure, and he left all and hastened to America in a vessel fitted out at his own expense. He offered his services to the Continental Congress, and that body gave him the commission of a major-general. Three days afterward he was introduced to Washington at a public dinner, and within less than forty days he was gallantly fighting for freedom in America. That young general was the Marquis de La Fayette, whose name is forever linked with that of Washington and Liberty.

He returned to France, and I am sorry to tell you that during the French Revolution, one of the vilest of the many vile acts which the kings of Europe did was the treatment of General La Fayette. In the midst of the trouble he had gone into Germany, and placed himself in their power. They seized him as though he had been a thief, and thrust him into a prison in Prussia, for no better reason than his love of liberty.

When Washington heard of it, he wrote to the King of Prussia, begging that La Fayette might be set free. But before his letter reached the King, La Fayette had been handed over to another tyrant, the Emperor of Austria, who had plunged him into a damp, unwholesome dungeon.

Washington wrote to the Emperor as he had written to the King of Prussia. The Emperor was more likely to have sent Washington to prison to keep La Fayette company, if he had had a chance, than to set the gallant Frenchman free.

Years and years the brave man languished in his damp, dirty cell, breathing foul air, and his great heart almost breaking under the weight of his misfortune. Once, a young man from South Carolina started from America to endeavor to rescue him. He succeeded in getting La Fayette out of prison; but he was caught directly afterward, and chained up more closely than before.

It was not until the great Napoleon was at the head of the French that La Fayette once more regained his freedom. Napoleon, as you know, did nothing by halves. He sent word to the Emperor of Austria that La Fayette must be given up at once, or he would go and take him. On which the Emperor made desperate haste to open the doors of the dungeon, and sneakingly pretended that he did so out of regard for the United States.

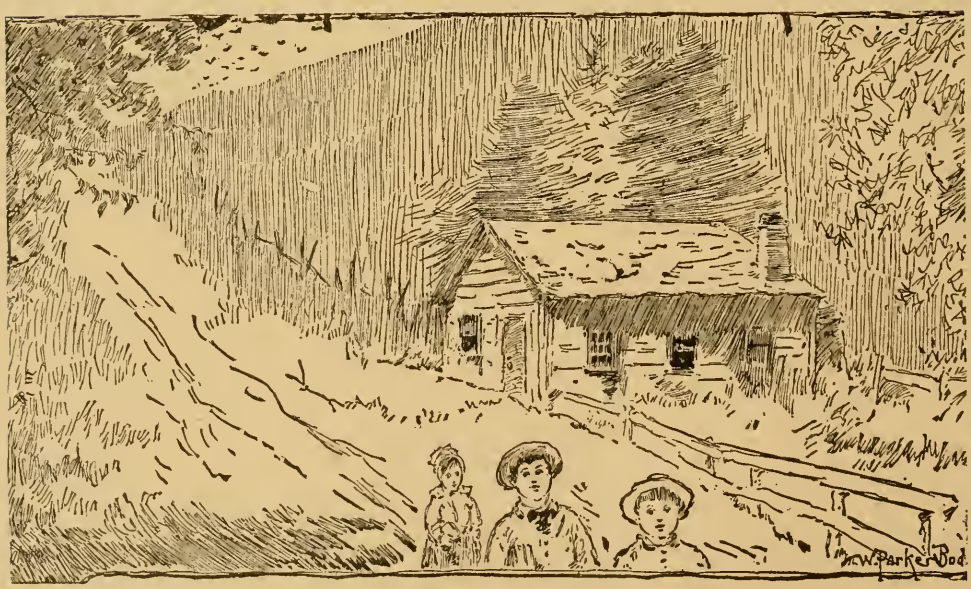
National Hymn.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!



PART IV.

THE AMERICAN NATION.

ALTHOUGH the war was ended, and peace and independence were secured, there was much to be done to make things prosperous. The Americans had become deeply in debt on account of the war; and they soon found that the Articles of Confederation would not answer as the great and enduring laws of the Government.

Many of the best men in the country talked these things over. Washington was very anxious about it, for he saw that unless something was done very soon much trouble would come. The next spring a Convention met at Philadelphia. Washington was elected President; and nearly all the best and wisest men of the country were members.

It sat nearly four months, discussing the Constitution to be adopted. It was not possible, I think, to frame a constitution that would have exactly suited all parties. No man, in private life, can have everything his own way; and so none of the States could expect to have a constitution framed precisely according to their own wishes. The best that could be done was to follow the example of all wise and prudent people in private life, namely, for each to yield something to the others; and this was finally agreed upon by the members.

When the discussion was over, and the fierce arguments which had been used were rankling in the minds of many of the members, old Benjamin Franklin arose with a written paper in his hand. The venerable patriot was feeble and unable to read aloud what he had written. Another member read his speech to the

Convention; and you might have heard a leaf rustle, so silent were the members while it was read.

It was full of words of kindness and charity. The wise old man implored his friends to silence their disputes for the country's welfare; reminded them that the only danger they had to fear was disunion among themselves; and appealed to each one then and there to give a proof of his love for the young republic by yielding something for the common good, and giving to his neighbor the right hand of fellowship.

These gentle counsels had a wonderful effect. Members forgot their disputes and shook hands warmly with each other. Very shortly after the Constitution of the United States was adopted; and the thirteen States were requested to declare whether or no they would abide by it.

After a time it was ratified and became the law of the land.

It is so still, although it has been altered in some points. I know of no constitution in the world so free, so safe, so wise. There are people still who try to pick all sorts of holes in it, and tell you that this is wrong and that is wrong; that this should be changed and that that should be stricken out or put in.

It has served this country 108 years, during which time the United States have grown from a poor, feeble, divided nation to be one of the richest and the strongest powers in the world. May it serve them still, when centuries after that shall have rolled their course, and most of us who live to-day have been long, long since forgotten!

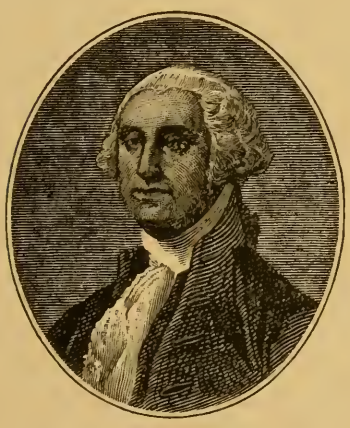
New York was the seat of government. The old Town Hall, where Congress met, was a wretchedly rickety building, and as the time for the meeting of Congress drew near the people of New York were ashamed of it. A few rich men subscribed a large sum to repair it and furbish it up, so that it should look decent; but it had a rather shabby appearance notwithstanding.

It is amusing to think that on the fourth of March, the day fixed for the meeting of Congress, only eight senators and thirteen representatives were present. They wrote urgent letters to their missing colleagues, begging them to come to New York as soon as possible. But in those days the roads were bad, and coaches

were scarce. Many of the members had to ride to New York on horseback. Others sailed along the coast in boats. In some places the people thought so little about politics that they forgot to elect members of Congress. How different from our time!

First President of the United States.

AT last, on the sixth of April, the Senate began its sittings. The representatives walked into the Senate Chamber, and the President of the Senate opened the ballot-box to count the votes for president. When he had counted them, he declared that George Washington was unanimously elected first President of the United States. John Adams, who had the next greatest number of votes, was Vice-President.



George Washington, 1732-1799.

A messenger was sent off to Mount Vernon to acquaint Washington with his election. He was living quietly in his peaceful home, busy in his fields, and hoping that he had done with public life; but when he heard that he had been elected President, he declared at once that he would obey his country's call, and started for New York.

He wished to travel privately; but this the people would not allow. At every town on the way, the people flocked round him, welcoming him and giving grand fêtes in his honor. When he reached Trenton, in New Jersey, where he had fought a few years before, a very pretty reception was given him. On the bridge an arch had been raised, with this inscription:

"The defender of the mothers will be the protector of the daughters."

A band of young girls dressed in white stood under the arch, waiting till Washington came up. When he approached, they strewed the way with flowers.

He had a grand reception, at New York, with no end of cheering, and shouting, and firing of cannon, and fireworks.

The carpenters were still hammering, and sawing, and chopping at the old Federal Hall, as it was called, and, on their account, Washington was obliged to wait a week to be inaugurated. In the meantime a great discussion arose in the Senate and the House of Representatives about the title to be given to him. The House said: Call him plain Mr. President. But the Senate answered that would never do. He must have some title, like the chief rulers of other nations. One proposed one title, another another; and for some time the Senate was in great perplexity on the subject. At last they agreed upon a title which they thought excessively neat and appropriate. It was: "His Highness, the President of the United States and Protector of their Liberties."

Happily, there was a little common sense in the House, and they cut the matter short by addressing Washington as "The President."

On the 30th of April, 1789, he was inaugurated the first President of the United States—that is, he laid his hand upon the Bible and solemnly promised, in the presence of thousands of people, to do all in his power to be a good and faithful governor. When he had taken it, Chancellor Livingston turned to the crowds assembled in Wall and Broad streets, and cried,

"Long live George Washington, President of the United States."

In all its riots and its battles New York had never heard such a shout as arose from the multitude when those words were heard. From river to sea, from the forest to the shore, the air rang again and again with the cry, "Long live George Washington!"

The Administration of Washington, 1789-1797.

THE first thing Washington did was to choose his cabinet officers. The country was in debt and Washington realized he must have at the head of the treasury a man of ability, so he chose Alexander Hamilton.

The first thing needful was to pay the debts created by the war. To this subject Alexander Hamilton gave his whole mind. He had proved himself a good soldier during the war; when it

ended, he became a lawyer, and rose to great fame at the bar; and now, he gave proof of equal talent as a statesman.

Most of those who had received the paper bills of the old Congress had sold them for very little, believing they would never be paid. As soon as Hamilton's plan was made public, the bills suddenly rose in value, and those who had bought them made great fortunes. I am sorry the poor soldiers and others who first received the bills lost money by them; but it will be a lesson to

Washington's Inaugural.

you not to lose faith in your country's credit, should misfortune hereafter befall her.

Among other things Hamilton established a National Bank. A mint was also started where gold, silver and copper coins were made.

By this time Rhode Island and North Carolina had joined the Union, and agreed to the Constitution. Little Rhode Island was rather ashamed that she had not come forward before. Thus the thirteen States were united once more.

People used to say that thirteen was an unlucky number, though I do not exactly see why. Whether or no, it was not long the number of the United States.

In the olden time, when only the coasts of America were

peopled, and the banks of a few rivers, the back country was not of much account. If you had asked a man who owned a mile of land fronting on the ocean how far back his farm went, I dare say he would have answered that he claimed back to the Rocky Mountains.

As population increased, and settlers went deeper inland to find pleasant sites for towns, this free-and-easy way of measuring land was given up. But very troublesome disputes about boundaries arose.

A great many settlers had built themselves houses and villages on the beautiful valleys westward of the Connecticut and near the foot of the Green Mountains. In course of time these settlements took the name of Vermont, which is the French for Green Mountain. The question then arose: To what State did Vermont belong?

New York said it belonged to her. New Hampshire said it was hers. While the dispute was going on, the men of Vermont, who were stout, independent fellows, met and declared that they would belong neither to New York nor New Hampshire, but would become a separate State; and in course of time the State of Vermont was duly admitted to the Union.

Daniel Boone.

YOU remember the bold hunter of North Carolina, Daniel Boone, who wandered away alone over the mountains into the valley of the Kentucky River, and lived nearly a whole summer alone in the wilderness, with no other companions than deer and foxes and other wild animals. When Daniel Boone returned to the sea coast and told how fine a region he had found, and what splendid hunting and farming grounds it contained, many bold men took their guns on their shoulders and followed him thither. Very soon villages reared their heads on pleasant slopes, settlers flocked in from all parts of the country, and before the war was over Kentucky, as the new region was called, was quite a populous district.

At first it formed part of Virginia; but before many years

were over the men of Kentucky began to think of forming a separate State. They sent word to Virginia that such was their wish.

Virginia made answer that she was glad to hear it, and would give them every aid in her power. So, no one objecting, Kentucky, the fifteenth State, was duly admitted to the Union.

Soon after the peace a number of the old Regulators and others who had crossed the Alleghany Mountains and settled on the fertile banks of the Tennessee thought it was high time for them, too, to form another State. They met and declared themselves independent.

The City of Washington.

A RATHER lively skirmish took place in the first Congress about the seat of government. Each State had the folly to imagine that it would be an advantage to have the seat of government within its borders.

When the question arose, there was a general scramble among the States. All the States voted against New York. In the end it was decided that the seat of government should be located on the Potomac.

Washington chose a tract of land ten miles square, which was to belong to none of the States, and was called the District of Columbia. Surveyors, architects and masons were set to work to build a building, which was called the Capitol, in the new District. This city now bears the name of Washington, in honor of our first President. Meanwhile the seat of government was transferred to Philadelphia.

Washington's Second Term.

GEORGE WASHINGTON had been elected as President for four years. As the close of his term drew near, he wished to retire, to live quietly at Mount Vernon.

But when the people heard that he did not wish to be again elected President, a great clamor arose. They loved him so dearly and trusted him so thoroughly that they were frightened at the thought of losing him.

All begged him so earnestly to remain that once more he gave up his private wishes to please them.

When the election took place he was again elected unanimously.

Later, the people of France, having become tired of a monarch, cut off the heads of their King and Queen and many other great people. They were resolved to be free and have a President, as the United States had. But they did not know how to manage such affairs, and a bloody time they had. They sent an agent here to persuade our government to help them, as the French had helped the Americans in the late war.

This caused worry, for now that America was at peace with England, Washington desired to remain so. He was, however, criticised and even harassed. He never retaliated. At times, however, he swore in his honest wrath he would rather be in his grave than in his place as President.

Washington's second term as President drawing to a close, he resolved not to allow himself to be elected again. He had served his country all his life. He was growing old and needed rest. The republic was firmly established, and there was no fear of its being overturned or shaken.

He wrote that beautiful address to the people of the United States which is called his Farewell Address, told them that they must choose some other President, and added that the brief space which he had yet to live must be spent in preparation for another world.

History contains nothing so grand or so truly admirable as the single-heartedness of Washington at this time. It is very likely that he could have made himself King of this country had he chosen, or at least President for life, which would have come to the same thing. Ambition had no place in his heart. He gave up the chief power as soon as he thought it was safe for the country; and in bidding farewell to the people he had spent his life in serving, and loved with all the warmth of his great heart, he never once remembered the insults and the calumnies which had been heaped upon him. Oh, if every nation had had a Washington!

George Washington died in 1797. He had not been long ill;

but his whole life had been spent in such severe labors for his country that he had grown old almost before his time, and when disease attacked him it made rapid work.

To the people the shock was awful. Everyone felt as if he had lost a dear relation. He was the man "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The whole nation mourned him as its father. From Boston to Savannah nothing but lamentations were heard. Even in

Tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon.

foreign countries his memory was honored as no private citizen's had ever been before. The British fleet lowered their flags to half-mast and the French Consul, Bonaparte, ordered a funeral oration to be pronounced before him. The world felt it had lost one of its greatest glories.

Many men have led more eventful lives; there are many whose careers are a livelier and pleasanter story; but not one can

be named who possessed in so high a degree those crowning virtues of humanity—truth, honor, constancy, love of country and self-denial.

There is a lesson in his history which you will do well to bear constantly in mind. He was not a genius. His qualities were those which a great many of you may possess, if you try to foster them. Yet through them alone he raised himself to a rank among men which not even Napoleon or the greatest heroes of ancient or modern times have reached.

Martha Washington.

THERE are many noble women who have figured in the history of our country, but none who have been more influential than the wife of the father of his country—Martha Washington. From birth she was endowed with grace, and, as she grew to womanhood, possessed a commanding figure. Even at an early age she was characterized by good sense, gentleness of manner, and a ready power of adaptation to the necessities of life. At seventeen she was married to a wealthy gentleman, Colonel Parke Custis, of high social standing. Four children were born to them, a girl who died in infancy; a son named Daniel, a child of great promise, who died young; Martha, who grew to womanhood and died in 1770, and John, who became a soldier, served under Washington during the Revolution and lost his life at the siege of Yorktown when only 27 years old.

At an early age Mrs. Custis was left a widow with two children. In order to educate them and manage her vast estate, she was now obliged to apply herself with rare ability and success. In 1759 she became the wife of George Washington and removed to Mt. Vernon, which became their family residence. Here for nearly seventeen years their married life was passed in the monotonous round of a planter's existence. When Col. Washington was elected a member of the First Congress which assembled in Philadelphia he wrote home to his wife the following letter, which is the only one still preserved:

PHILADELPHIA, 18 June, 1775.

My Dearest:—I am now set down to write you on a subject which fills

me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress that the whole army raised for the defense of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking is designed to answer some good purpose. You might, and I suppose did, perceive, from the tenor of my letters, that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment, without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not and ought not to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the Fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen. My earnest and ardent desire is, that you would pursue any plan that is most likely to produce content and a tolerable degree of tranquillity; as it must add greatly to my uneasy feelings to hear that you are dissatisfied or complaining at what I really could not avoid.

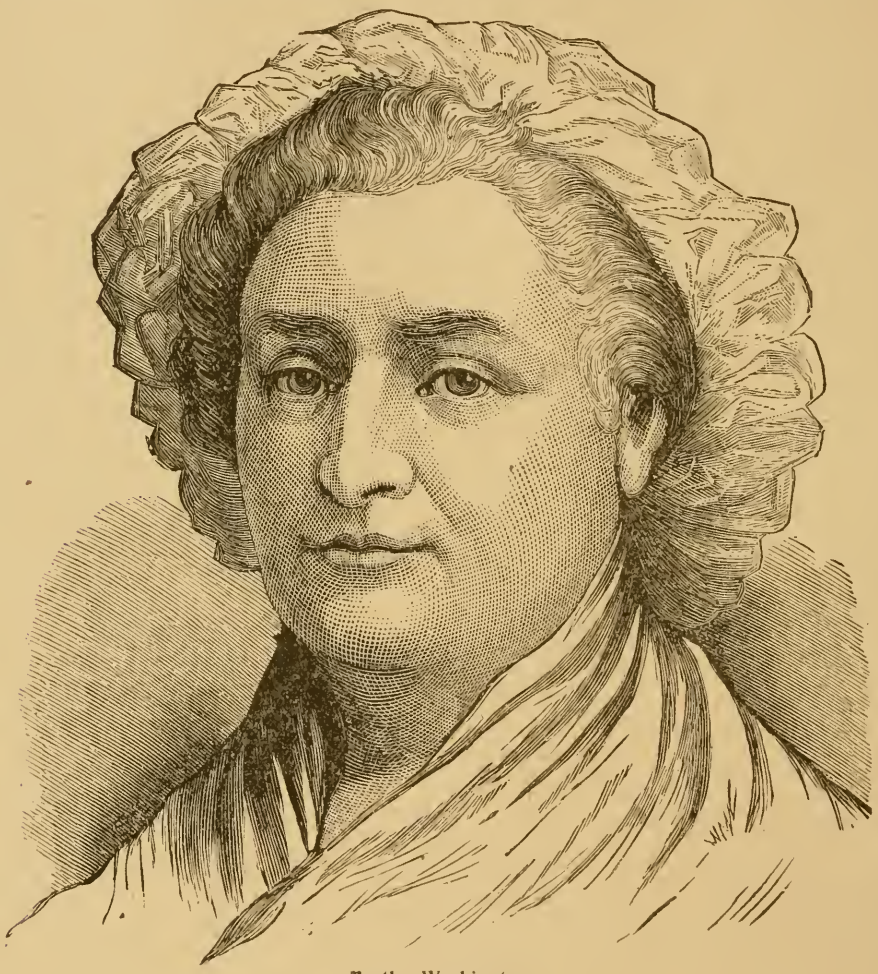
As life is always uncertain, and common prudence dictates to every man the necessity of settling his temporal concerns while it is in his power, and while the mind is calm and undisturbed, I have, since I came to this place,—for I had no time to do it before I left home—got Col. Pendleton to draft a will for me, by the directions I gave him, which will I now enclose. The provision made for you, in case of my death, will, I hope, be agreeable.

I shall add nothing more, as I have several letters to write, but to desire that you will remember me to your friends, and to assure that I am, with the most unfeigned regard, my dear Patsy,

Your affectionate GEORGE WASHINGTON.

It was often her custom to spend her winters in camp, re-

lieving its monotony and becoming a ministering angel to the suffering and sorrowing. No matter how long the journeys, she made them in her own carriage, taking care, of course, to have means at hand for a speedy departure in case of necessity. She often



Martha Washington.

said that "she had heard the first cannon at the opening, and the last at the closing of all of the campaigns of the Revolution."

We have not time here to describe the receptions or court etiquette observed at the Presidential mansion. We must stop long enough, however, to state that the family always retired at half past ten, and that no company was ever received on the Sab-

bath day. In the evening Washington always read to his wife from the Bible or from some devotional book.

The death of Washington was a great shock to the faithful wife who had followed him for nearly forty years through all the perils and toils of an eventful life. When the death agony was over, she calmed herself and said, "It is well, all is now over; I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through." Children and husband were now gone, but in God she had an unwavering trust. Two years later the summons came and she had joined her illustrious companion in the other world. Wordsworth says of her that she was

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, and command;
> And yet a spirit, still and bright,
> With something of an angel light."

John Adams' Administration—1797-1801.

DURING Washington's administration two political parties had sprung up. One was called the Republican, the other the Federalists. The Republicans wanted each state to govern itself, while the Federalists believed in a Congress and President, who should stand at the head. And so at the close of Washington's presidential term, there was a very hotly contested election; and Mr. Adams, by a slender majority, was chosen President and Thomas Jefferson Vice-President.

John Adams—1735-1826.

John Adams found, indeed as even Washington before him had found, the crown of empire to be a crown of thorns.

On the 4th of March, 1797, at Philadelphia, he was inaugurated President of the United States.

These were stormy days, and it required great wisdom to safely navigate the ship of state. Mr. Adams was conscientious, patriotic and able, but in the then divided

state of the public mind, an archangel could not have made harmony between all parties. The excitement which the French Revolution created in this country, as the people ranged themselves on the side of England or France, was intense.

President Washington had sent Mr. Pinckney to Paris, to try to conciliate the French, and put an end to the seizures of American ships by French cruisers. But the French Directory would not receive him, or have anything to do with him.

President Adams was a very prudent, cautious man; before proceeding to strong measures, he sent a new commission to Paris. It was rather cool, when the United States envoys asked the French to cease plundering their ships, to answer: We will see about it, but, in the mean time, you must give us so much money.

Charles C. Pinckney, one of the envoys, was quite ready with his answer:

"Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute!"

So they shook the dust off their feet and set out homeward with all speed.

Dolly Adams.

There was no doubt in anybody's mind as to what was to be done. Some of the red-hot Republicans who wore cockades in their hats, and were always shouting Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity! made some sort of excuses for the French to the last. But by far the greater part of the people did not see that it made any difference whether the French were subjects of a king or democrats, so long as they seized American ships and stole their cargoes. And Congress very willingly agreed to authorize the President to retaliate.

The nation prepared once more for war. Troops were raised

and ships fitted out. President Adams had made up his mind to give the French a lesson.

One of the first ships that sailed was the *Delaware*, commanded by Captain Decatur, since so famous. He fell in with a French schooner called the *Croyable*, took her, and sent into the Delaware a prize. This astonished the French a good deal.

Several other battles were fought between American and French ships before the war ended. I think the former were oftener victorious than the latter. At all events, a sufficient number of French ships were taken to convince the Government of France that it would not answer to molest the Americans in future; and General Bonaparte made haste to conclude a peace with the United States.

The seat of government was now removed to Washington. It was hardly a village. There was one "tavern" not far from the Capitol, and a few rude houses scattered in the middle of the woods; but people who wanted to live comfortably took lodgings at Georgetown. The President's wife, Mrs. Adams, complained bitterly that she was obliged to keep great fires going all day to guard against fever and ague; and this was the more difficult as fuel could not be had. It was, she said, a wild, desolate place, not fit for civilized persons to live in. How great a change one hundred years or so have made!

As the time drew near for a fresh election, people began to take more interest in politics. Although he was a very honest and worthy man, Mr. Adams was not generally liked. He was a Federalist.

The real cause of not being liked was due to having instigated Congress to pass two laws called the Alien and Sedition Laws. These laws gave a great deal of arbitrary power to the President for the getting rid of troublesome foreigners and the putting down of those who opposed the government. Mr. Adams' enemies said that they were laws only fit for an old despotism like those of Europe, and wholly contrary to the spirit of American liberty.

When the election took place, no one of the candidates had a majority. According to the Constitution, the duty of choosing a President devolved upon Congress and the question was whether

Jefferson or Burr should be President, each having received the same number of votes.

Congress sat seven days, and thirty-five ballots were taken without any result. On the thirty-sixth ballot Jefferson received the votes of ten States, and was thus elected President, Mr. Burr becoming Vice-President.

Administration of Thomas Jefferson.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, third President of the United States, began his administration with an Inaugural Address which is one of the most beautiful and eloquent political papers extant. He had his faults, as you have seen; but he was a thorough republican, a true lover of humanity, and a wonderfully sagacious man. His address fairly broke the backbone of Federalism. One by one, nearly all the old Federalists, charmed with the beauty and warmth of his sentiments, began to think that after all he made as good a President as one of their own party.

The first event of Jefferson's administration was the trouble with the Barbary pirates. You will be ashamed to learn that the United States had agreed to do as other nations did, and pay tribute to the Dey of Algiers. But as England, France and Spain had been in the habit of paying tribute in order to purchase security for their ships, President Adams thought it wise to follow their example.

The northern coast of Africa swarmed with little pirates, who called themselves Deys and Beys, and so on, and lived by robbing foreign ships. Jefferson saw very plainly that these people would never be quiet until they had been soundly trounced, and accordingly sent a small squadron to the Mediterranean.

Thomas Jefferson—1743-1826.

War then commenced between Tripoli and the United States.

The United States now sent Decatur to destroy the *Philadelphia*, which they had recently captured from the United States. Upon arriving at Tripoli Decatur shouted,

"Now, boys, board!" In a twinkling the whole seventy-two sprang on board the *Philadelphia.*

The Tripolitans were so much astonished at this extraordinary proceeding that a great many of them turned quietly round and jumped into the sea.

Everything had been prepared beforehand, and for twenty minutes Decatur's men hardly took time to draw breath. Then, the *Philadelphia* being filled with pitch, and tar, and rosin, and gunpowder, they set fire to her, cut with their swords the ropes which bound the ketch to her bows, and swung off.

The flames rose like lightning, dashing through each hatch and porthole, hissing along the deck, and creeping up the masts and rigging. It was a grand and awful spectacle. Every man, woman and child in Tripoli turned out to see. The blazing ship lit up the port so brightly that the night seemed as clear as day. As the fire glowed, the guns of the *Philadelphia* became red hot, and went off with a heavy, sullen sound, sending their balls into the city and the fort. The Bey and his head men swore by the Prophet that they would put the "Americanos" to horrible deaths, if they caught them. And I dare say they would. But they didn't catch them, for the brave Decatur and his gallant little band swept out of the harbor as safely as they had sailed into it.

Soon after this peace was declared, and there was no more trouble with the pirates for a time.

About this time the King of France lost Canada, his affairs were in a very bad way, and he was obliged to give up Louisiana to the King of Spain. After a time, the King of Spain gave it back to France again.

When General Bonaparte made peace with the United States, Jefferson saw the time had come to make an attempt to buy Louisiana.

You will find, if you read the histories of Rome, England, France, Russia, Spain, and other great nations, that it was their custom, when they wanted this or that strip of land or territory, just to send a party of soldiers with swords and flags to take it. Sometimes they pretended to pick a quarrel with the owner; as

England generally did when she meant to grab a province or a kingdom in Asia.

For all the examples history contains of this sort of work, I cannot see myself that it is any more honest than taking a man's hat from his head. You know very well that if you take your neighbor's hat, and say you did so because you wanted it, it would be very wrong.

President Jefferson, having the honor of the United States greatly at heart, determined to pursue a new plan in regard to Louisiana. He sent to General Bonaparte, and told him that the United States wanted it very badly. He then offered to give France a large sum of money in payment for Louisiana.

I dare say Bonaparte, when he received the message, would say to his officers, "What a greenhorn that Yankee must be, to talk of paying for the territory he wants! Why doesn't he take it by force, as I take what I want?"

But Jefferson was anxious that the United States should not be accused of robbing other nations of what belonged to them, and persisted in offering the money. Then Bonaparte, seeing he was in earnest, and being desperately in want of money for his great wars and land robberies, accepted the offer, and Louisiana became part of the territory of the United States.

Aaron Burr.

A VERY melancholy event marked the close of Mr. Jefferson's first term. The Vice-President, Aaron Burr, was a cunning, dark man. He was always plotting and scheming and winding himself like a snake into places where he ought not to have been. He was at first esteemed by many, but as time rolled on people saw that he cared for nothing but himself; that he was not honest in his private dealings; that his word was not to be trusted. So the Republicans withdrew their confidence from him, and resolved, when the election came, to choose George Clinton for Vice-President in his stead.

This was a great blow to Burr's ambition, and he writhed under it. But the Governorship of New York becoming vacant,

he set up for Governor, and made sure of success, as he had a great many friends in the city. On election day, however, his evil genius again awaited him, and he lost the election.

He went home, a darker man than ever, his black heart full of spite, rage and revenge. He wanted a victim.

One of the many wise men whose good opinion Burr had never been able to win was Alexander Hamilton. From the first

Duel Between Hamilton and Burr.

Hamilton had seen into the lowest depths of his murky soul, and would have nothing to do with him. As he was as bold as he was wise, when the proper time arrived Hamilton told his friends what he thought of Burr; and everyone had so much faith in his wisdom that his opposition had much to do with Burr's defeats.

Burr said that Hamilton must be his victim. You may have

heard that in former days a very ridiculous practice prevailed, which was called dueling. The way of it was this: When a man was insulted he said to him who insulted him,

"Sir, you have done me wrong; to make amends you must shoot at me at such a place, such a time."

This was called a challenge. It was supposed that being shot at was an ample reparation for any injury. It is very difficult to understand these old customs.

Burr sent Hamilton a challenge. The latter was very averse to accepting it. He had a large family to support, many clients to defend in the courts, a public duty to fulfill to his country. He knew he had been created for something better than to be shot at by an assassin.

A Hamilton

But the notions of the time were such that it was very difficult for a man of honor to refuse to fight a duel. Everyone said that the challenge was not so much a challenge to Hamilton as to the great Federal party; and Hamilton, viewing it in this light, believed he was bound to accept it.

He sent word to Burr that he would fight him after the term was over and he had attended to his clients' business.

When the time came, he set his affairs in order, wrote many letters of advice to his friends, and prepared for the duel. He had made up his mind not to shoot Mr. Burr, but to stand as a mark, to be shot at; and he felt an inward presentiment that he should die. Almost his last act before leaving New York for the ground was the writing a letter to excuse Burr's conduct.

At seven o'clock in the morning, on a hot day in July, they met in New Jersey. The ten paces were marked out, the seconds

walked away, and the signal was given. Burr took cool aim, and Hamilton fell.

When the surgeon ran up to him, he was lying on the ground, bleeding from a wound in his side. "Doctor," said he, "this is a mortal wound;" and he fainted.

They hurried him to a boat, rowed across the river, and bore him to a friend's house in New York. His wife and children were sent for in all haste. It was plain he was dying. When his wife gave way to her grief and burst into passionate sobs, he turned to her and said, calmly,

"Remember, Eliza, you are a Christian woman."

So he died—the greatest of the men of the Revolution, save Washington alone. He was great in everything—as a soldier, as a statesman, as a lawyer, as a writer, as an orator, as a man. There was nothing little in any of his acts or thoughts. Honor was his guide through life, and to his death he was considered a manly man.

The people of New York were in agony at the news. Almost the whole city attended his funeral in the deepest grief. Trinity Church and the churchyard, and even the street, were crowded with people when Morris pronounced his funeral oration; and a thrill shot through the breast of every man as the orator, with hands uplifted, cried,

"I charge you to protect his fame—it is all he has left!"

Burr, the murderer, fled with the curse of Cain on his brow. There was no remorse in his bad heart.

The country had not recovered from the shock when election day came round, and Thomas Jefferson was re-elected President, with George Clinton as Vice-President.

Burr haunted desolate places, and kept out of men's sight. In one of his coats, however, a paper was found which was understood to indicate a plot on his part against the United States, and a party of militia were detailed to capture him. He was soon taken, and sent for trial.

The trial, which took place in August, lasted nearly a month, and created a tremendous excitement throughout the country. No expense was spared to find out the truth; but Burr managed mat-

ters so secretly that it was impossible to discover what his plans had been. The prosecution failed, and he was acquitted.

He made the best of his way to Europe, where he spent several years very miserably. In England he was accused of being a French spy, and driven out of the country. In France he was taken for an English spy and imprisoned, and treated with great harshness. After a time he made his escape, and returned to New York in poverty. He had lost in a shipwreck his only daughter, the only person he seems to have loved.

Still, after his return, he lived twenty-four years in New York in obscurity, as cunning, as dark, as secret as ever. When he died, people hardly knew of it.

At the close of Mr. Jefferson's second term, he declared that he would not be re-elected President. The country was well satisfied with him. He had administered to the government with great skill and wisdom, and if he had tried to be President a third time, I dare say he would have been chosen. But he felt that it was safer for the republic to change the President as often as possible; and, like Washington, he would not allow his own ambition to interfere with the public good.

He advised his friends to choose as his successor Mr. Madison, who had been his Secretary of State; and he was elected accordingly.

Robert Fulton and the First Steamboat.

IN the year 1807 a most important thing occurred. There had come a necessity for more rapid transporation, in order that the new manufacturing capacity could be supplied and the additional product be carried to the consumer.

Very naturally as this necessity forced itself on the attention of the world, the thoughts of those most interested turned themselves to the highways of water. Here were sailing vessels, but much of the time the winds and currents were contrary; sailboats were detained by the varying tides; and time was an uncertain element. The world demanded something better, something more rapid, and what was it to be?

Steam was found to be turning the mills, pumping the mines, draining marshes and all the time showing itself to be obedient to the touch of a child, and yet powerful as a hurricane. So men began very naturally to associate this new power with the slow going ships. They asked themselves, if this giant can perform all these labors and is willing and reliable, why not propel these ships? So there began a search for a method by which this power could be harnessed to vessels that crawled all too slowly from shore to shore.

The man for the opportunity was Robert Fulton, an American, and although he cannot be considered the inventor of the steamboat, he is the man who gathered up all the wasted efforts of fifty years' experiments and crystallized them into success.

Robert Fulton was born on a farm in Pennsylvania. When old enough his widowed mother sent him to the country school. Here, however, he learned but little, as he was always contriving to construct some apparatus. He, however, early developed ability as a mechanic and achieved some creditable success as a portrait painter.

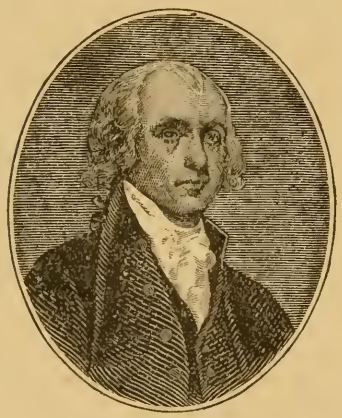
At the age of twenty-one he went abroad to study art, but soon gave up the study of art for that of civil engineering. He then became possessed with the idea of making a boat that would go without oars and without sails. Of course people would not believe such a thing could be done, but at last Fulton invented machinery for driving boats by steam. He placed a vessel on the Hudson River and it went from New York to Albany

in thirty-six hours, "against wind and tide," to the great astonishment of everybody. This was the commencement of successful steamboat navigation in the world.

The Administration of James Madison.

JAMES MADISON, the fourth President of the United States, began his work on the fourth of March, 1809. He had a hard task before him, owing to the wars in Europe and the slackening of trade between the United States and the greater European nations.

By way of proving to them that the United States could do without foreign nations, Mr. Madison, being a Republican, appeared before Congress, on Inauguration Day, dressed in a suit all the materials of which were made in America. One American had grown the wool out of which his coat was made while his trousers were of cloth woven by another.



James Madison, 1751-1836.

Still the merchants were not satisfied. In New England, especially, they grumbled at not being allowed to trade freely with England and make fortunes as heretofore.

During the English and French wars, the British lords said to the Americans, "You must not trade with France, or we will seize your ships." And the French Emperor said, in like manner, "You must not trade with England, or I will sell your ships, and put the money in my pocket to carry on my wars." Both kept their word, and seized American ships, and American cargoes, and American sailors, whenever they had a chance.

Two Indian Brothers.

A NEW trouble now arose. Two Indians, brothers, and both men of great courage and talent, began to stir up the Indians in the West against the United States.

One was named The Prophet. He pretended to have

been sent by Heaven to command the Indians and save them from ruin; and said he could make pumpkins grow as big as houses with a single word, and much more stuff of the same kind. If he had said nothing more sensible than this, I don't think he would have given much trouble; but he preached zealously against the use of whisky and the other Indian vices, and the truth of what he said on these subjects gave him great influence.

His brother was the famous Tecumseh—a man of bright shining qualities, valiant in war, generous in victory, wise in counsel, heroic in his attachment to his people.

He was one of the greatest enemies this country ever had. His whole life was spent in struggling against the American people. To the hour of his death his hatred never flagged.

These two brothers now declared that no more Indian lands should be sold to the Americans without their consent. General Harrison (who afterward became President of the United States) held a conference with them and tried to argue the point, but they would not yield an inch. Tecumseh became so excited at last that all parties sprang to arms, and the meeting very nearly ended in a fight.

Saved by a Spider's Web.

The bad feeling grew worse. As usual, little bands of Indians would molest American settlers; and the latter, I dare say, treated the Indians as badly. Tecumseh told Harrison very plainly that if the United States would agree to what he wanted —namely, that no more lands should be bought from the Indians without the consent of all the tribes—he would be their

firm friend. But if not, that he would take the British side if a war broke out.

It was a pity the Government did not try to arrange matters with this brave Indian. Instead of doing so, however, Harrison resolved to begin the war, and marched against the village of The Prophet. It was on the Tippecanoe river, a branch of the Upper Wabash.

When Harrison was within ten miles of the village he sent messengers to treat with the Prophet. They were driven back with insult. Harrison marched seven miles nearer. There he met several Indians who offered to treat, and begged Harrison to wait a few days before commencing the war.

But that very night, which was dark and rainy, the Indians fell upon the American camp. The soldiers had only just time to put out their watch-fires, when the enemy was upon them. Harrison, however, was a very good and brave officer; he drew out his men in a square, and when the Indians charged they were driven back with great loss. When morning came the American horse charged in turn, and the Indians fled, leaving many of their dead on the ground. Harrison then pushed on to the Prophet's village and utterly destroyed it.

Tecumseh and his tribes thus became the friends of England and the enemies of the United States.

War of 1812.

ON the eighteenth of June, 1812, Congress declared war against Great Britain. One of the most ardent advocates for the war was John C. Calhoun, one of the greatest statesmen America ever had. A young Kentuckian of great talent named Henry Clay was at this time leader of the Federalists, and opposed to the war.

Some of the members wanted to declare war against France as well; and as Bonaparte and the French had done quite as much mischief as the English, I think it would have served them right. But Congress thought one nation was enough at a time and France was disregarded for the present.

The population of the United States was at this time a little over seven millions, including slaves. The nation was more than twice as strong as it was at the beginning of the war of the Revolution; it was richer, too, and better able to procure money and pay its soldiers. Though still weaker in point of men and wealth than Great Britain, it was quite strong enough to defend itself; and it had—what is better than millions of men and houses full of gold—the right on its side.

All over the country the news that war had been declared spread like wildfire, and created intense excitement. Thousands of men offered to fight under the stars and stripes. No end of money was offered to the President by rich merchants and others. There was nothing heard in the large cities but shouts of joy at the intelligence that British insults were no longer to be borne, and that American ships were henceforth to be free.

There were a few well-meaning but short-sighted persons in some places who opposed the war, and thought the President all wrong. There must always be such people in every free country. But there never was a truer word than that spoken by Thomas Jefferson: "Error ceases to be dangerous when truth is left free to combat it."

Hull's Surrender of Detroit.

THE first thing thought of was the invasion of Canada. Orders were sent to General William Hull, of Michigan, to march into Canada forthwith.

He collected his troops, regulars and militia, crossed the St. Clair River at Detroit, and raised the stars and stripes on Canadian soil.

On his side the British Governor issued a grand proclamation and made ready for defense. Tecumseh and his Indians were all on his side, and he had, besides, a large number of trained soldiers. With these he advanced to Malden and waited for General Hull.

After several days the news came to General Hull that the British and Indians had cut off his supplies which were coming from Ohio and beaten the men who guarded them.

Frightened by this intelligence, he crossed the river again and took up his quarters at Detroit.

Then the British commander, General Brock, a man of great energy and vigor, marched after him as fast as the troops could go. When opposite Detroit he planted his guns and began to batter the fort. General Hull giving no sign of life, Brock crossed the river and gave the word for the assault. The Americans were all ready for him. Their batteries were complete, their guns loaded, the men eager to get at the enemy.

But at that moment a white flag was run up on the fort.

The meaning of this was that General Hull surrendered to the English. Dreadful was the rage of his men; even the women, it is said, cried with fury at the thought of surrendering without firing a shot. But there was no help for it. Hull was the commander, and there was nothing for the soldiers and the militia and the citizens to do but obey.

The Constitution and the Guerriere.

HAD it not been for the exploits of the navy, the people of the United States would have had great reason for being out of humor with the war that year. But the moment some of the captains received notice that war was declared they hoisted the signal for sailing, and dashed out into the ocean.

The whole British squadron then put to sea, and cruised off New York.

The squadron came up with the frigate *Constitution*, commanded by Captain Hull, a nephew of General Hull, and gave chase. This little vessel, which afterward became so famous, carried fifty-four guns, and was manned by a very brave body of men. Fighting was out of the question; the *Constitution* made sail to escape. When the wind fell, her men launched the boats and towed the ship; when a breeze came, the *Constitution* crowded every stitch of canvas. In this way, sometimes rowing, and sometimes sailing, the *Constitution* remained in sight of the British fleet for four days; and there was not a man on board who did not think she would be taken. But fortune favored her at last. A gale

springing up, the British vessels scattered, and the *Constitution* got safe into Boston. So wonderful an escape was thought quite as glorious as a victory.

But the sailors had something better than escapes to talk of before long.

The wise men at Washington had no sooner heard of the *Constitution's* arrival at Boston than they sent word to Hull to stay there, probably in order to keep his ship warm and comfortable. Captain Hull had no notion of any thing of the kind. Just before the orders arrived, he got a hint of what they might be, and was off to sea in a trice.

After cruising about for a few days, he fell in with one of the British frigates, the *Guerriere*, that had chased him, and made sail at once in pursuit. It was quite willing to fight, and waited for the *Constitution* to come up. When the two ships were within range the battle began. After several broadsides, Hull ran the *Constitution* into the *Guerriere*, in order to board. A fierce fire of musketry prevented this; but the masts of the British ship went overboard, and a few minutes after she lowered her colors.

This was a real victory. Never was battle more awful! Both ships seemed wrapped in flame; and when the smoke had cleared away, there lay the *Guerriere*, her masts broken, her sides pierced with balls—a useless boat, already sinking into the sea.

The Wasp and the Frolic.

THE little ship *Wasp*, which had been away from home when war was declared, fell in, on her return, with the *Frolic*, a British brig of war. The fight was long and bloody. A shot at last cutting away one of the *Wasp's* topmasts, her commander, Jones, ran her into the *Frolic*, and the men jumped on board through the rigging. So fierce had been the battle that not a man was found on the *Frolic's* deck. Everything was covered with blood and mangled remains.

Lieutenant Riddle hauled down the Union Jack of England, and the *Frolic* was a prize.

The two vessels were about to make sail when a British

seventy-four, the *Poictiers*, came up with them, and, like a whale with a couple of herrings, snapped them both up and carried them off to the Bermudas.

Captain Bainbridge.

THE last naval exploit of the year was performed by the old *Constitution*, now commanded by Captain Bainbridge. He fell in with the British frigate *Java*, off St. Salvador, and both ships prepared for battle. It lasted two hours, and was very bloody, the English losing nearly two hundred, the Americans nearly forty men. Bainbridge was twice wounded, but he would not go below, or give up the command of his ship. At last, the *Java*, being dreadfully cut up, struck her flag, and Bainbridge, after vainly trying to refit her, blew her up where she lay.

In this battle the wheel of the *Constitution* was shot away by a shot from the *Java*. Many years afterward, when both nations were at peace, a British naval officer visited the *Constitution*. In reply to a question from her captain, he said she was the finest frigate he had ever seen; but if he must find some fault, he thought her wheel was rather clumsy.

"So do we," said the American with a laugh; "the fact is, we lost our wheel in the battle with the *Java*, and took hers instead; and though it is clumsy, we keep it as a trophy."

This is the last you will hear of that gallant sailor, William Bainbridge. Though he did not die till many years after, and was constantly afloat, this was his last battle.

Notwithstanding all, it *now* showed that the American nation had proved itself as brave on sea as on land; and the great English navy was forced to acknowledge a rival.

The Hornet and the Peacock.

THE war went on as usual at sea. Captain Lawrence, in his little vessel, the *Hornet*, found a British ship in the Port of Salvador, and sent the Captain a challenge to come out and fight him. The Englishman declined, but soon came another British vessel, the *Peacock*, strutting along feeling vain and full of success.

She accepted a challenge to fight. The battle lasted just a quarter of an hour; at the end of which time the *Peacock* made a signal of distress. She was sinking; and though every one of the *Hornet's* boats were sent to her relief, she went down with several of her men on board.

When Lawrence returned to the United States he was made captain of a larger ship, the *Chesapeake*, in which he sailed from Boston on the first of June. A British man-of-war —the *Shannon*,— had been cruising off the coast for some time, waiting for somebody to fight. Lawrence was so straightforward a man that his sailors used to say there was "no more dodge about him than about the main-mast." He dashed at the *Shannon*. For a few minutes both ships were wrapped in smoke and flame. But the *Chesapeake* becoming entangled in some way the latter got a great advantage, and poured tremendous volleys into her, sweeping the decks and killing almost all her officers.

Lawrence, seeing the danger, gave the word to board! But, unhappily, the man whose duty it was to sound the bugle, was a wretched negro, who had run away to hide himself through fear. Before the crew received the order, the captain of the *Shannon* had ordered his men to board, and they came pouring like a torrent into the *Chesapeake*. In less time than you take to read this, they were masters of the deck—the United States flag was torn down, and the *Chesapeake* was a British prize.

It was a dreadful blow to the people of this country, though the battle had been well and gloriously fought; but a greater blow still was the loss of the gallant Lawrence, who was shot in the action. They carried him below when he was struck, and asked him whether they should surrender.

"No, no," he answered, over and over again; "don't strike the flag!"

Four days afterward, when he was dying, his lips still repeated the words,

"Don't give up the ship!"

He never knew that she was a prize, and that he was dying under the British flag. The English buried him at Halifax with great honors; but his bones were afterward removed to this country by a patriotic citizen of Salem.

Whenever you hear the immortal words "Don't give up the ship," just think of Lawrence, the brave man who died to save his country.

Brave Oliver H. Perry.

FOR many months there had been a race between the Americans and the English on the lakes. There was as yet no fighting, but the race was in the building of ships and boats, so as to command these inland waters.

At first, the English had the advantage. The American builders were slower and less expert. Sometimes, before their craft were finished, the English would descend upon them like birds of prey, drive the workmen from the yards, and burn the half-finished vessels.

Luckily the wise men of Washington sent to the lakes a young man named Oliver H. Perry, very little known at that time, though a sailor almost from his cradle. He began work on Lake Erie, to build an inland navy. So vigorously did he go about it, that before the autumn of the year 1813 he had quite a squadron ready for service.

The British naval commander knew all that was going on. One day in September he dined with a large party of Englishmen at a place called Dover, in Canada, and his health was drunk with great noise and many fine compliments. He rose to reply, and said quietly that he was going next day to take the American fleet, under Perry, which was about to sail from Erie. He knew where to find them, he said; they would be stuck fast on the bar of Erie, a bank outside that port.

When the next day came, however, this gallant Englishman found himself quite mistaken; the American vessels were not stuck on the bar, but were free and at large on the lake, on the lookout for the British squadron.

On the tenth of September their preparations were made, and out they came. The moment Perry saw them he ordered his ships to prepare for action, and sailed to meet the enemy. He hoisted, as a signal, Lawrence's last words—"Don't give up the ship."

The whole British fleet assailed her. For nearly two hours every British shot was aimed at this one vessel, and, as you may easily imagine, at the end of the time she was pretty well riddled and quite unmanageable. It was a trying moment. The shot came tearing into her as she drifted about. It is said that the poor fellows who were shot down at the guns all died with their faces turned up and their eyes fixed on Perry; so great was their faith and trust in him.

He determined to deserve it. Jumping into a boat with his little brother, a midshipman, he ordered the sailors to row for their lives to the *Niagara*, the second vessel of his squadron. It was dangerous work for a small boat, which a single shot might have sunk, thus to pick her way through the fight from one ship to another. But Perry was a lucky man. He reached the *Niagara* in safety, and made the signal for action.

It was obeyed. The other American ships sailed up, and bore down on the British line, cutting it in two. As they passed, each vessel poured in its broadside with such effect that one by one all the Englishmen hauled down their flags and were forced to surrender.

Thus the battle was won. It was a glorious exploit. The British had long held the command of the lakes. They had more guns than Perry, though fewer vessels. It is but fair to say that their guns were not so heavy as those of the Americans, but their men were more numerous.

The brave Perry himself was ill at the time the battle was fought. He had been attacked by fever some time before, and was hardly fit to leave his bed. The sight of the enemy cured him, however, and after the battle he sat down and wrote the following account of it to General Harrison:

"We have met the enemy and they are ours; two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop."

He was not, you see; a man of many words, but a man of action.

Massacre of Fort Mimms.

WHILE these things were being done in the North, the South and West were in great commotion. I have told you how Tecumseh and his brother the Prophet had stirred the Indians far and wide against the American people. Those of the North joined the British troops, as you know. Those of the South began a war on their own account. They were chiefly Creeks and Seminoles, old enemies of the white men, and very fierce, cruel and bloodthirsty races.

They began, as usual, by murdering stray white men, burning solitary houses, and such acts. But gaining courage as they went on, and growing more ravenous for blood and plunder, they soon perpetrated more terrible deeds.

One day in August a negro ran hastily into this fort, and said that the Indians intended to attack it. It was so strong, and the Indian chiefs had of late seemed so friendly, that the white men did not believe him.

Even when the trusty watchdogs, trained to Indian warfare, began to bay and bark in a low, growling manner, as was their wont when they detected the Indians afar off by the scent, their masters would not trust them, and paid no heed to the warning.

So unspeakably careless was the commander, that the Indians walked up to the fort at mid-day, and rushed in at the gate before the sentinel could close it. Then the whites began to fight. But it was too late. The Indians were led by a fierce chief named Weathersford, who fought like a demon, shooting and stabbing everyone opposed to him. His men followed his example, and in a very short space of time all the men were killed but some twenty or so who fled across the fields.

The women and children were left in the fort. It was set on fire, and nearly all of them perished in the flames. The few who forced their way out were brutally murdered. It would be impossible to describe the horrible scene presented by the fort when the Indians left it.

Andrew Jackson.

TERRIBLE was the cry which arose from the people of Tennessee and Kentucky, and the Carolinas and Georgia, when the news of the massacre of Fort Mimms reached them. There was no talk of sending to Washington for help. They were men who helped themselves always. A great meeting was held at Nashville, and with one voice the people chose for their general, to lead them against the Indians, one of their bravest citizens—Andrew Jackson.

Over three thousand men flocked round his banner, and he took the field at once, and marched into the Indian country.

The Creeks were very brave. They would not retreat an inch, and neither gave nor received quarter. In four successive battles Jackson and his officers routed them completely, destroying their villages and forts, and carrying off their women and children into captivity. Jackson, like Perry on Lake Erie, had risen from a sick bed to lead his troops; once on his horse, he seemed to have lost all thought of fatigue, illness, hunger, or sleep. No matter where the Creeks were, he ferreted them out; no matter how bravely they fought, he defeated them.

At last, after the fourth battle, the might of the tribe was broken. The warriors who remained sued for peace. Jackson demanded that Weathersford, who had led the attack on Fort Mimms, should be given up to be tried for the massacre, and punished.

The men of Tennessee and the Carolinas had tried hard to take Weathersford. But he was so active, so watchful, and so lucky, that he had always baffled their efforts. Even now, in the day of their ruin, the Creeks could hardly be brought to give up their bold chieftain; so much had they loved him, and so often had he led them.

While they were thinking of it, Weathersford suddenly appeared at the door of Jackson's tent, stepped in, and stood before him.

"General," said the Indian, "I have fought you with all my might, and done all the harm I could. But you have conquered.

I have no warriors now. I am now in your power. Do with me what you please. I, too, am a warrior."

Jackson listened to this bold speech from the savage chief with perfect coolness. When it was ended, the General made up his mind that Weathersford's life must be spared. It was not easy to convince the men that this was right; they could not quickly forgive the massacre of Fort Mimms; but Jackson had a terrible will of his own, and Weathersford was pardoned.

"Old Hickory" and the Baby.

THERE is another story of this Creek war which I must tell you; it is so pleasant to find a ray of gentleness and humanity in the heart of so stern a warrior as Old Hickory. At the last battle, many of the Indian women had rushed to the attack with the men; some were made prisoners, some killed. One of the latter had a new born baby with her; when its mother fell, the infant rolled to the ground, and cried piteously. When the battle was over, the baby was brought to Jackson, who asked whether someone among the squaw prisoners would not nurse it. You know the Indians are a very sullen race, inhuman in some things.

The squaws answered,

"No; its mother is dead: let it die, too."

But Old Hickory's will was as strong in the matter of a child's life as when the safety of nation was concerned. He took the baby in his arms, carried it to his tent, and finding some sugar in his baggage, the old chief actually fed the little crying thing himself. And so its life was saved

Battle of Niagara.

IN 1814, long before the snow had begun to melt, the soldiers were astir in the North. Old Jacob Brown had been appointed a major-general. As soon as the army had been drilled, and taught to fight in an orderly, soldierlike manner, he gave orders to cross the river Niagara to Fort Erie. Several

of his officers were much opposed to invading Canada again; but Brown swore that nothing but thunder and lightning should prevent his carrying out his plan.

Over he crossed on the third of July. Next morning, as soon as day broke, the fighting began.

It lasted all day. The roar of the cannon and the musketry mingled with the roar of Niagara; it was not till the sun went down that the voice of the cataract seem to grow louder and louder, and the thunder of the battle waved fainter and fainter. The British

Niagara Falls.

were defeated. They had chosen their own ground, counted more men than the Americans, fought under good generals; but they were defeated, and lost twice as many men as their enemy.

The British fell back; and for several days the two armies marched and countermarched near the falls and the river, each watching for an opportunity to begin the fight anew.

On the evening of the twenty-fifth, as General Scott was marching with his brigade to Queenstown, he fell quite unexpectedly on the whole British army. But Winfield Scott, then in the

youth of his valor and spirit, gave the word of attack at once, and the battle of Niagara began.

The sun had gone down, and the moon was hidden from time to time by passing clouds; but neither in light nor darkness, by day nor by night, did the firing, and the charging, and the killing ever cease.

On a height, near a lane called Lundy's Lane, the British had planted a battery of heavy guns, which poured a hail of shot and grape into the ranks of the Americans. The gunners stood ready at their guns with matches lighted, until a flash in the plain below showed them where the Americans were; then they fired, and every volley laid low many brave fellows.

General Ripley, a cool cautious soldier, who was never excited in his life, rode up to Colonel Miller and asked him if he thought he could take that battery?

"I'll try, sir," was the answer.

And he did try, and took it, too, at the point of the bayonet, many of the gunners being killed in the very act of loading and pointing their guns.

When the British general heard that the battery had been taken, he ordered more troops to charge it and retake it from the Americans. But Brown had also brought up more men to defend it, and when the British charged they were driven back with great loss.

At the foot of the height they formed a second time, and charged again more furiously than before. But again the British were repulsed.

A third time they formed but again the Americans held their ground, and, for the last time, the English retreated.

It was past midnight, and the enemy fell back for the night. The battlefield was once more silent; nothing was heard but the gloomy roar of the falls, and the groans of the wounded, many and many of whom never saw the morning light. Sixteen hundred brave men had been killed or wounded in the fight.

The British claimed the victory, and so did the Americans. But the former lost their position and more men than their enemies; so that it appears the Americans had the best ground for their claim.

It was this battle which made Winfield Scott a hero. He began it by attacking the British with a vastly inferior force; and his valor was one of the chief causes of the victory. Those who saw him say that nothing could be grander or more heroic than his headlong charges at the head of his men, his tall figure soaring above all others like a giant among pygmies, and his face lit up with the fire of battle.

General Scott.

The American army quartered itself in Fort Erie, and the British besieged it there. One of the British officers, and a namesake of the commander's, Colonel Drummond, was a ferocious fellow, more like a pirate than a soldier.

On the night appointed the British came on, in total darkness, and the assault began. The English approached quite close to the fort, planted their ladders and even took one bastion; but the Americans fought so stoutly, knocking down every man as fast as he showed himself, that the attack failed.

Drummond, the leader, was killed. He had fought single-handed with a young American officer, named M'Donough, and overcome him. M'Donough begged his life; but Drummond, like a brutal murderer as he was, struck him dead with a blow.

He turned round to his men and began to cry, "No quart—"

But at that instant a soldier shot him dead and he never finished the wicked sentence.

After this General Brown got well enough to return to the fort. He planned a sortie on the British which fairly crushed their army. It was arranged and done just in his old way. When he asked his officers their opinion about it beforehand they all said it would be too perilous; but Brown took one of his friends aside and, telling him quietly to "keep dark," assured him that "as sure as there was a God in Heaven, he would attack the enemy in his lines and beat him."

And so he did. And so thoroughly were the British beaten, losing all their heavy guns and one thousand men, that the general

gave the siege up and marched away—which was the end of the war on the peninsula between the lakes.

Our Capital City Burned.

THE eyes of the people were all turned now to a different point. The wars in Europe were ended, and the great lords had no work for their multitude of soldiers except on the American coasts. There was in England at this time a great general, the Duke of Wellington. He had just defeated the wonderful Napoleon Bonaparte in the great battle of Waterloo. Napoleon had been looked upon as a wonderful being, never to be overcome by any army living, so you can imagine with what awe Wellington and his army were now looked upon all over the world. Powerful squadrons, carrying large armies, were sent out to America. The troops were told, it would seem, to cease, on arrival here, to be soldiers, and to become pirates. The most savage of these pirates was Admiral Cockburn.

This Cockburn had long been tired of plundering farmhouses and villages and insulting women; he longed for greater game. After cruising some time on the coast he suddenly dashed into the Chesapeake, sailed up the Potomac and landed near Washington.

There were less than five thousand men in all; but before they had reached the city report said there were six, then seven, even eight thousand of them. Gen. Winder hastily got together a force of seven thousand men and took their station outside the city, and awaited the approach of this dreaded foe.

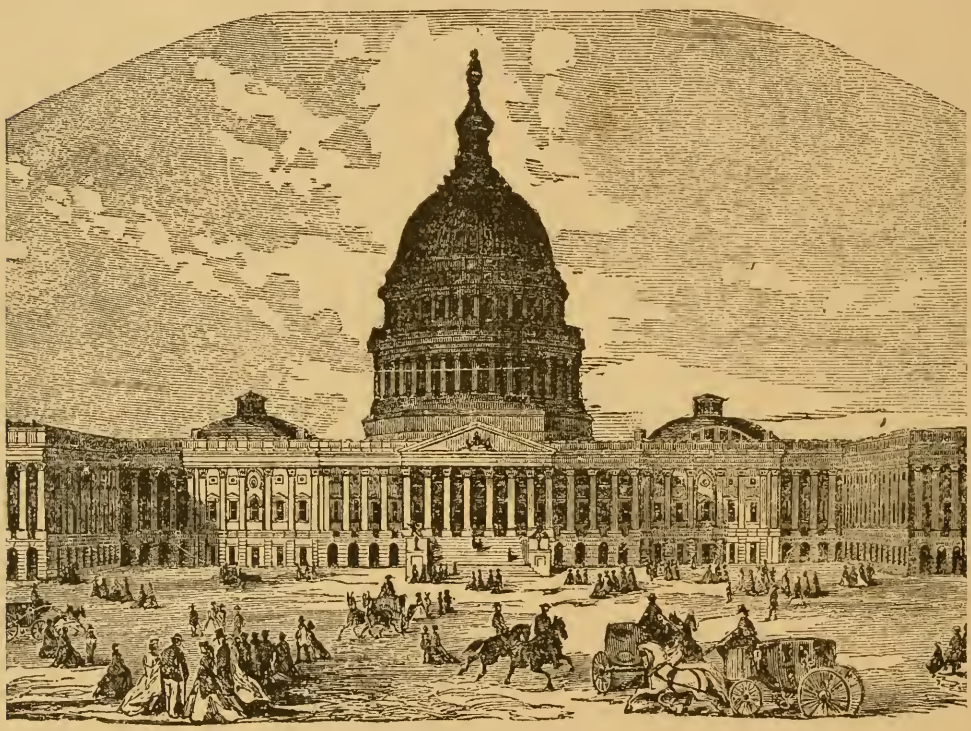
Three days later the English marched up, tired and hot, ready to drop from fatigue. Oh, if the Americans could only have known this, if they could have known, too, that their own number was nearly twice that of the advancing foe!

Then the battle began, and after a few hours' work the militia broke and scattered, and the British drove them back on every side.

A feeble attempt was made by one or two of the officers to rally the flying troops, but it was impossible. Soldiers never fight

well unless they have confidence in their leader; here they had none. Nobody seemed willing to do anything but fly; and the whole population, with the President, the Secretaries, and the remains of the militia, left Washington to its fate.

On came the British. There was no one to resist them; they took possession of the Capitol and began to burn and destroy.



The Capitol, Washington.

They set fire to the President's house, to the State Departments, to the Capitol, to the Arsenal, to newspaper offices and private houses. Splendid buildings, rich libraries, noble works of art, valuable records were all burnt.

Cockburn, their leader, saw it done, and rejoiced over it, just as Nero is said to have done when another great capital—Rome—was burning.

All next day the work of devastation went on.

There is no saying where these bandits and pirates might have stopped, but for an accident which appalled them. A furious

hurricane raged with such fury that roofs were blown off houses, chimneys fell in every direction, trees were torn up by the roots and dashed into the air. Nothing was heard but the crashing of falling timbers, and the sky was darkened by the clouds of dust driven hither and thither by the tornado.

I dare say the British soldiers were smitten with terror at the sight of the awful effects of the hurricane, and a report spreading that the Americans were about to pounce upon them, they marched off by night to their ships, leaving their wounded to the mercy of the Americans.

Cockburn had succeded so well in his foray at Washington that he was impatient to repeat the operation. A few days after the troops had re-embarked, he sailed up the bay a second time, and landed his men to attack Baltimore.

The moment the enemy landed, a body of militia marched down and gave him battle. They were beaten; but the victory cost the British more men than they could spare.

Star Spangled Banner.

THERE was an American gentleman on board the British fleet that day, named Francis S. Key. He had gone on board to beg that a prisoner whom he knew might be exchanged, and was carried off when the ships set sail. He was on the deck when the ships opened fire, and heard the British officers and sailors boasting of what they would do when they had "hauled that flag down"—meaning the stars and stripes which floated over the forts. It was in the excitement of that moment that he composed that stirring song which you have heard so often—the "Star Spangled Banner."

The Star Spangled Banner.

O H! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming!
Whose broad Stripes and bright Stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the shells bursting in air!

Gave proof thro' the night that our Flag still was there;
Oh! say does the Star Spangled Banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream:
And the Star Spangled Banner oh! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country shall leave us no more!
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

Battle of Lake Champlain.

ON the very day that pirate Cockburn came to plunder Baltimore, the British suffered one of the most terrible defeats in the war. It was on Lake Champlain. There, as on the other lakes, had been a great race between the Americans and the enemy in shipbuilding; and at first the British had the upper hand, always contriving to launch their vessels before the Americans had time, and so keep the command of the lake. But at last the Americans succeeded in getting a little squadron to sea, and prepared to fight one great battle for victory.

At the very same time the British general in Canada, Prevost, invaded the United States, from Montreal, with an excellent army, twelve thousand strong. He marched as far as Plattsburg, when the American army, chiefly composed of militia, met him, and made ready for battle. The fleet was in the bay, commanded by a young sailor, Captain M'Donough, and the British fleet, under Captain Downie, sailed down to attack it at the same time.

On the morning of the day of battle, it being Sunday,

M'Donough solemnly read the prayers of the Episcopal Church, and prepared for the fight. Shortly after daybreak the British fleet was seen sailing down in order of battle. Almost at the same moment a cock flew out of one of the hencoops on board M'Donough's vessel, the *Saratoga*, and, lighting on a gun-slide, set up a tremendous crowing. You know that sailors are usually superstitious; they all declared that this was an omen of victory, and gave three hearty cheers.

As the British ships approached, the battle began. The English ships were more numerous and carried more guns than the American, and in a very short time the *Saratoga* was almost knocked to pieces. The storm of grape and shot was so terrible that every man on board was either killed or wounded.

They say that while the sailors were falling on every side a shot struck the hencoop and knocked it to pieces; and that the same cock which had crowed before the battle flew up into the rigging, and began to crow again in the midst of the balls—which you may believe, if you like. Whether or no, M'Donough did not lose courage, and contriving to wear round his ship by the help of an anchor, he poured so terrible a broadside into the largest of the British vessels that she struck her flag. A few more broadsides, and all the others followed the example, so that by ten o'clock there was not a British flag floating on the lake.

The End of the War.

THERE were many battles upon the land and sea in the war of 1812 which we have not here recorded; but as battles are always the same old story of murder and bloodshed, no matter how just or how unjust the cause, I think you will be glad to pass over the unimportant ones and skip with me to times of peace.

The war ended with the Battle of New Orleans. The British fleet sailed along the coast and landed an army to attack New Orleans. Jackson, who was the general, had but few men in comparison with their numbers: the British was tried soldiers, who had fought all over Europe; Jackson's men were mostly militia.

Worse than all, there were at New Orleans, and in the neighborhood, numbers of vagabonds of every nation under the sun, who did not care a straw for the United States, and were quite ready to welcome the British invaders.

Jackson quietly took the supreme authority into his own hands. proclaimed martial law, put sentinels over the Legislature, and ordered every man to turn out and fight under penalty of being shot. People very soon saw that he was not to be trifled with, and the works of defense went on with wonderful vigor.

On the eighth of January the British advanced to the attack. Jackson had posted his men skillfully behind entrenchments partly built with cotton-bales. They were mostly Tennesseeans and Kentuckians, dead shots with their rifles. As the British advanced, each man took good aim and brought down a soldier. Behind each rifleman Jackson had stationed a man to load while the former fired: by this means the volleys were incessant, and the slaughter of the British tremendous.

After a short struggle the British general ordered a retreat. He had lost two thousand men; Jackson only seventy-one. The British moved sullenly back to their ships, embarked, and sailed away. New Orleans was safe.

While these things were going on, a ship sailed into the port of New York with news that peace had been made. The ship arrived at night, but the news spread like wildfire; people rushed out of their houses to hear it, and the whole city was in a blaze of excitement. Messengers were sent all over the country in hot haste, to say that the war was over, and that trade was once more going to revive.

The treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent, Belgium, on Christmas eve, in the year 1814. It said nothing whatever about the rights of American ships or sailors, but simply declared that both nations should stand in the position they held before the war.

PART V.

THE GOOD TIMES ERA.

Monroe's Administration.

THE fifth President of the United States was James Monroe, he was a soldier in the Revolution, and belonged to the Republican party. When young he developed a very noble character, frank, manly, sincere. Abounding with kindliness of feeling, and scorning everything ignoble, he won the love of all who knew him. Mr. Jefferson once said of him,—

"James Monroe is so perfectly honest, that if his soul were turned inside out there would not be found a spot on it."

He chose very wise men for his cabinet. They went to work industriously to get government matters out of the confusion in which the war had left them.

During the war the Americans made cloth and many other things, which before they bought in England and France. They spent a great deal of money for machinery to do it with, so when the French and English goods came in abundance after the war, these manufactures were much injured, and thousands of people had nothing to do.

James Monroe. 1817-1825.

Like many other things, this, that seemed an evil, was a good. Thousands who were compelled to be idle went beyond the mountains into the fertile West, cultivated the soil, and became healthier,

happier, and wealthier than they could have been had they remained in the East.

During Mr. Monroe's administration, the territories of Mississippi, Illinois, Alabama and Missouri were admitted into the Union as states. Settlements also increased very rapidly all over the West. General prosperity was everywhere visible, and everybody hoped for long years of repose.

Because of the quiet, peaceful times, during which Monroe was president, the years of his administration have been called the "era of good feeling." How I wish I could tell you that this "era of good feeling" lasted a long time; but alas! God's ways are not ours! He saw we would not be a free people until all men, both black and white, were free and had equal rights.

For many years, and in fact ever since the Dutch traders had stolen and brought over black men from Africa, and sold them like cattle to become slaves to the American people, had this evil been going on.

There now began to be a strong feeling that this was wrong, and that something ought to be done to put a stop to it. Even before the Constitution was adopted the Northern and Southern men had quarreled about slavery; the one saying that slavery was inhuman and should be abolished, the others that it was no such thing, and that the negroes were far better off as slaves than they would be if free. For thirty years the quarrel had slept, but now when the State of Missouri applied for admission to the Union with a slavery Constitution, there were not a few who foresaw the evils impending.

After the debate of a week it was decided that Missouri could not be admitted into the Union with slavery. The question was at length settled by a compromise, proposed by Henry Clay. Missouri was admitted with slavery, but slavery was prohibited over all the territory ceded by France, north of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes north latitude, which is commonly known as the "Mason and Dixon line."

The famous "Monroe Doctrine," of which so much has recently been said, originated in this way: In the year 1823 it was rumored that the Holy Alliance was about to interfere to prevent the estab-

lishment of republican liberty in the European colonies in South America.

A few weeks after this President Monroe sent a message to Congress, declaring it to be the policy of this Government not to entangle ourselves with the broils of Europe, and not to allow Europe to interfere with the affairs of nations on the American continents; and the doctrine was announced, that any attempt on the part of the European powers "to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere would be regarded by the United States as dangerous to our peace and safety."

An Old Hero Visits America.

IN the last year of Mr. Monroe's presidency a great man came to this country. This was General La Fayette, the glorious old hero, whose cheek was now wrinkled, and whose hair was gray. The boys who were at school when he left this country, were old men, almost as gray as himself; very few, indeed, were born when his blood was shed for American freedom.

He was welcomed everywhere with joy and honored as no man ever was before or since by a free people. Congress gave him a township of land and a couple of hundred thousand dollars, as a trifling token of the nation's gratitude. If they had made it a dozen townships and a million of dollars it would still have been too little to repay the man who had said, when Congress sent him word that he had better not come to fight for them, as they were too poor to pay his expenses hither.

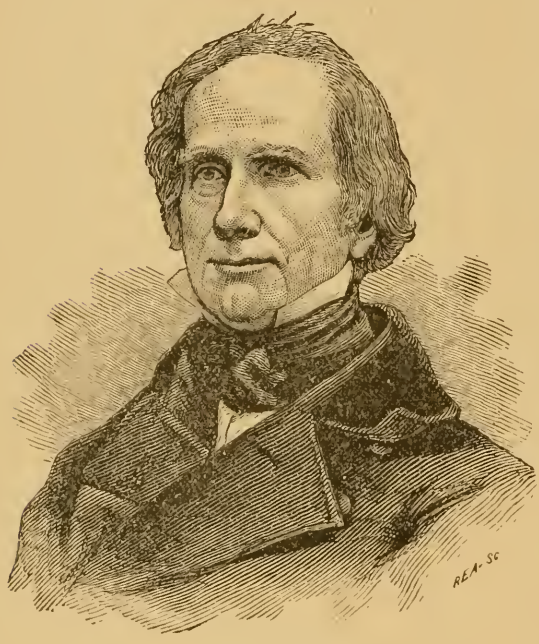
"If that is the case, I will go at once and take money with me."

He arrived in the summer of 1824, staid until the next year, and traveled more than five thousand miles among us. A national vessel, named from a certain battle in the Revolution in which La Fayette had been wounded, called Brandywine, was then sent to convey him home.

In the autumn the people of the United States chose a new magistrate. John Quincy Adams was elected President, and John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, Vice-President.

Henry Clay.

ONE of the great men of President Monroe's time was Henry Clay. He earned imperishable fame by his conduct at the time the Missouri Compromise was passed. Whether it was a mistake or not, his motives were pure, his purpose noble. He saw discord spreading throughout the country and the men of one State ready to take up arms against the men of another. He heard the fierce disputes, the bitter taunts, the galling reproaches that each faction heaped upon the other. He knew that this nation had but one real peril to fear, and that was internal dissensions and strife. He felt that if the quarrel went on much longer this peril would approach with giant strides, and he registered a vow that it must be stopped. His voice it was, his eloquent voice, which calmed the stormy debate in Congress; he threw himself between the angry North and South, and implored them—not to establish or to forbid slavery; not to make this or that law for Missouri or the new territory—these were trifles—but simply to save the Union.



Henry Clay.

You know how well he succeeded, and how thirty years of peace followed his gallant act. He is gone, and you do not often hear his name mentioned now in conversation or read of him in the newspapers. But in history and in every American heart he still lives; and years and years and ages after you are gone, and your children after you, the world will be proud to do him honor, and to celebrate the fame of him who saved this Union in the year 1820.

The Administration of John Quincy Adams.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, the sixth President of the United States, was the son of old John Adams, our second President. When he received a note from Rufus King, informing him of his election, he inclosed it to his father, who was now ninety years of age, with the following lines from his own pen:

MY DEAR AND HONORED FATHER.—The inclosed note from Mr. King will inform you of the event of this day; upon which I can only offer *you* my congratulations, and ask your blessing and prayers.

Your affectionate and dutiful son,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

At that time the United States was at peace with all the world and everything appeared bright and prosperous.

John Quincy Adams—1767-1848.
One Term, 1825-1829.

A remarkable occurrence took place in the summer of 1826. On the 4th of July, just fifty years after the Declaration of Independence was adopted, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died. They were both on the committee that drew up the Declaration, both had been foreign ministers, and both had been Vice-Presidents, and then Presidents of the United States. At the time of their death, Mr. Adams was almost ninety years old, and Mr. Jefferson almost eighty-three.

Nothing of great importance took place during Adams' administration. At the end of his term of office he returned to his home but was not long permitted to remain in retirement. In November, 1830, he was elected representative to Congress. He thus recognized the Roman principle, that it is honorable for the general of yesterday to act as corporal to-day, if by so doing he can render service to his country.

For seventeen years, until his death, he occupied the post of representative, and it is said of him he was the most eloquent man living, and won the title of "the old man eloquent."

It has been said that, when his body was bent and his hair

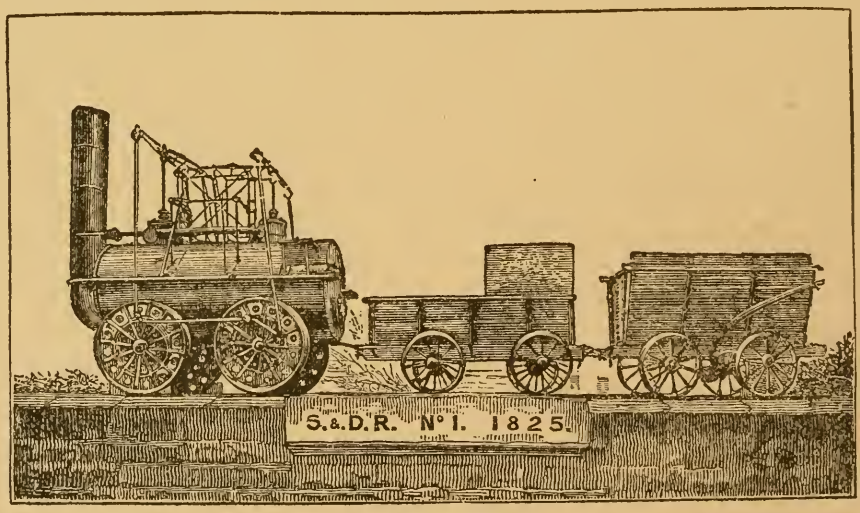
silvered by the lapse of years, yielding to the simple faith of a child, he was accustomed to repeat every night, before he slept, the prayer which his mother taught him.

In February, 1848, he rose on the floor of Congress, to address the Speaker. Suddenly he fell, stricken by paralysis, and was caught in the arms of those around him. With reviving consciousness he opened his eyes, and said, "*This is the end of earth;*" "*I am content.*"

The First Train of Cars.

IT seems fitting just at this time to step aside for a moment from the political thoughts of our American people and look at our first train of cars.

Not until Adams' administration did this country ever see a railroad. There had been horseback riding, carriage, steamboat and sailing, but no railroad. The first railroad built in the



First Locomotive.

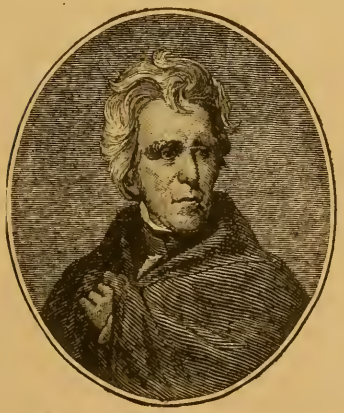
United States was only two miles long, extending from a granite quarry at Quincy, Mass., to Milton. Even then these cars had no locomotives, but were drawn by horses. Two years later, however, an engine was brought into use, and from that day to this improvements have been steadily going on until to-day America

stands at the head of all nations in the world for speed, comfort and elegance of her railroads.

The increase of the miles of railway in this country since the inauguration of this first railway is commensurate with the growth of the country. To-day we have more miles of railway than all Europe together, or perhaps than all the rest of the world. We have about eight times as many miles as France; more than four times as many as Great Britain, eight times as many as Russia, nearly twelve times as many as Germany, and about twenty times as many as Austria. The amount of capital invested is over five billions of dollars and the total receipts something over seven hundred millions of dollars.

Andrew Jackson.

WITH the masses of the people Andrew Jackson was by far the most popular President, with possibly the exception of Washington, who had at this time occupied the Presidential chair. Nothing which concerns him can be tedious. He was an honest man with a strong mind. He would always do what he thought was right without caring a fig what people might say. When thirteen years old he became a soldier in the Revolutionary army. His father was dead.



Andrew Jackson—1767-1845.

One of the bands of British soldiers who used to scour the country like highway robbers came upon Mrs. Jackson's house one day and made her two sons prisoners. The British officer commanding was a Major Coffin. He ordered the two Jacksons to clean his boots. Andrew said he would not—that he was a prisoner of war, and would submit to no such insult. Robert Jackson also said he would not clean Coffin's boots. On which this savage wretch smote him with his sword so fiercely that he died of the wound shortly afterward.

Little Andrew Jackson remained a long time a prisoner in

the hands of the British, suffering great hardship. When the war was over he looked for his mother. She in the meantime had been attacked by fever, had died, and was buried where her grave could never afterward be found. A small bundle of the clothing which she wore was the only memorial of his mother which was returned to her orphan boy. Thus Andrew Jackson, when fourteen years of age, was left alone in the world, without father, mother, sister or brother, and without one dollar which he could call his own. He then went to Tennessee and settled at Nashville, where he began to practice law. Tennessee was at that time a very wild sort of place, where fighting was quite common and quiet people led a pretty hard life.

Jackson rose from one position of trust to another until he became President of the United States.

Nowadays it is quite usual for each new President to turn out many of the public officers, from the Secretary of State to the servants at the White House, in order to make room for his own friends. General Jackson was the first President who adopted this plan. It made a great noise at the time, and many sensible persons thought Jackson was all wrong.

He didn't in the least mind the clamor that arose when he dismissed postmasters and clerks. He said he had his ideas about the way the President should do his duty, and he intended to carry them out. If the people didn't like it, why they need not elect him again.

The great men at Washington, who had for a long time had their own way, were taken back by this off-hand manner of dealing. Congress mixed in it, and several of the members let General Jackson know that he had far better take their advice, but they might as well have talked to a stone wall as to Old Hickory.

He knew what he had to do; when he wanted their advice he would ask it.

After a time, his cabinet got on so badly together that he made up his mind to get rid of the whole of them. So he inquired had they not better resign, which they did.

Jackson often had opportunity before his term was over to display the force of his iron will in a way that will cause him to

be forever remembered. First, he made an attack upon the money system of the country. He so upset the whole plan that hundreds of wealthy bondholders failed in their business. In 1833 he made war upon the United States Bank. Almost ten millions of dollars belonging to the United States were in that bank, and the use of this money was profitable. Jackson declared that the money was not safe there, and he ordered it all to be taken from the bank and put into various State banks. This removal of deposits, as it was called, made the merchants and others very angry, and business got into great confusion, but Jackson carried the day.

Then came up trouble over the "tariff" question. The South said, "We want free trade, and we're going to have it. If the North wants protection let her have it. But we are going to have free trade."

But Congress said, "No; we can't make a law for one part of the United States. Either all must have free trade or all must have protection."

The people at the South did not like it, and those of South Carolina declared that they would not pay the duty on goods brought into Charleston. They were upheld in this by Mr. Calhoun, their greatest statesman.

But this was breaking the great bargain made in the National Constitution, and President Jackson plainly told the people of South Carolina that they must pay the duty or he would send United States troops there.

It was then that glorious Henry Clay stepped forward once more with his eloquent voice and winning manner. He rose to heal discord, as he had done thirteen years before, when the question of slavery was nearly splitting the Union in two, and proposed a plan by which the taxes were to be cut down, little by little, every year for ten years. It was not what the Southerners wanted, as they thought the taxes were wrong altogether, and should be taken off bodily; nor yet what the manufacturers wanted, but rather than risk a civil war and break up the Union, the South agreed to the plan.

So, after a sharp debate, Congress adopted Mr. Clay's plan. It is called in history the Compromise Tariff, another of those

great compromises which have staved off the hour of danger from this glorious republic, and covered the name of Clay with renown.

Just before Jackson assumed the reins of government, he met with the most terrible affliction of his life in the death of his wife, whom he loved with devotion which has, perhaps, never been surpassed. From the shock of her death he never recovered.

He ever afterward appeared like a changed man. He became subdued in spirit, and except when his terrible temper had been greatly aroused, seldom used profane language. It is said that every night afterward, until his own death, he read a prayer from his wife's prayer-book with her likeness before him. With frankness characteristic of his nature, he expressed his deep conviction and his hope and intention to become a Christian before he should die.

His administration was one of the most memorable in the annals of our country; applauded by one party, condemned by the other. No man had more bitter enemies or warmer friends.

Martin Van Buren.

ONCE upon a time, when a great part of America belonged to the Dutch, a roving Dutchman named Van Buren came hither, and settled himself down. About the same time there was born to this farmer a son, to whom he gave the plain, honest old name of Martin.

Martin Van Buren—1782-1862.
One Term, 1837-1841.

Old Abraham Van Buren was a capital farmer in his way. He sowed his seed at the right time, and wrought from dawn till dark when the season for harvesting arrived. He was, besides, a very good man, much loved by his neighbors.

But this honest old farmer was not rich. He had two other sons besides Martin, and he could not afford to pay for costly schooling for any of them. He had them taught just what the poorest boys in the United States now learn; and when

Martin was about fourteen years old, he sent him to a lawyer to study law.

Seven long years he toiled, reading and writing and learning to speak fluently in public; at last he was admitted to the bar, and set up as a lawyer. He was very young; had not been to any college, as most lawyers have.

Thirty-four years from that time he was President of the United States. It would take too long to tell you of all the steps by which he rose to that high rank. It will be quite enough to say that from the first he was industrious and honest. He had a very sound, quick judgment, and, from mixing early in politics, had acquired great skill in managing men. But his best qualities were his honesty and industry.

The year 1837 will long be remembered in America. It was a dark, gloomy, sad year.

You remember that when General Jackson made the great bank pay over all the government money, he gave it for safe keeping to the State banks. This would have been a very good plan if these State banks had been managed by wise, prudent, and honest men. You know what the Bible says of money—that the love of it is the "root of all evil." It is certainly the root of covetousness.

When the State banks found the gold and silver pouring into their coffers from the government offices, they were thrown into such a state of covetousness that they lost their wits entirely. They began to lend money right and left. They set to work to make paper dollars to any amount.

When a man wanted money he would go to one of these banks and say to the cashier,

"If you please, sir, I want so many hundred dollars."

Upon which the cashier would fly to his strong box, and count him out the sum required, always .taking care to charge something handsome for interest.

In this way everybody got so much paper money that they did not know what to do with it. Some bought houses; others bought tracts of lands; others started absurd companies; others lived in grand style, and had ever so many servants in livery. In

short, it seemed that boundless wealth had suddenly fallen upon the United States as if by enchantment.

You know very well that wealth never comes by enchantment, and that those who grow rich do so by long and patient work and economy. You know, also, that those who spend more than they earn are really poorer than the poorest hod-carrier, and must some day break with a terrible crash.

This is just what happened. The day came when the banks asked some of their customors to pay back their loans. They could not do so, having spent the money. The banks said they must. As they had nothing with which to pay, they broke; soon the banks were no better off than they, and broke likewise.

Then came an awful time, when almost everyone was ruined, and thousands and thousands of families were reduced to misery and want. The streets were filled with workmen seeking work and finding none, while their children starved at home.

In their distress and misery a number of the latter flocked to President Van Buren, and entreated him to help them. They said their ruin was all owing to General Jackson's bad policy.

But Mr. Van Buren answered that it was not so; that the mischief was their own doing, in borrowing too much money; that he could do nothing but advise them to go home, and be wiser in the future.

At last Mr. Van Buren persuaded Congress to agree to a plan for keeping the government money by itself in the Treasury; and the beginning of a sound system was thus made.

It was now election time. The Democrats were all of one mind about the choice of a President. Their man was Martin Van Buren once more.

But the distress of the last four years, and especially the idea —which was quite a mistake—that it had been caused by Mr. Van Buren, had quite broken up the party, and not left them a ghost of a chance.

The Whigs won the day, and Harrison and Tyler were to be the next President and Vice-President of the United States.

Mr. Van Buren gave up his office in March, 1841, and retired to private life.

William H. Harrison.

GENERAL HARRISON, the ninth president of the United States, had been a distinguished soldier; had fought bravely at Tippecanoe and in Canada, and shown great military skill.

It does not often happen that men who lead armies or political parties are poor. Even if they begin poor, they usually manage in the end to secure pickings enough to become rich. But Harrison was so poor, after all his services as a soldier and a statesman, that when he retired to his farm on the Ohio, he was very glad to accept the office of clerk to the county.

He was still clerk of this court, getting a few hundred dollars a year for his services, when the Whigs elected him President of the United States. He was a fine, manly, open-hearted old man and everybody was glad when he rode up to the Capitol on his white horse, surrounded by his old soldiers.

William Henry Harrison.
1773-1841.

People flocked to Washington and all day long the White House was full of visitors. Harrison was friendly to everyone; and was loved more and more every day.

In the midst of his receptions, he was struck down by illness. The disease made such rapid progress, that just one month after his inauguration the good old man died.

A few hours before his death, when the doctors were standing round him, he cleared his throat and said to one of the doctors,

"Sir, I wish you to understand the principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

A messenger was sent off in all haste to Mr. Tyler, the Vice-President, who was then at home in Virginia. He hurried to Washington and became President of the United States.

His election as Vice-President by the Whigs was altogether a queer business; for he had been a friend of the Democrats, and

a foe to the Whig principles. Somehow—it is hardly worth while inquiring how—he had gone to the Whig convention, and, being a great friend of Mr. Clay's, and a leading man in Virginia, the Whigs had picked him out as a very proper man to run with Harrison.

John Tyler—1790-1862.

Then followed a great deal of shuffling and fencing on the part of the President and the politicians. First he said he would have the bank; then he said he wouldn't; and then he would again; and then he wouldn't.

The Whigs were in a terrible rage and called him traitor. All the cabinet resigned except Daniel Webster, who was a far-seeing, wise man, and did not care about small party squabbles. The President appointed new men and the business went on as before.

Next came the manufacturers, who called themselves Whigs: they said that their time was come and that they would have plenty of protection to native industry once more.

Congress was quite ready to give it and passed a law immediately to lay heavier taxes on foreign goods. President Tyler began to shuffle as before: first he would and then he wouldn't; but last of all, he would, and the act was signed and became a law.

The next excitement was about territory. For many years citizens of the United States had been running over into Texas, which was then one of the Mexican States, a wild place to live in, full of fierce Indians.

However, the Americans who went there came in course of time to like it so well that they determined to have it all to themselves. So they sent word to the President of Mexico that they would have nothing more to do with him and declared themselves free.

Soon the Texans sent to Washington, and said to the President: "If you please, we would like to be admitted to the Union: will you let us in?"

John C. Calhoun.

"Let you in!" cried Mr. Tyler, "why, we shall be perfectly delighted."

But when the treaty was sent to the Senate to be ratified, that body would not hear of it. The Senate said that Mexico had still claims on Texas; that it was not honest to rob her of her territory; and that they would not agree to admit Texas unless Mexico declared she was willing she should.

Just at this time another presidential election was at hand.

The tussle was between Henry Clay and James K. Polk, and the question to be decided by the votes was:

Shall we let Texas in or not?

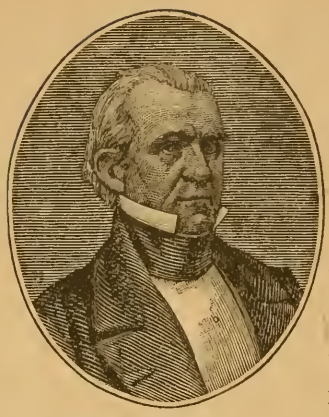
The answer was: Let her in.

For, though Mr. Clay was very much beloved by the people, he had only 105 votes, whereas Mr. Polk had 170, and was accordingly elected.

James Knox Polk. (1845-1849.)

JAMES KNOX POLK, the eleventh President of the United States, was a lawyer and a politician. He was none the worse on that account; on the contrary, he was as upright, straightforward and blunt a man as ever lived in the White House.

The first thing he would have to do, as he supposed, was to let Texas into the Union. But when he became President he found, rather to his surprise, that the whole affair was done and ended. For queer Captain Tyler, in his droll way, had got Con-



James K. Polk—1795-1849.

gress to pass resolutions patching up the annexation of Texas; and the very last thing he did was to send off post haste to Texas and say that everything was arranged and that Texas might come in.

The government of Mexico had never acknowledged the independence of Texas, but continued to claim it as a part of that republic. Of course the act of Congress in admitting it into the United States was offensive.

This offense and an old quarrel about debts due from Mexico to people of the United States soon caused a war. Mexico was settled by Spaniards and formerly belonged to Spain. After a time, however, the people defied the King of Spain and declared themselves independent.

It seems too bad that Mexico, who had, like the United States, just thrown off the yoke of the mother country, must now plunge into war, but she felt she must protect her rights, so war was the result.

I shall not attempt to tell you about this war—it was like all other wars, a series of terrible battles in which thousands of men were killed and thousands of homes made desolate. It ended at last in the victory of the Americans over the Mexicans.

There was nothing now for Mexico to do but to make peace on the best terms she could. A treaty was signed accordingly, which I think is quite without parallel in the history of treaties. It agreed that matters should remain as they were before the war; that Mexico should not meddle any more with Texas; and that the United States should buy from the Mexicans the provinces of Upper California and New Mexico for fifteen millions of dollars. You may look a long time in history before you will find a conquering army making such easy terms with its vanquished foe as these.

It was approved on both sides, and the war ended. For liberty's sake, they ought to have the good-will and sympathy of every American.

Attack on the Mail.

In the same month when this treaty was made, gold was first found in California. When it was known that gold was plentiful thousands of people went from the United States to dig it. Gold worth millions and millions of dollars has been found in California since then, and a fine State of the Union has grown up on the Pacific Ocean.

The brave deeds of General Taylor in Mexico made him respected and beloved by the people of the United States, and at the election for President in the autumn of 1848 he was chosen Chief Magistrate of the Republic.

Taylor's Administration.

ZACHARY TAYLOR was sixty-five years of age when he became the twelfth President of the United States. As the fourth of March came on Sunday, he was not inaugurated until the fifth.

Zachary Taylor. 1784-1850.
Part of one term, 1849-1851.

Millard Filmore. 1800-1874.

Very soon President Taylor sickened and died. That sad event occurred in July, 1850. He was the second President who had died while in office. His last words were: "I am prepared; I have endeavored to do my duty."

The Vice-President, Millard Filmore, then became President of the United States, and continued so the balance of the term.

The Slavery Question.

FRANKLIN PIERCE was then President four years, then James Buchanan, who retained the chair the same length of time.

The chief event of the period was a dreadful strife between the North and the South on the subject of slavery. Both sections of the country were greatly excited and very bitter in their language against each other. Great numbers of persons in the North made a solemn vow to prevent, so far as they could, the admission of any more slave States into the Union. On the other hand, several States in the South plainly declared that they would put up no longer with the insults of the North, and would secede from the Union.

Franklin Pierce. 1804-1868.

James Buchanan. 1791-1868.

In the year 1860 the Prince of Wales, who expects to be King of England some day, came here to visit America and our President. As soon as he was gone the old quarrel of slavery was resumed.

The conscience of the nation began to struggle, and the belief was more and more entertained that slavery was a civil and social crime and ought to be destroyed. This opinion, this conviction, comparatively feeble at the beginning, rapidly developed, and we shall now see what was the result.

Soon after Abraham Lincoln was elected President, and then began the greatest civil war ever known.

PART VI.

THE CIVIL WAR.

The Abolitionists.

E now are close to that terrible war known in history as the great Civil War.

The cause of this war sprang from the fact that the Southern States were determined to keep slaves and threatened to withdraw from the Union if their rights were interfered with. The Northern people were mostly opposed to slavery and wanted the sin abolished. Hence they were called Abolitionists. From the time a few handfuls of slaves had been brought over in trading vessels from Africa until the Civil War, the slavery business had increased until it reached a gigantic state.

In all probability, the Northern States would have permitted this to go on had the slaves been allowed freedom of speech, the right to vote and been treated kindly and considerately; but they were not only bought and sold like cattle, but were made to work whether sick or well, eat the poorest kind of food, receive no education, and, in fact, were treated more like cattle than men and women.

Oftentimes these slaves would run away and go into the Northern States that were free. This the Southerners did not like. Then was passed the Fugitive Law, which permitted the owner of slaves to go into another State and carry home all runaway slaves. This, after a time, brought on more cruelty, for the holders of slaves would oftentimes pursue a runaway with bloodhounds and

cause the slaves to resort to all sorts of means of escape, even to death itself.

The following story told by Abby Sage Richardson, in her history, is but a sample of many others of a like nature which could be told:

Slaves in Plantation.

"Margaret was a slave. Not a very black slave, but with a dusky yellow skin like those we call mulattos. She had two children, a boy and girl. The little girl was white, as fair, perhaps, as you or I. From some cause or other, Margaret Garner did not like to stay in slavery, and ran away with her two children and two other slaves. They all hid in a house of a free negro, but were soon tracked to their hiding place by Margaret's master and a force of men he had brought with him. The door was barred, but the officers battered it down and got in. When they entered, there stood Margaret Garner with a bloody knife in her hand between the bodies of her two children. She had cut

their throats with her own hand, and said that she would rather have them dead than taken back to slavery. The little girl was already quite dead, but the boy was only wounded and afterward got well. Margaret loved her dead baby, called her 'Birdie,' and wept when she told how pretty she was. But so far as I can learn she never was sorry that she killed her. They carried the mother and her wounded boy back to her master, and she was never heard of any more."

Such actions as these made the North furious; indignation meetings were held, and hundreds and hundreds of Northerners joined the Abolitionists.

John Brown's Raid.

YOU all have heard the song.

John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

I wonder if all who sing this song really know the story of John Brown, or why this song lives in the hearts of the American people?

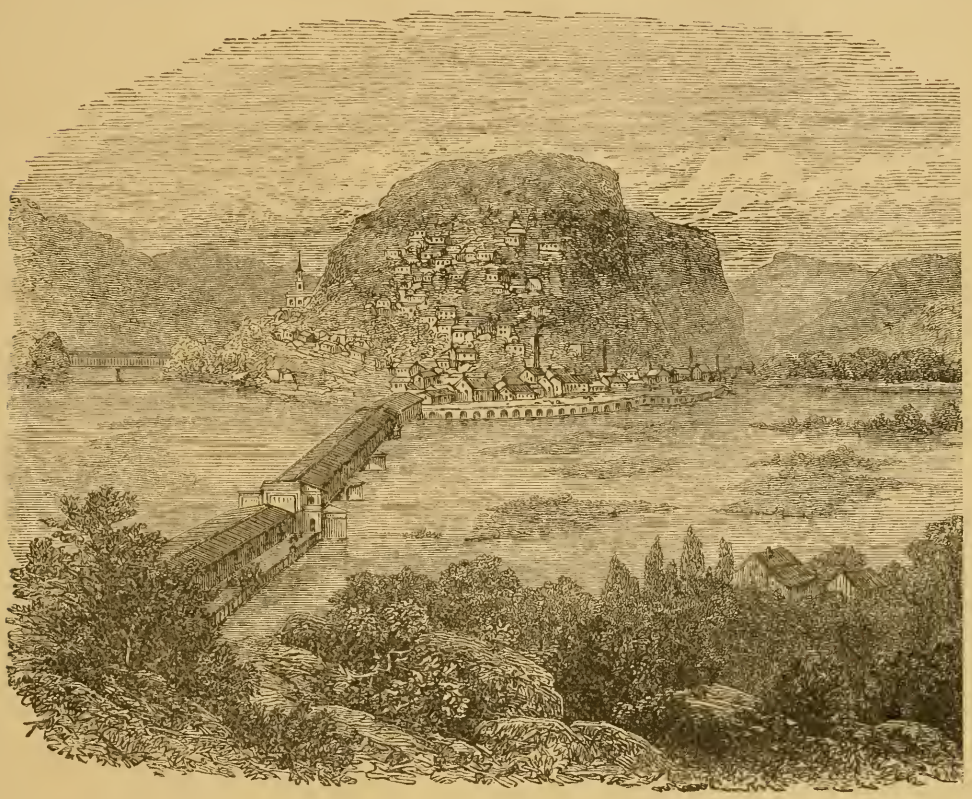
Many years ago, just before the Civil War, there lived in Kansas a brave, good man, who was opposed to slavery. His home was at Ossawatomie. Some of the people in his State believed in keeping slaves, others did not. It so happened that a quarrel sprang up about this very question, and people from other slave States came into Kansas to help control matters and force the people to yield, and thus establish a law whereby Kansas could be permitted to keep slaves. A few hundred of these soldiers came to the town of Ossawatomie, where John Brown lived. With a small body of men he repulsed the soldiers.

It was now known that he was a friend of the slaves, and time and again they came to him for protection.

One day a slave came, begging him to assist him in saving

his wife and children. True as steel, the brave John Brown went to his rescue.

He boldly marched to the plantation, killed the planter, and



Harper's Ferry.

helped the slaves to flee to Canada, where they were out of reach of the United States law.

This act brought down the wrath of the South, and for safety he, too, went to Canada.

Here, though, he was not content, and a few months after he, with his sons, hired a farm near Harper's Ferry, and went to work, as the neighborhood supposed, to till the soil.

The Confederates had built an arsenal at Harper's Ferry, and stored it with guns and all implements of war, which was guarded by watchmen.

Shortly after John Brown's arrival he began to receive by ex-

press and freight, boxes, which, as the people supposed, were farming implements, but you can guess what these boxes contained when you learn that John Brown, with his sons and a few others, twenty-two in all, surprised the watchmen of the arsenal, bound them hand and foot and took possession of the arsenal. John

Capture of John Brown.

Brown expected a hundred slaves to join him that day, but for some reason they never came, and before he realized it a company of militia marched to the arsenal and sealed the doom of brave John Brown and his sons.

He was tried by a Virginia court and sentenced to be hanged.

While in prison he was calm and noble, feeling he had done only what was noble. "I have broken the laws of the State," said he; but "I have kept the laws of God; and the laws of God are greater than any laws of State."

On his way to the scaffold he passed by a slave woman holding a baby in her arms. He bent and kissed the baby. Little did this black child know what John Brown had done for him, but God and that mother did.

Soon the drop fell, and thus ended the life of brave John Brown upon earth. Let us remember him not as dead, but as we do many other noble men who have given their life for the principles of right—that death here is the beginning of a new life yonder.

Abraham Lincoln.

DR. GURLEY says: "Probably no man, since the days of Washington, was ever so deeply and firmly embedded and enshrined in the hearts of the people as Abraham Lincoln. Nor was it a mistaken confidence and love. He deserved it, deserved it well, deserved it all. He merited it by his character, by his acts and by the tenor and tone and spirit of his life."

Born in poverty, and with small advantages of education, can you imagine what pluck, perseverance and self-denial it must have taken to climb the topmost ladder of glory upon which Abraham Lincoln stands to-day?

First, let us pause in due reverence and lay a flower on the grave of his mother. Her inspiration meant everything to the life and destiny of this great man. She was a noble woman, gentle, loving, pensive, created to adorn a palace, doomed to toil and pine and die in a hovel. "All that I am, or hope to be," exclaimed the grateful son, "I owe to my angel-mother; blessings on her memory!"

When eight years of age his father sold his Kentucky home and moved to Indiana. Three horses took the family and all their household goods—a seven days' journey to their new home. Here kind neighbors helped them in putting up another log cabin. But the home was comfortless, and after two years Mrs. Lincoln sank and died. Abraham was then ten years of age. Bitterly he wept as his mother was laid in her humble grave near the cabin. The high esteem in which this noble woman was held can be seen from the fact that the minister rode a hundred miles on

horseback through the wilderness to preach her funeral sermon; and two hundred neighbors, who were scattered over a distance of twenty miles, assembled to attend the service.

It was a scene for a painter—the log cabin, alone in its solitary loneliness, left vacant by the death of one who was the light of the home.

But, though dead, her memory was not forgotten, and her words rang out long after wealth was attained and honor bestowed.

Early Home of Abraham Lincoln, Gentryville, Ind.

Abraham was not a handsome boy. He was tall, angular and muscular; but, as if to offset this, he was genial and obliging, and always ready to sacrifice his own comfort to assist others. One day he built a raft or boat—necessity is said to be the mother of invention—to carry the produce of the farm down the Ohio River to market. One day as he was standing by his boat two men came down to the shore and wished to be taken out to a steamer in the river. Abraham took them out with their luggage. Each

of them tossed a silver half-dollar to him. In telling this story in the day when his income was twenty-five thousand dollars a year, he said:

"I could scarcely believe my eyes. It was the most important incident in my life. I could scarcely believe that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was more hopeful and confident from that time."

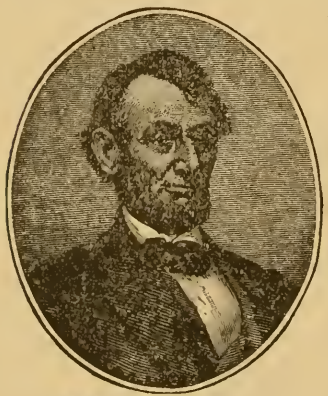
When Abraham was about twenty his father moved to Macon County, Illinois. Here with his vigorous hands he aided his father in rearing another log cabin. It was made of hewn timber. The only tools they had to work with were an ax, a saw and a drawknife. A smoke house and barn were added, and ten acres of land were fenced in by split rails. Abraham worked diligently at this until he saw the family comfortably settled, and their small farm planted with corn; then he told his father of his intention to leave home, and go out into the world to seek his fortune. Little did he or his friends imagine how brilliant that fortune was to be. But the elements of greatness were then being developed. He saw the value of education. Young Abraham worked for a time as a hired laborer among the farmers. Then he went to Springfield, where he was employed in building a boat. After this he was given charge of a store. Blessings seemed to follow him. Customers were multiplied. His straightforward, determined honesty secured con-

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

fidence. In settling a bill with a woman he took six and a quarter cents too much. He found it out in his night's reckoning, and immediately, in the dark, walked two miles and a half distant, to pay it back to her. At another time, just as he was about to close the store, he weighed out half a pound of tea for a woman. In the morning he found that, by defect in the scales, the woman had received four ounces less than belonged to her. He weighed out the four ounces and carried them to her, a long walk before breakfast. Later he was appointed postmaster. The duties were light and the pay small. All the letters he received he carried, ready to deliver as he chanced to meet those to whom they were addressed.

In 1834 he was elected to the State Legislature. A friend at this time advised him to study law, and offered to loan him books. He borrowed a load of books, carried them upon his back to New Salem, and began work. When the Legislature assembled, he trudged on foot, with his pack on his back, one hundred miles to Vandalia, then the capital of the State. At the close of the session he walked home and resumed the study of the law. These years of thought accomplished their work, and suddenly he flashed forth an orator. It was at a public meeting in Bloomington that he electrified the audience, and was at once recognized as one of the most eloquent men in the State.

The result was that when Lincoln came to be President of the United States he wrote letters and made speeches that astonished the world. Whatever he was called upon to do, he did it with such kindly feeling, unassumed manners, good English, simplicity of language and earnestness of speech that he won all hearts,—the rich and poor, the great and small.



Abraham Lincoln—1809-1865.

His opponents, when they desired to ridicule, called him the "rail-splitter." Oh! how I wish we had more of them! Possibly it was while splitting rails, way back in his boyhood life, that he learned from nature the lessons of life. Who knows? Here he

may have absorbed sparkle and sunshine which was re-echoed in his wit; he may have drunk from the dews a moisture which was rekindled in sympathy and tears. And with open eye he may have learned thrift from the ant and flight from the bird.

Be this the case or not, we know truth and justice stood always at his right hand.

In a speech on the evening of his defeat in the election for the Senate in 1858, just before the Civil War, Mr. Lincoln said,

"'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe that this government cannot endure permanently half-slave and half-free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all another. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

When he was nominated President to show in what measure he had won the hearts of the American people during his political career I cannot better describe the scene which ensued than in the language of Dr. Holland:—

"The excitement had culminated. After a moment's pause, like the sudden and breathless stillness that precedes the hurricane, the storm of wild, uncontrollable, and almost insane enthusiasm descended. The scene surpassed description. During all the ballotings, a man had been standing upon the roof, communicating the results to the outsiders, who, in surging masses, far outnumbered those who were packed in the Wigwam. To this man one of the secretaries shouted, 'Fire the salute! Abe Lincoln is nominated!' Then, as the cheering inside died away, the roar began on the outside, and swelled up from the excited masses, like the voice of many waters. This the insiders heard, and to it they replied. Thus deep called to deep with such a frenzy of sympathetic enthusiasm, that even the thundering salute of cannon was unheard by many on the platform."

Four years of Civil War passed slowly and sadly away.

There came another Presidential election. Again Mr. Lincoln was triumphantly elected. The evening of his election he said:—

"I am thankful to God for this approval of the people; but while deeply grateful for this mark of their confidence in me, if I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. I do not impugn the motives of anyone opposed to me. It is no pleasure to me to triumph over anyone; but I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by a free government and the rights of humanity."

An immense and enthusiastic crowd attended his second inauguration. His address on the occasion was one of the noblest utterances which ever fell from the lips of a ruler when entering upon office. In allusion to the parties arrayed against each other in the war, he said:—

"Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses! For it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!'

Washington Irving.

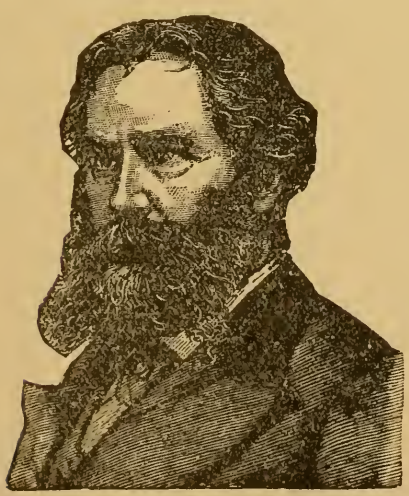
"If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, shall we discern therein any departure from those

divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsmen's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword,—as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Lincoln and the People.

ONE of the most remarkable conditions in the life of Abraham Lincoln was his nearness to the people, and one of the many beautiful things of his life lies in the fact that as President of the great republic he still maintained his character for modesty and simplicity in the performance of the duties of that great office. Seward, the statesman, might have been defeated, while Lincoln, the rail-splitter; Lincoln, the story-teller; Lincoln, the stump speaker; Lincoln, the plain man of the plain people, was invincible in that great struggle.



James Russell Lowell.

Mr. Lincoln was very remarkable for his fund of anecdote. He always had his little story with which to illustrate any point, and the illustration was often found to contain resistless argument.

Some gentlemen called one day

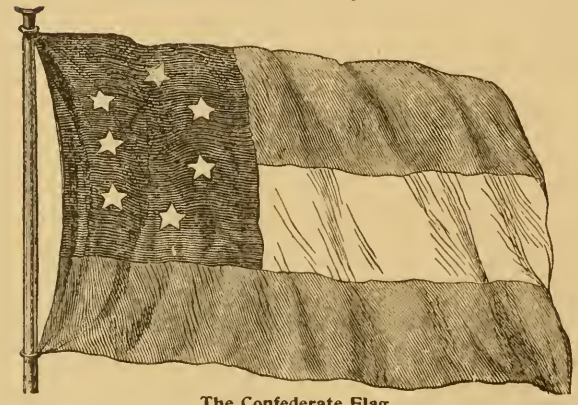
with complaints against the administration. The President listened to them patiently, and then replied:

"Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it into the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope, would you shake the cable, or keep shouting out to him: 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter; Blondin, stoop a little more; go a little faster; lean a little more to the north, lean a little more to the south?' No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The government are carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in their hands. They are doing the very best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silent, and we'll get you safe across."

"I hope," said a clergyman to him one day, "that the Lord is on our side." "I am not at all concerned about that," was Mr. Lincoln's reply; "for I know that the Lord is always on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

The Blue and the Gray, or the Unionists and the Confederates.

WHEN Lincoln, who was opposed to slavery, was elected President of the United States in 1860, politicians in the South who favored the holding of slaves formed a convention and declared several States free. In other words, they declared they would withdraw from the Union and govern themselves.



The Confederate Flag.

They formed a Confederacy, and made Jefferson Davis, a bold and active man, their chief ruler.

This, as you see, divided the Government. Those of the North, who were opposed to slavery and

favored the Union, were called the Unionists and wore a uniform of blue. Those of the South, who favored slavery and withdrew from the Union, were called Confederates, and wore uniforms of gray. So bear in mind, nothing was heard of Whigs or Tories, Democrats or Republicans, but simply the Unionists and the Confederates. This was the condition of affairs just before the Civil War—now let us see what was next done.

Fort Sumter.

YOU who have never been to South Carolina and visited the old city of Charleston can form no idea of what Fort Sumter looks like. Neither can I tell you in such a way as to impress you as it did me on my visit there.

Perhaps I need only to say that the fort is built on a rock at the entrance of the bay. In order to reach it one must take a steamer or a boat of some kind and steam away quite a little distance from the old city of Charleston.

There upon the rock in the sea our Government built a house

Fort Sumter.

of stone. Projecting through the walls were cannon and guns. Soldiers were stationed there to hold the fort and prevent enemies from entering the bay and gaining access to our beautiful country.

Just before Lincoln became President, Colonel Anderson of Fort Sumter had sent word to President Buchanan that he must have more soldiers, more guns and more ammunition in order to hold the fort. He waited, but none came. Then when Lincoln became President he made another request and sent word that he must have help and supplies at once. President Lincoln began at once to respond, but his help arrived too late.

The Confederates in the meantime had learned of the state of affairs at Fort Sumter and immediately demanded the surrender of the fort to them. But brave Colonel Anderson said, "No! we will not surrender so long as we have food left to eat and ammunition left to fire. We will not give up." But brave man as he was, his eighty soldiers were powerless to drive back the enemy who already were in possession of three other forts near by and two heavy floating rafts which the Confederates had built to open fire on Fort Sumter. The shot and shell fell like rain, and twice the wooden frame on the inside took fire, but, notwithstanding all this, as fast as the Stars and Stripes which floated over the fort were shot down, immediately someone was ready to nail them up again. Finally, however, on the second day, the white flag of surrender had to be shown.

The bravery of Colonel Anderson's men was sufficient to thrill the heart of every Union man in America, and though not a man was lost on either side, it brought forth exclamations from old and young, rich and poor, and told in language plainer than words that the Civil War had begun. Ask your parents to tell you all about it. President Lincoln sent forth a call for volunteers, and the way all classes of the North responded was a marvel to every man. It was thirty-six years ago, yet so strong an impression did it make that the memory is still as green in the hearts of

Robert Anderson.

our fathers, mothers and grandparents, as though it occurred only yesterday. Perhaps you lost an uncle; or possibly a father. Brave men everywhere offered up their lives to save the "Union."

Oh, it was exciting times. In every town, on a certain day, the brave boys would march down keeping time to the drum, and take the trains that would bear them away to war.

Such tears of good-bye as were shed; such kisses of farewells as mothers gave to sons.

Then they sang:

The Battle Cry of Freedom.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

The Union forever, Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, Up with the star,
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

In the South also the same feeling as to what they thought was right was shown among the men and women everywhere. They loved their States as truly as the Northerners loved the Union.

When the news came that Fort Sumter had surrendered, men and women of the South were wild with joy. Songs were sung, public meetings were held, and the people were wild with excitement.

Battle of Bull's Run.

JEFFERSON DAVIS and his associates went to Richmond in July, and called that the capital of the Confederacy. National troops soon started from Washington to drive them away and stop the rebellion. They met the Confederates near a place known as Manassas Junction, and on a stream of water called Bull's Run. Here a great battle ensued. The advantage was with

the Union army, and at one time it looked as if the Confederates would suffer a complete defeat; but in the crisis of the battle General Johnston arrived with nearly six thousand fresh troops, from the Shenandoah Valley. The tide of victory immediately turned, and McDowell's whole army was thrown back in rout and confusion. A panic spread through the forces. The soldiers dropped guns and fled like boys without system or order. Citizens and soldiers became mixed in the broken order of retreat.

Union Soldier.

General J. E. Johnston.

The losses on both sides were great, the Union being 2,951, and the Confederates 2,050. Never before in America had such numbers fallen in battle, and yet this was but the beginning of what was to follow. Great was the chagrin and disappointment in the North, and great was the joy in the South.

The Army of the Potomac.

AFTER a battle, comes a calm; after rain, comes sunshine; so after the depression caused by the defeat of the Union Forces at Bull's Run, a reaction set in. The panic quickly subsided, and the North, doubling and trebling its energies, sent men from every town and village. They were indeed wide awake now. General George McClellan was put in command, and for discipline proved himself to be one of the finest officers of the war.

He soon got his great army of 150,000 men drilled so it was like an engine of war. Each man moved about as if he was born to be a soldier. This wonderful army was called, "Army of the Potomac."

Many complaints were made by the people of the North because this army accomplished so little, at first, under General Mc-

Soldiers Crossing Pontoon Bridge.

Clellan, but perhaps it is easier for us all to detect faults in others than to see them in ourselves. The Northerners were anxious to see each day when they picked up the newspaper that something had been accomplished, but it invariably read, "All quiet on the Potomac."

The Cotton Industry.

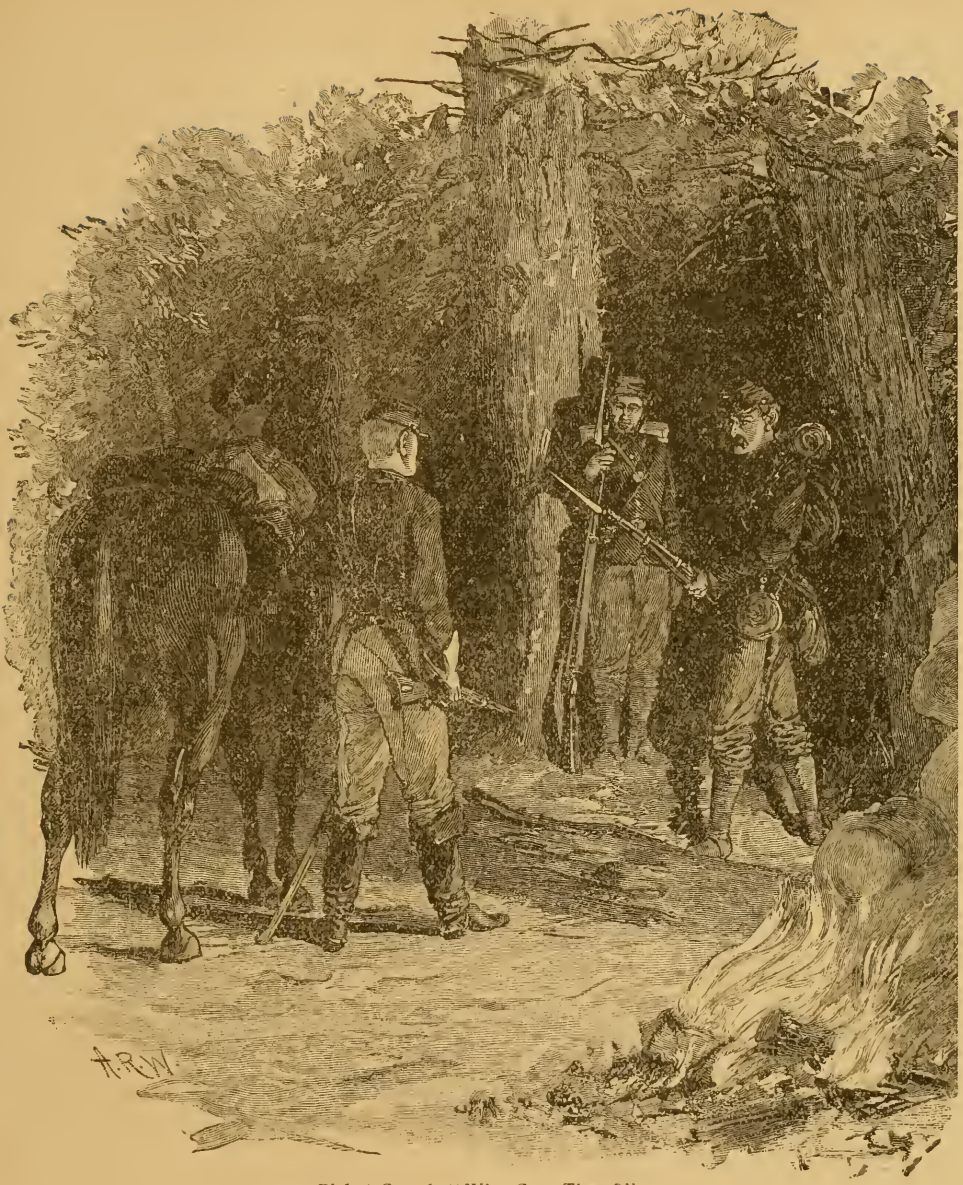
NOW that various armies had been organized to protect the interest of the Federal Government on land, the next thing demanding attention was to gain full command of the sea-coast.

At the entrance to every harbor, a fleet was sent, and soon a blockade was established all around the Confederate coast. This prevented the Southerners from communicating with the foreign nations. The Northerners knew the quicker the South was shut off from all means of supplies, the quicker they must give up, and the war come to an end.

The South relied upon the cotton crop to meet their wants. American cotton had now become a necessity in England, and

Picking Cotton.

when this supply was cut off, it caused a calamity, not in the South alone, but in England. As a result, England felt a sympathy for the Confederate States. This came near throwing the United States and England in another war, but at our head was a wise man—Abraham Lincoln. By his tact, good judgment, and honor, the peril of war with England was averted.



Picket Guard, "Who Goes There?"

The Picket Guard.

ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in a thicket.
'Tis nothing; a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle.

Fort Donelson.

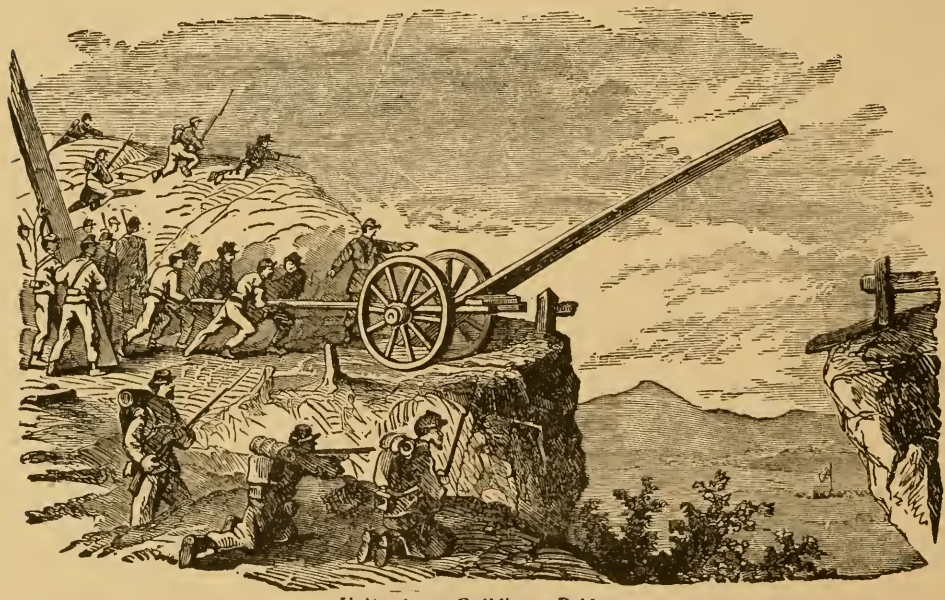
IN February, 1862, General Grant, with Western troops, went to the Cumberland River, not far from Nashville, in Tennessee, and took from the Confederates Fort Donelson, and over thirteen thousand men. This was more men than General Scott went into Mexico with, and conquered it.

Here, at the battle of Fort Donelson, is told a story of Grant, showing even in early life what might be expected of the man as time advanced.

General Buckner sent out word to Grant asking on what terms he would accept their surrender.

"Unconditional surrender, are my only terms," replied Grant. This meant they must give up themselves, and all that they had.

"Unconditional Surrender," became the by-word in every town, and though his name was Ulysses S. Grant, people everywhere preferred to think that U. S. Grant meant Unconditional Surrender Grant.



Union Army Building a Bridge.

Battle of Shiloh.

THE President of the United States is the Commander-in-Chief, or head general, of all the warriors of the nation on land and sea, and whatever he tells them to do, they must do. Now, knowing that the Confederates were in arms in many places, and growing more numerous every day, he ordered all of his armies to move against them on the 22d of February, the birthday of Washington. Grant had gone over to the Tennessee River, and early in April, near Pittsburg Landing, he and his troops fought the Confederates under General Beauregard for two days, beating them, and driving them into Mississippi.

Union Soldier Wounded While Trying to Escape.

The losses in killed, wounded and missing in this dreadful conflict were more than ten thousand on each side. Never before had so many been killed in a single battle on this side of the Atlantic.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

THERE are few women in American history who have been so highly praised and so severely censured as Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Stowe was born in the year 1812, at Litchfield, Conn. Her father was just at this time rising into fame as a pulpit orator. We will pass rapidly over her girlhood and simply state that she spent more or less of her time in teaching school. Later on in life she married the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe and entered upon her domestic duties with the same energy she had taken up all other duties of life. At odd moments she busied herself with her pen.

She has never been called beautiful, yet her large, dark eyes,

and an almost sad expression of countenance, show that the woman is no ordinary type. After her marriage she moved near Boston. Here she had an opportunity to study the negro character. Here she also studied the system of slavery and its influence upon master and slave. Her heart was stirred with the tales of wrong and sorrow which she heard from those who had escaped from the land of bondage. The pent-up feelings of her heart at last found an outlet. She resolved to write and tell what she knew of the crimes and horrors of the slave system, in a book. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" took the public by storm. It first appeared in detached parts through the medium of a weekly newspaper. In April, 1852, it was issued in two volumes, and in May was republished in London. By the close of 1852 more than one million copies had been sold in America and England. The book has now been translated and published in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish, Flemish, Polish, Russian and other languages. It has been dramatized in twenty different forms, and to-day, not only in America, but in every capital in Europe, its influence in stamping out the dark system of slavery, is beyond all question. Mrs. Stowe uttered a voice for humanity and for God that will not soon die away. The grass is now green on her grave, but the American people will never forget her memory.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

For the benefit of those who may not have read the book, we add an extract represented by one of the characters known as

Eliza.

ELIZA, the slave mother, concealed in a closet, overhears a conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Shelby, and learns that her little son has been sold to the trader. The beauty and force of the graphic picture that follows must be felt and acknowledged: "When the voices died in silence, she rose and crept stealthily

away. Pale, shivering, with rigid features and compressed lips, she looked an entirely altered being from the soft and timid creature she had been hitherto. She moved cautiously along the entry, paused one moment at her mistress' door, raised her hands in mute appeal to heaven, and then turned and glided into her own room. It was a quiet, neat apartment on the same floor with

Selling Slaves.

her mistress. There was the pleasant sunny window, where she had often sat singing at her sewing; there a little case of books, and various little fancy articles arranged by them, the gifts of Christmas holidays; there was her simple wardrobe in the closet and in the drawers; here was, in short, her home; and, on the whole, a happy one it had been to her. But there, on the bed, lay her slumbering boy, his long curls falling negligently around his unconscious face, his rosy mouth half open, his little fat hands thrown out over the bed clothes, and a smile spread like a sunbeam over his whole face. 'Poor boy, poor fellow,' said Eliza;

'they have sold you; but your mother will save you yet.' No tear dropped over that pillow; in such straits as these the heart has no tears to give—it drops only blood, bleeding itself away in silence."

Somewhat in advance of her pursuers, Eliza reached a village on the bank of the Ohio. Here, to her dismay, she found the river swollen to a flood, and filled with floating ice, She had been but a short time in the village tavern when "the whole train of her pursuers swept by the window, around to the front door. A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps toward it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment, her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap, impossible to anything but madness and despair. The huge, green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it; but she staid there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake, stumbling, leaping, slipping, springing upward again. Her shoes are gone, her stockings cut from her feet, while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank."

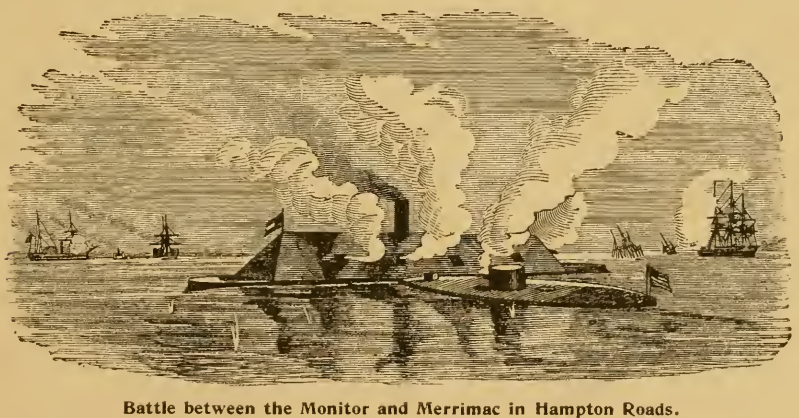
The Merrimac and the Monitor.

IT was the second year of the Civil War that there appeared in the ocean, near Fortress Monroe, a vessel known as the *Merrimac*. This had at one time belonged to the United States navy, but early in the war had been disabled and sunk by the Confederates. Later they conceived the idea of bringing it to the surface, and after covering the sides and bottom

John Ericsson, Designer of the Monitor.

with cast-iron, they used it for fighting purposes. So successful were they in this that in a single brief effort it devastated the *Cumberland*, a powerful wooden vessel belonging to the navy.

People everywhere in the North were now beginning to wonder what could be done to check this monster, knowing that with the success she had already achieved, she would become a powerful enemy. The Navy Department at Washington had ordered built, just previous to this, a turret vessel, with a round tower that turned around, which they named the *Monitor*. All around the sides there were guns of immense caliber. When this vessel was launched great anxiety was felt by the officers in the navy



Battle between the Monitor and Merrimac in Hampton Roads.

department who knew and appreciated the importance of the occasion and the responsibility depending upon this new vessel to conquer the *Merrimac;* possibly not only the *Merrimac*, but all other vessels possessing fighting qualities. Many engineers of the day said that this turret vessel would be a failure, but Commodore Worden had full confidence. Up came the *Monitor* to attack the *Merrimac*, and really it looked very much like a wasp attacking an eagle, but bang went her guns, and soon the iron sides of

the *Merrimac* were dented in on all sides, and after four hours' fighting she was obliged to surrender. Great was the chagrin and disappointment among the Southern people, and equally great was the joy of the navy department, as well as all the Union soldiers.

The *Monitor*, which rendered such valuable service to the country, was foundered in a storm off the coast of Cape Hatteras.

The Capture of New Orleans.

SITUATED near the mouth of the Mississippi River was the old city of New Orleans, in possession of the Confederates. Because of the location of the town, at the entrance of so large a river, you can readily see how important it was that the Unionists should come into possession of the place. General Butler had said "New Orleans should belong to us, and I am willing to help take it." He knew when speaking that it was a hard place to attack, for the reason that the Confederates had two strong forts just outside of the mouth of the river, and the channel between the forts and the city was obstructed with torpedoes, which had been scattered here and there.

General Butler.

General Butler was assisted by Admiral Farragut with forty-five vessels and three hundred and ten guns. After six days' bombardment of the forts they succeeded in passing them, and sailed up the river, then again passed on the way a fleet of Confederate gunboats sent out from New Orleans to prevent their approach to the city. After much perseverance, the Union fleet finally steamed up to the very wharves of the city. You can imagine how surprised the citizens were to find that the Unionists had passed their forts, their torpedoes and their fleets, and had now arrived at their very doors! To say that they were panic-stricken

is putting it mildly. They were wild with chagrin and fear, declared that they would burn the city, that the Unionists should not have their houses, their stores and their wealth. Even the women were more persistent in this than the men and looked with indignation upon all Union officers whom they met. General Butler felt indeed sorry for them, but under no circumstances could he permit the Stars and Stripes to be insulted, and forced the whole city to yield. Soon a garrison of 1,500 Union soldiers were quartered in the metropolis of the South.

Colored People Rejoicing.

Pictures of the Civil War.

LOOKING back we can see all sorts of pictures of the "Civil War;" perhaps the sad was the most prominent. The suspense in those days was something dreadful; at times letters arrived quite regularly from fathers, sons and sweethearts, and then there followed the long silence and the great anxiety, for when the letters failed, it was generally a sure sign that the army was moving. Then a day seemed like an eternity.

Then, too, there was a sadder picture even than this—there were those who never wrote again, and none returned to tell when, or just how, they gave up their lives. When possible a slab was erected, and though it frequently marked an unknown grave on it could be read, "Here lies one who gave up his life for his country."

Again, many a soldier left comforts and even luxuries at home, and climbed mountains, slept on bare floors, marched for miles in a pouring rain and camped all winter in canvas houses.

Things, too, were generally expensive. Common muslin, now ten cents a yard, was then a dollar a yard. Sugar, butter, eggs and all kinds of provisions went up so that only those with a big fat pocketbook could afford to buy.

Then there were the handsome uniforms of the officers, to say nothing of their handsome faces and figures, the clashing of sabers, the jingle of spurs, and the universal expression on every soldier's face and in every gesture, to "be merry while we may." They had their dinners, their balls, reviews, races, cavalcades and a few idle moments. This is the sum and substance of many of the pictures which are fast fading from the memory of your mother and grandmother to-day.

Decline and Overthrow of the Confederacy.

THE war had now continued for over two years. During this time the Union forces had lost heavily, so also had the Confederates; and on New Year's Day, 1863, Abraham Lincoln issued

The Proclamation of Emancipation,

Saying that henceforth no man should own slaves. The negro was now free. No one had a right to take him from his friends, his wife or his children. This made the Southerners more bitter than ever, because it, as you see, destroyed their business. They had bought and sold slaves for years just as we to-day buy and sell cattle and horses. They had invested their money in this business and now it was lost. You can imagine, however, how happy the slaves were to find that they were free. They now

had the right to work where they pleased and, when it was possible for them to save up money sufficient, they could buy a farm and work their own places. They could build their own little log cabins and raise their families with as much pride and pleasure as the whites. They had not heretofore had school

Negro Village, Georgia.

privileges and as a result the children had grown up in ignorance, but what a change for them now! They went everywhere singing their negro songs and dancing with a light-heartedness of which we can scarcely conceive.

If you have, from these pages, formed the impression that

the slave masters were always severe and unkind, you have gotten the wrong idea, for many of these masters were noble men and in many cases the slaves were as loath to leave their masters when set free as many of us would be to-day to leave our homes. There were, of course, good masters and poor masters.

You must remember, too, that the Southerners were just as honest in their opinion as the Northerners were in theirs. So we can well sympathize with the Southern people and drop a tear, knowing they did what to them seemed best. They now determined to make a desperate effort to carry their side and you will read in the following pages what decided steps were taken on both sides.

Ole Abe has gone an' did it, Boys.

OH, ye niggers come along,
For I's gwine to sing a song,
An' I warn you dat you keep
it mighty still;
But dis darky heard dem say,
His own self dis berry day,
Dat Ole Abe had went, an' gone
and sign'd de bill.

Chorus.

Yes, Ole Abe has gone an' did it,
boys,
Glory, hallelujerum!
Ole Abe has gone an' did it, boys, Oh!
Glory!
Ole Abe has gone an' did it, boys,
He's signed de confiscation laws,
Liberty an' freedom's ours, Oh! Glory!

Now I tell you by de way,
Massa Fremont first did say,
In Missouri, where de bellion was so
strong,
Dat de niggers mus' be free,
But Abe didn't jes agree,
So he "modify," an' dat we tink was
wrong.
But now he's gone, etc.

Massa Burnside take de view
Dat de niggers am as true
As de white folks, or as any oder man;
So he nebber dribe us back,
When de hound was on our track,
An' de Lord stan' by him ebry time
he plan.
But Ole Abe has gone, etc.

But McClellan tho't de way
Was to hab de niggers stay,
Diggin' trenches for de rebels, in de
sun,
While de Yankee sojers work,
With de shobel and de dirt,
When dey ought to use de saber an' de
gun.
But Ole Abe has gone, etc.

Massa Hunter did contend
Dat de Gober'ment depend
On de nigger with his pick-ax an' his
spade;
But de Yankee boys could fight,
But dey nebber tink it right
For to take up diggin' ditches as a
trade.
But Old Abe has gone, etc.

Sharp-Shooters.

BESIDES soldiers who took part in the various battles, there were the people known as "sharp-shooters." They were experts who began by shooting at marks and who had by long practice learned never to miss a mark. Well, just such men as these were employed on both sides during the Civil War. There were sharp-shooters among the Unionists and also among the Confederates. Their business was to keep a sharp lookout, and when armies were encamped near each other, if any enemy showed himself in sight, pop would go a gun and that generally ended the man.

John D. Champlain tells this story of sharp-shooting, in his history for young folks:

"One of the most skillful of the Confederate marksmen was a large negro, who used to perch himself in a tree and lie there

Sharp-Shooters.

all day, firing whenever he saw a chance for a good shot. He had in this way killed several Union soldiers, and the sharp-shooters had watched a long time for him. At last the Union trenches, which were gradually being dug nearer and nearer, reached a place only about twenty rods from the tree. One morning the darky came out early and took his accustomed place in the tree. The sharp-shooters might have easily killed him as he came out, but they did not want to frighten others who were coming. He was followed soon by several Confederate pickets, on whom the men fired, killing some and driving the others back. The darky, of course, was now 'in a fix,' or, in other words, was 'up a tree,' for he could not get back without running the risk of being shot.

"I say, big nigger," called out one of the Union marksmen from the trenches, "you'd better come down from there."

"What for?" he asked.

"I want you as a prisoner."

"Not as this chile knows of," he answered.

"All right. Just as you say," called the marksman.

In about an hour Mr. Darky, hearing nothing from in front of his tree, concluded that it was safe to take just one peep; so he poked his head out far enough to get a look at the Union lines. But the sharp-shooter had not taken his eye from the tree for an instant, and no sooner did the head appear than he pulled the trigger of his rifle. A little puff of blue smoke—a flash—the whiz of a bullet—and down came the negro to the ground shot through the head.

Siege of Vicksburg.

NOW that the Government had taken a decided stand, and declared "slaves should be free," perhaps it may seem to you that the war was at an end, but not so.

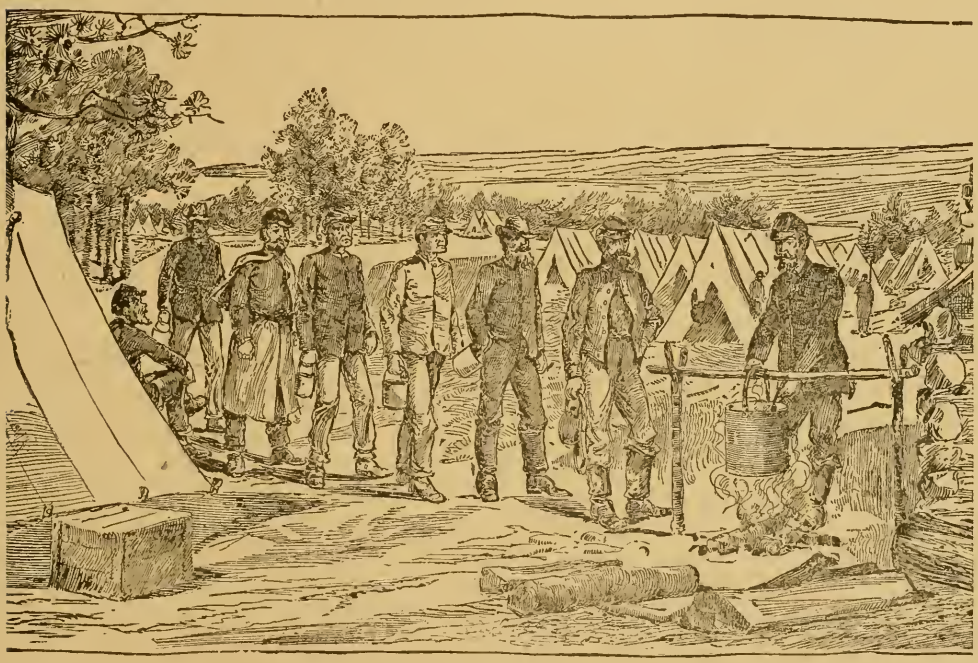
The Unionist had perhaps more hope, and I fancy the Confederates had less courage; for don't it always seem to you individually, that when you feel you are on the "side of right," that victory must come to you in the end? Well, justice does govern, and no matter how slowly the wheels move, they, some-

how, in time, bring about the good and the truth, no matter how hard the struggles against it.

The lawyer who knows he is on the side of right goes into a lawsuit, feeling at the very beginning that victory is his.

So it was with General Grant when he planned to get full possession of the Mississippi River.

This river belonged to the Confederates except just at the mouth, which had been in the possession of the Unionists ever since the capture of New Orleans.



Soldiers in Camp.

"We must fight for this river," said the Confederates. "If the Unionists get it, our trade will be cut off—no, it must be ours."

Just up from New Orleans a little way was the city of Vicksburg. This the Confederates had so strongly fortified that they felt no army in the world could take it.

But, said Grant, "It must become ours." The city was built on high bluffs projecting up from the river, and just back were marshy lands, filled with fallen trees, into which men and horses would sink almost to their ears.

Grant knew all this, but brave, dauntless and active, he had but to plan his attack, then move with a decision which knew not defeat. He proceeded to attack that city, with the assistance of Admiral Porter and his fleet of gunboats. The place was surrounded late in May, and on the 4th of July it was surrendered to Grant by General Pemberton, with more than thirty thousand Confederate troops. Then the Confederates lost the control of the Mississippi River, and were much weakened.

Battles of Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain.

THE Union soldiers now had possession of nearly all the western territory. Chattanooga, a pretty town lying close to the border line between Tennessee and Georgia, was the only stronghold in the possession of the Confederates. Bragg, the Confederate general, knowing that this would be the place next attacked, sent for help, and soon he had a large army. As a result of the battle, Rosecrans, the Union general, was defeated, with a loss of 16,000 men.

Joseph Hooker.

Then the Federal Government said, "This will never do," and even though Rosecrans had been successful in battle before this time, he was blamed and his command given to General Thomas.

Soon General Hooker and General Sherman joined Thomas with their brave soldiers. Bragg's army was mostly on Lookout Mountain and could with field glasses look down and see all the movements made by Hooker's men.

This was a wonderfully fine thing in pleasant weather, but, as you know, all days are not pleasant days, and soon there came a day of mist. Well, upon the mountains a mist is a hundred times worse than it is on the plains or in the valley, so the men on the mountain could see nothing but clouds and mist.

The assault began early in the morning. The movements of Hooker's men were concealed by the fog, so they went dashing down the valley and up the steep mountainside, sweeping everything before them.

The mountain was not strongly defended by the Confederates

Battle of Lookout Mountain.

for the reason of its apparent inaccessibility. The Federal charge went to the summit and by two o'clock in the afternoon the National Flag was waving above the clouds on Lookout.

The battle had literally been fought among the clouds or above them, as it seemed on this misty day. It was not until the sky had cleared that the people below could see that the Confederates had gone, and Hooker was in possession of the mountain.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

IN the prison-cell I sit, thinking, mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away,
And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.
Chorus.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come;
And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the air again
Of the freeland in our own beloved home.

Libby Prison.

Andersonville Prison.

I WISH it were possible for me to write the story of the Civil War and not be obliged to mention the horrible "prison pens," as Libby and Andersonville prisons were wont to be called; but I question if the story would be complete without them. Whenever an enemy was captured in battle these enemies

were called "prisoners of war." In every battle there were generally so many killed, so many wounded and so many taken prisoners. In 1863, at Andersonville, Georgia, the Confederates built a prison for the purpose of imprisoning the Union soldiers. There was also another one at Richmond, Virginia, known as Libby Prison, built by the Confederates. In both of these prisons there were thousands upon thousands of men imprisoned, and it

Andersonville Prison.

is reported that as many as three thousand have died in a single month alone at Andersonville as the result of starvation, exposure and suffering. Andersonville prison originally contained eighteen acres; the next year it was enlarged to twenty-three and one-half acres. In the center of this there was a marsh, which left less than six square feet to each person. Horrible indeed it was to think that upward of thirty thousand men were packed like cattle, possibly to die for need of air to breathe, for want of ground on which to lie, and from lack of shelter.

It has often been said that the Confederate leader, Jefferson Davis, was responsible for all this misery, but we venture to say there is a great deal laid at his door for which he was not responsible.

In times of war much is said that is mere talk, and it is difficult to bear in mind the adage: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Southern writers tell us that all these stories regarding Andersonville and Libby prisons are exaggerated or untrue, and that our soldiers received the same rations in the prisons that their soldiers did on the battlefield. They also say that the healthfulness of the place and the good care which the soldiers had is proved by the fact that the death rate was very low indeed.

Battle of Gettysburg.

WE now come to the Battle of Gettysburg—the final great battle of the Civil War, and one of the fifteen most wonderful battles of the world. It is mentioned in history along with those of Marathon and Waterloo, so let us fix it firmly in mind. This battle was not greater because the generals were any braver, or because more lives were lost, but because it turned the tide of popular sentiment in favor of the North.

To General Meade the glory fairly belongs. The army of the Potomac up to this time had had only painful and shameful reverses. At last victory had come!

Meade's great victory here at Gettysburg and Grant's glorious victory at Vicksburg, both occurring on the same day, showed that the Confederacy was doomed. To General Lee, the commander of the Confederate army, great honor was due, and though regretful of his defeat, Lee himself must even have been proud of his retreat. It will always remain a mystery why he was able to retire his whole army across the Potomac and thus get out of reach of Meade.

The pursuit reflects but little credit on Meade. He chose a longer route, and when he reached the Potomac, Lee had crossed six days before him.

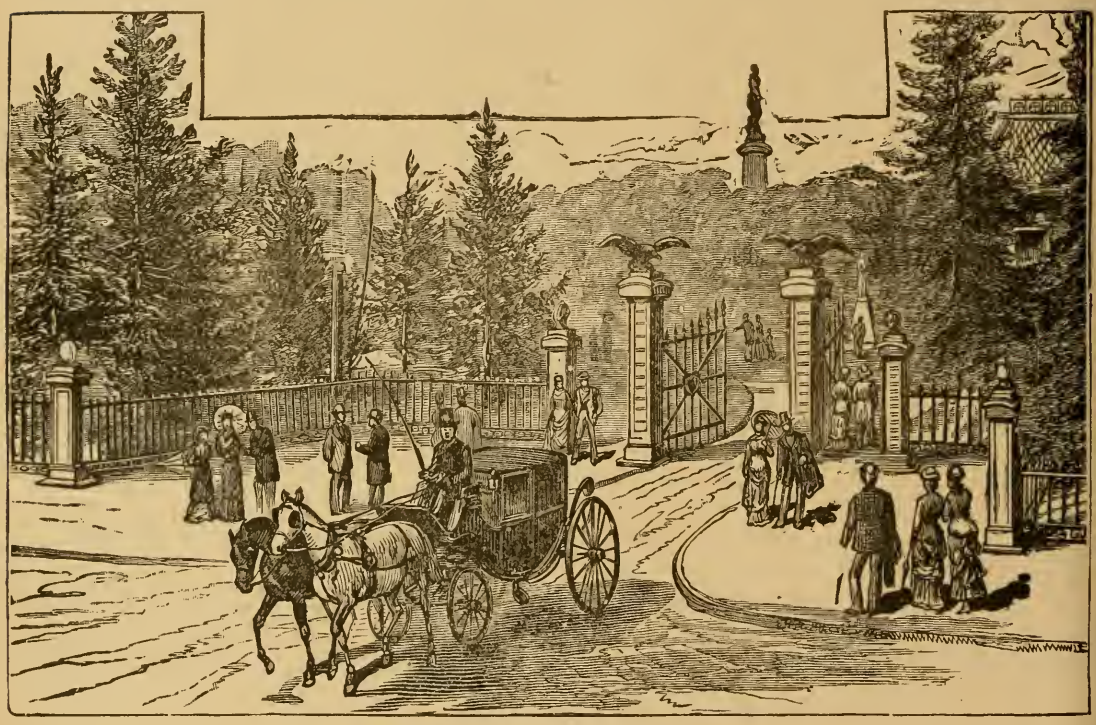
There was a sting in what Lincoln said to Meade shortly afterward: "The fruit seemed so ripe, so ready for plucking, that it was very hard to lose it."

Battle of Gettysburg.

National Cemetery at Gettysburg.

IN dedicating the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, and speaking of the dead heroes lying there, Lincoln said, in his address: "It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this; but in a large sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or

detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what we did here. It is for us, the living, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work, which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from those honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain;



Entrance to Gettysburg Cemetery.

that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Senator Mason, in a recent speech, said: "Let us, in imitation of this great example, honor the soldiers, living and dead, who made it possible for Lincoln to succeed. Let us not bar them from our civil-service lists because they are weighted with years. Let us honor the copper button and him who wears it on

Decoration Day, Gettysburg, a Tribute to the Memory of the Blue and the Gray.

the left lapel of his coat. Let us not withhold from him the honors of life, nor refuse him shelter and bread, that we may go through the ceremony of planting flowers on his grave. Let us give homes to the living and honors to the dead. Rather let the money of the government be sunk in the sea than to have a Union soldier homeless and shelterless, holding in his hands the broken promises of Abraham Lincoln."

The Alabama and the Kearsarge.

THE *Alabama* was an English built ship. Her crew was mostly English, but commanded by Confederates. She had belonged to England until one Sunday morning in August, 1862, when the Confederate flag was hoisted above the decks and her name changed from *Enrica* to *Alabama*.

At this time, she was three miles from the Azore Islands. From that time on, she became a destroyer to all American vessels belonging to the merchants of the New England states.

Captain Semmes read a commission to the crew which he had received from Jefferson Davis, appointing him Captain of the Confederate Navy. He then made a speech and told all the men who desired to return to England to do so, but if they preferred to remain with him, on board the *Kearsarge*, there would be plenty of excitement and adventure; that there would be no end of plunder, and that prize money would be paid them in gold.

So off the Azores the *Alabama* began her daring career. Here she destroyed nearly all the whaling vessels; then she started west to burn the steamers carrying grain from New York to Liverpool.

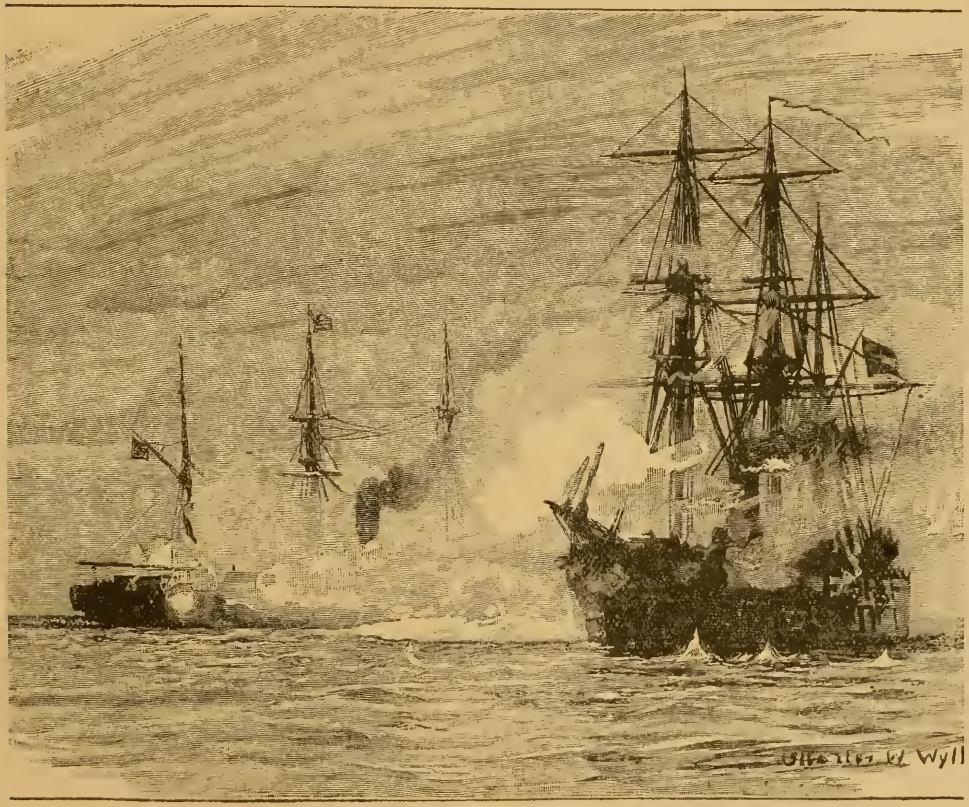
The *Alabama* feared nothing, but went on in her work of destroying and plundering, until one day when off the coast of Holland, the crew beheld the *Kearsarge*, another American vessel which was at the opening of the war a merchant vessel, but whose crew had enlisted to defend their country. Captain Winslow was her Commander.

Four days passed, and in the meantime Semmes was getting

ready for battle. He sent all his valuable articles on shore,—watches, gold, etc., which he had plundered.

What lively news! The town of Cherbourg, France, was wild with excitement—there was a battle which everybody could see.

Semmes and his crew were confident that the *Alabama* would come out victorious; Captain Winslow was not boastful, but had only one thought in mind, that he would go to the bot-



Fight Between Alabama and Kearsarge.

tom of the sea before he would surrender the *Kearsarge* to the *Alabama*.

Both vessels were about the same size. Guns were about the same, so it was hard to tell which side would win the battle.

It was Sunday morning at ten o'clock. The hour for religious service had arrived, and Captain Winslow was ready to read

the morning prayers, when up came the *Alabama* ready for battle.

There are moments when men hold their breath! Such a moment had come to the crew of the *Kearsarge*. What a scene on land! Thirty thousand men and women and children had come out to see the battle.

Need we say that the *Alabama* was soon seen sinking—lower it settled—Captain Semmes with a life-preserver on jumped into the sea, and his crew followed his example. Then it was that Captain Winslow said, "For God's sake, do what you can to save them!"

Think you he was not a worthy man fit to defend his country?

Stonewall Jackson.

IF there was one general more than all the others whom the Union soldiers had learned to fear, it was "Stonewall" Jackson.

It matters little who his ancestors were. It is only proper that Virginia, who gave to the war General Robert Lee, of an old and wealthy family, should furnish Jackson as the representative of its people. He was left an orphan at the age of three years, and by degrees rose to be one of the greatest generals America has ever seen. It is an interesting study to follow his successive steps. He never sought promotion.

Stonewall Jackson.

It is said that in face and figure he was not striking; above average height, with frame angular, muscular and fleshless. He was, in all his movements, from riding a horse to handling a pen, the most ungraceful man in the army. His expression was generally clouded by an air of fatigue, but the eye, when in repose, was gentle. His face in the home when softened by a smile was far different from that on the battlefield.

Jackson had been the very life of the Confederate army, and

it was when assisting Lee in the battle of Fredericksburg that he lost his life. All day long the battle had raged, and just at its close he was hurrying toward a company of his own men when they mistook him for a Union man and fired upon him. He was terribly wounded, and the shot that struck him crippled both armies of the Confederacy. At first it was believed his wounds were not serious, and the people thought, in the language of Lee, "Jackson will not, *cannot die.*" But God willed it otherwise. Sunday afternoon he closed his eyes and smiled at his own spoken dream, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

To Jackson's life all paid tribute. In this tribute there was no North, no South. Coming across the sea, a friend planted on his grave at Lexington a sprig of laurel brought from the grave of Napoleon, a most fitting token—a beautiful thought that the greatest general of the Old World should welcome to immortality the most brilliant soldier of the new. The loss of Stonewall Jackson was a death-blow to Lee and the Confederate cause.

Grant as Lieutenant-General.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN now saw that it needed a man at the head of the Army who could not only organize and discipline, but could make plans and carry them into execution. So after thinking the matter over, he decided that Grant, who had made a considerable stir in the west, was his choice as General-in-chief of all the armies of the Republic. Grant realized his responsibility. He at once went to Washington City so as to vie with President Lincoln as to action, then went to work with a will and after visiting and examining each army knew what he could count upon and resolved to deal two deadly blows—one on Atlanta and one on Richmond. Accordingly at two

U. S. Military Wagon.

separate places he concentrated two powerful armies—one was to move toward Atlanta under General Sherman and the other toward Richmond under General Meade.

Now let us read how they came out.

Sherman's March to the Sea.

ONE of the most interesting events of the Civil War was what is known as Sherman's March to the Sea, according to a plan laid out by Grant. General Sherman with a hundred thousand men marched toward Atlanta.

This city before the war was an important railroad center. It had a large population, and had extensive rolling mills, machine shops and foundries where guns, shot, shell and cartridges were made under the direction of the Confederate government. The

town during the war became even more prosperous than before, so you can see that if the Union army could get in possession of Atlanta, it would prove a hard blow to the Confederacy.

The Confederates under General Johnston said "No; they cannot have Atlanta;" and the utmost effort was put forth to make

General W. T. Sherman.

Atlanta secure, but all to no avail; on September 2d Atlanta was occupied by Sherman's army and on the 14th of November he burned the city and set out on his famous march, with sixty thousand men still remaining, to the sea.

On leaving Atlanta, he plunged first into a thick forest, then came out and either destroyed or captured everything on his route. On reaching Charleston, after thirty-eight days' tramping,

he had lost but five hundred and sixty-seven men, and conquered everything along the route.

Now for Richmond.

ON to Richmond had been the intention of the army of the Potomac ever since it was organized, but for some reason it had never succeeded in capturing the city and driving out the Confederates. "Now," thought Grant, "our time has come. I will have the Army of the Potomac pull together and work with but one object in view, that is to conquer Lee's army at Richmond and get in possession of the Confederate capital."

Evacuation of Richmond.

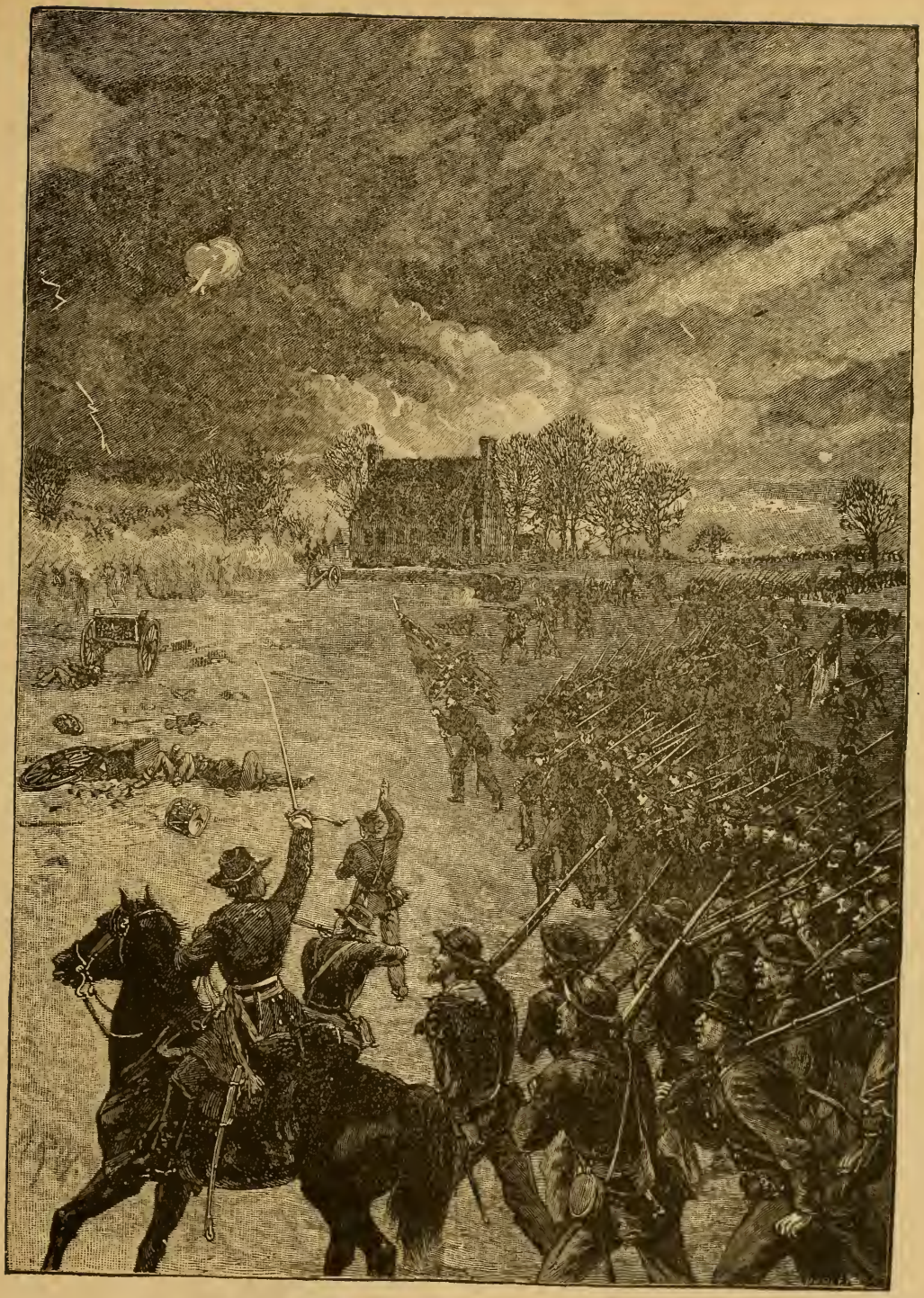
ON and on, day after day, they pegged away. Grant kept Lincoln posted as to his movements, and on one occasion sent a telegram saying, "*I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.*" These words, like many others spoken in the same earnestness during the war, have become immortal.

After several months' skirmishing and fighting, Lee telegraphed to Jefferson Davis to leave the city at once. It was Sunday morning. Davis was at church; after reading the telegram he got up quietly and passed out. Soon, however, it became known that Richmond was lost to the Confederates.

Sheridan's Ride.

(*For Concert Reading.*)

UP from the South, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away



Battle of Chancellorsville, Jackson Attacking Right Wing.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea, uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

P. H. Sheridan.

But there is a road to Winchester town,
A good, broad highway, leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed.
Hill rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Forboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls.
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed;
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire.
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both;
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked his course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray.
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:

Sheridan's Ride.

"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save you the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky—
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,—
There, with the glorious General's name,
Be it said in letters, both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

T. Buchanan Reed.

Lee's Surrender.

THE great Civil War which was begun on April 12th, 1861, when the first Confederate shot was fired against Fort Sumter, was now drawing rapidly to a close. The backbone of the Confederacy was broken. Lee, the greatest Confederate general still living, with his large army, was yet to be conquered. Lee had defeated the Union soldiers so many times that he began to think his own army was equal to anything. And well he might, for he had defeated at different times four of the greatest generals which the Union army had. His retreat, after being driven from Richmond, was conducted with wonderful skill, and the experience which he had had in the past encouraged him to hope for the best. In starting out he was in excellent spirits, expecting to receive plenty of rations on his journey. He had started out with only provisions enough to last a single day, and you can imagine his surprise, to say nothing of the disappointment, to find that these had been cut off. His men were famishing, and it was impossible to proceed until supplies were obtained from the surrounding country. This delay robbed Lee of the advantages he had gained in the start, and proved the ruin of all his plans.

General Lee.

On the other side, the Union armies were strong and cheerful. The Government had plenty of money to meet all necessity. The combined forces and location of Grant, Sheridan and Meade's armies enabled Grant to take in the situation at once. "Lee is caught," he said, "it will be hard work for him to get away." Lee was not only cut off from his main line of retreat, but was overtaken by vastly superior numbers of the enemy. Lee's entire force of dispirited and hungry men did not exceed 20,000, while Sheridan alone had an excellent force of 18,000 men. Both Lee's men and horses were sinking from sheer exhaustion. Thousands

had let their muskets fall from pure inability to carry them. There are few battles where the horrors of the march could possibly equal these, so when Grant wrote asking Lee on what terms he would surrender, we quote here his reply:

"April 7th, 1865.

"*General:* I have received your note of this date. Though not entertaining the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and, therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender. R. E. Lee, General.

"Lieut.-General U. S. Grant."

House Where Lee Surrendered.

Two other letters passed between them and finally April 9th, General Grant wrote the following letter:

"April 9th, 1865.

"*General:* Your note of yesterday is just received. As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace, the meeting proposed for 10 A. M. to-day could lead

to no good. I will state, however, General, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself; and the whole North entertain the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms, they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Sincerely hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself, U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

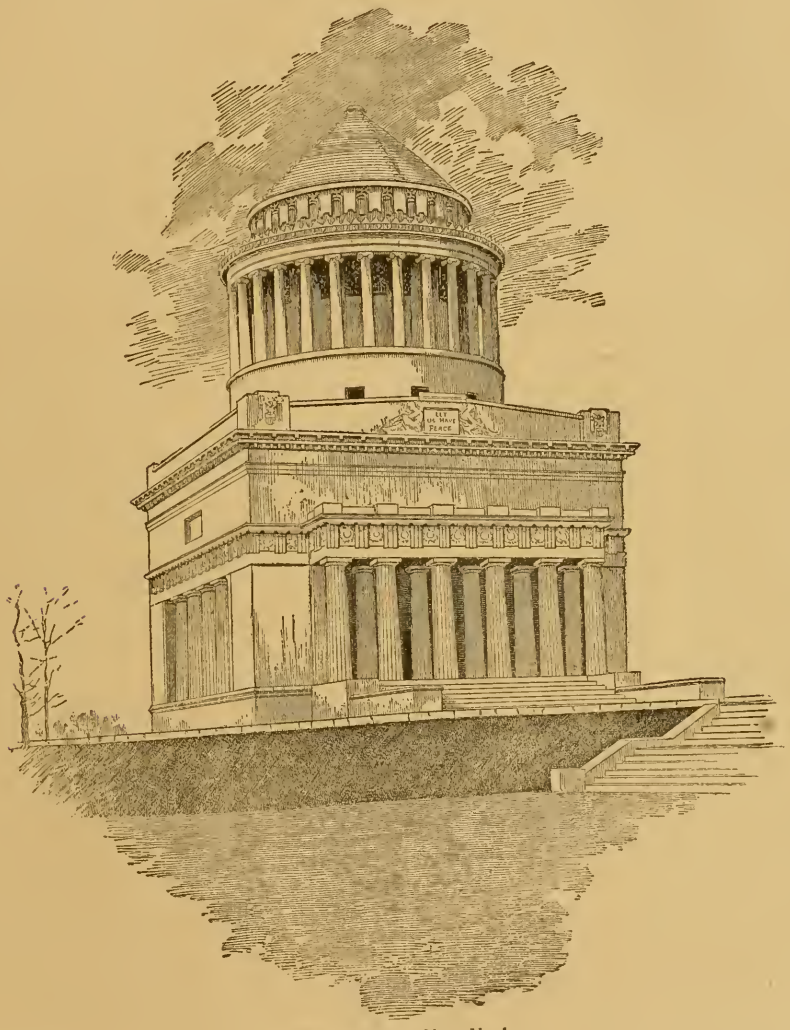
"GENERAL R. E. LEE."

After the terms of surrender were made and the papers signed, Lee remarked to Grant that he had forgotten one thing. It was this, many of the cavalry and artillery horses belonged to the men

Grant's Early Home.

who had charge of them. "It is too late, however," he said, "to speak of that now." Grant replied, "I will instruct my officers that all the enlisted men of your cavalry and artillery who own horses are to retain them just as the officers do theirs. They will need them for their spring plowing and other farm work." Lee

seemed greatly pleased and said in reply, "There is nothing which you could have accomplished more for the good of the people, or of the Government." Grant's terms were liberal. He will not only



Grant's Tomb, New York.

live in history as a great soldier, but he will be honored as a high-souled hero in the hour of victory.

Lee then rode back to his soldiers and bade them farewell. It is said that whole lines of battle rushed up to their beloved general, and with choking emotion wrung his hand. Hard as it was

for the soldiers, and hard as it must have been for the whole Southern Confederacy, it is still a pleasure to know that their leading general possessed such tenderness, unselfishness and honor. With tears rolling down both his cheeks, General Lee replied to his soldiers, saying, "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you."

The war was now practically over.

The Swords of Grant and Lee.

"*Fame Hath Crowned with Laurel the Swords of Grant and Lee.*"

METHINKS to-night I catch a gleam of steel among the pines,
And yonder by the lilied stream repose the foemen's lines;
The ghostly guards who pace the ground a moment stop to see
If all is safe and still around the tents of Grant and Lee.

'Tis but a dream; no armies camp where once their bay'nets shone;
And Hesper's calm and lovely lamp shines on the dead alone;
A cricket chirps on yonder rise beneath a cedar tree
Where glinted 'neath the summer skies the swords of Grant and Lee.

Forever sheathed those famous blades that led the eager van!
They shine no more among the glades that fringe the Rapidan;
To-day their battle work is done, go draw them forth and see
That not a stain appears upon the swords of Grant and Lee.

The gallant men who saw them flash in comradeship to-day
Recall the wild, impetuous dash of val'rous blue and gray;
And 'neath the flag that proudly waves above a Nation free,
They oft recall the missing braves who fought with Grant and Lee.

They sleep among the tender grass, they slumber 'neath the pines,
They're camping in the mountain pass where crouched the serried lines;
They rest where loud the tempests blow, destructive in their glee—
The men who followed long ago the swords of Grant and Lee.

Their graves are lying side by side where once they met as foes,
And where they in the wildwood died springs up a blood-red rose;
O'er them the bee on golden wing doth flit, and in yon tree
A gentle robin seems to sing to them of Grant and Lee.

To-day no strifes of sections rise, to-day no shadows fall
Upon our land, and 'neath the skies one flag waves over all;

The Blue and Gray as comrades stand, as comrades bend the knee,
And ask God's blessings on the land that gave us Grant and Lee.

So long as Southward, wide and clear, Potomac's river runs,
Their deeds will live because they were Columbia's hero sons;
So long as bend the Northern pines, and blooms the orange tree,
The swords will shine that led the lines of valiant Grant and Lee.

Methinks I hear a bugle blow, methinks I hear a drum;
And there, with martial step and slow, two ghostly armies come;
They are the men who met as foes, for 'tis the dead I see,
And side by side in peace repose the swords of Grant and Lee.

Above them let Old Glory wave, and let each deathless star
Forever shine upon the brave who lead the ranks of war;
Their fame resounds from coast to coast, from mountain top to sea;
No other land than ours can boast the swords of Grant and Lee!

Abraham Lincoln and the Hospital at Richmond.

ONE of the first Northern women who entered the beleagured city of Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, after its evacuation, was a nurse. She tells us that while the people of the North were celebrating with guns, brass bands and bright colored bunting; and while the inhabitants were intoxicated with joy, the battle-field presented quite another picture.

It was one vast hospital of suffering humanity. As far as the eye could reach, the plains were dotted with tents, which were being rapidly filled with wounded men, Northern and Southern, white and black, without distinction. Army surgeons and volunteer physicians kept sleeplessly at work; hospital nurses, laden with comforts for the sick, passed to and fro; and amidst them all strode the tall, gaunt figure of Abraham Lincoln, his moistened eyes even more eloquent than the lips which had a kindly word of cheer for every sufferer. When asked how long he intended to remain, he replied, "I am

William H. Seward,
Secretary of State.

like a Western pioneer who built a log cabin. When he commenced he didn't know how much timber he would need, and when he had finished he didn't care how much he had used up," and then added with a merry laugh, "so you see I came down among you without any definite plans, and when I go home I shan't regret a moment I have spent with you."

The Ford Theatre Tragedy.

ON the morning of the 3rd of April, 1865, it was announced by telegraph that the Union army had entered Richmond; that Lee was in full retreat, pursued by Grant; and that President Lincoln had gone to the front. No pen can describe the joy with which these tidings were received. The war was over; slavery was dead; and the Union, cemented in freedom, was stronger than ever before.

But what follows; Lincoln's life had been constantly threatened. His friends urged him to practice caution; but this was so contrary to his nature that he could not be persuaded to do so. He walked the streets of Washington unattended.

To assist in drawing a crowd, it was announced that on the 14th of April, in company with General Grant, President Lincoln would attend a play given at Ford's Theatre. This naturally called a crowd. General Grant left the city. President Lincoln, feeling, with his characteristic kindliness of heart, that it would be a disappointment if he should fail them, reluctantly consented to go. With his wife and two friends he arrived in due time and took his seat in a box reserved for the occasion. The whole audience arose and greeted him with the greatest enthusiasm.

As the President was listening to the play an actor by the name of John Wilkes Booth worked his way through the crowd, and, reaching the door of the box, fired a bullet into his brain. The assassin leaped upon the stage, rushed across it, mounted a fleet horse at the door and escaped.

In the twinkling of an eye, without a moment to say a prayer, the great soul of Lincoln, the lover of liberty, stood in the presence of his Maker. He was carried to a private residence across

Review of the Soldiers at Close of War.

the street, and at 7:00 o'clock the next morning breathed his last.

Then came the most remarkable demonstration the world has ever seen at the death of one man. The bells that had been ringing the glad tidings of freedom and victory changed their ring to the sad and solemn tolling of a requiem for the dead. Men who had cursed him admitted their fault, and joined with his friends in mourning. The slave, who had just lifted his voice in the song of liberty, stopped in fear and trembling, wondering whether the shackles would not again be placed upon him. Every civilized nation in the world hastened with its national condolences to testify to the worth of Lincoln. It was as though a death had come in every family. Business was suspended; the noise of trade was stopped; the children upon the school grounds said softly to each other: "He is dead." The flags were at half mast over the land; the drums were muffled in a thousand camps; the highest officer and the poorest private repeated the words again and again: "Our President is dead."

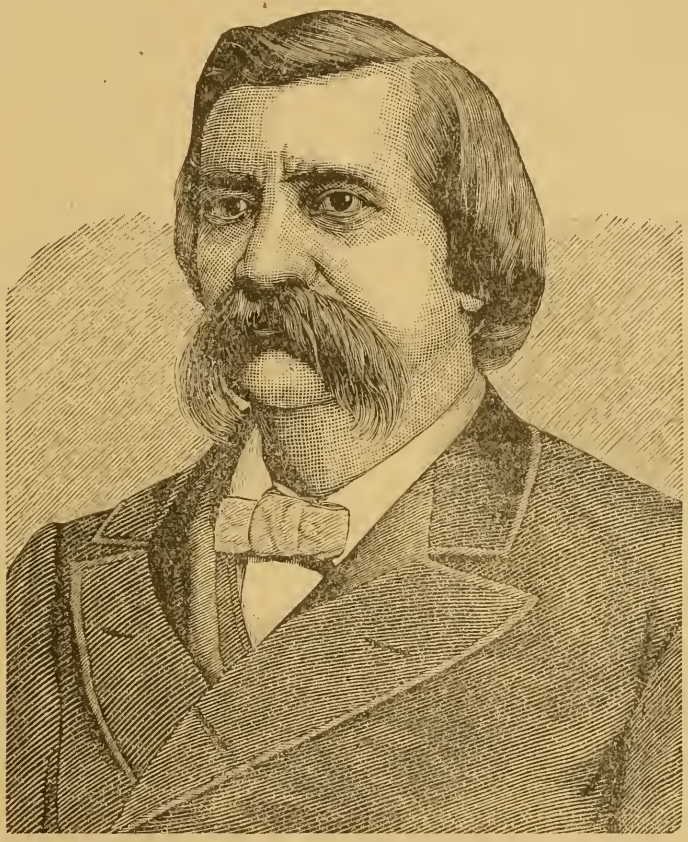
Thirty-two years have now passed, and in the words of Mason let us proclaim: "Lincoln still lives. He is not dead. Every slave that holds an unfettered wrist will tell you that Lincoln, the emancipator, is not dead. His dust may rest under the towering monument at Springfield, but he is not there. See! the stars of your flag are all there; he who kept them there is not dead. See again! under the flag there are no slaves; he who made this true can never die. Lincoln is not dead. Every pulsation of his heart, every ambition of his soul, every word that fell from his lips, every great deed, from the simplest act of kindness to an animal to the emancipation of the slave, are all proofs to us of his immortality."

Peace and Reconciliation.

RT. REV. GEORGE DAVID CUMMINS, D. D.

PEACE at last closes a long and desolating Civil War—a war between men of one blood, one ancestry, one religion, one heritage of blessings, between the citizens of one great republic, whose fathers labored and fought together to secure to them a priceless inheritance. History will record it as among

the most memorable conflicts ever waged upon the face of the earth; memorable for the vast number of men enlisted, the wide extent of territory over which it was fought, and for the valor and heroism displayed on either side. What were the wars of York and Lancaster, of Puritan and Royalist, of Huguenot and Romanist, by



General John A. Logan, Founder of the Grand Army of the Republic.

the side of this? That mighty struggle, whose issues at times were so dark and uncertain, has ended in a peace which secures the integrity of the nation as a unit, and restores the Union of the States, making us one undivided republic. Who can doubt that the decision is of God, and that he who permitted the land to be scourged for four years by his sore judgment has ordained that we shall remain one people, with one country and one destiny?

If so, and if our national Union is to be anything more than a

hollow truce, leaving behind it hearts estranged and alienated, there is a work yet to be done by us more difficult than any triumph of arms upon the battlefield. That work is the work of restoring harmony among hearts, unity of soul, of overcoming enmity and prejudice, of healing the wounds which have been torn asunder; it is the work not only of making "peace on earth," but "good-will among men."

I speak for American hearts to-day, when I say that we do not desire a Union which is held together alone by force, and which must be perpetuated by standing armies. We desire a Union which shall be cemented as of old—nay, better than of old; with stronger and more enduring bonds, by ties of brotherhood, by bonds of religion, by fellowship in Christ, by common sympathies, common aims, common aspirations, and a common love of a common country.

Can this ever be realized in this land? Many have thought it impossible after the experience of the last four years, and that it is vain to hope for such a result! But they who so contend have read history to but little purpose. Not more surely does nature repair the desolation of a battlefield, covering the spot where the heavy cannon wheels and the hoofs of horses and the feet of ten thousand infuriated men made a wilderness with a beautiful carpet of grass, than does time, by a thousand genial and kindly influences, heal the feuds which a civil war has engendered. Nay, startling as the proposition may sound to some, history proves that the passions and hates and feuds of international wars are those which are most permanent, most lasting; while the passions of civil war are ever most fugitive, most easily obliterated.

Such is the teaching of history, and such the cheering prospect before us. We need not refer the work of reconciliation to another generation. God gives to us the high privilege of accomplishing this work. Already has that good work begun with most auspicious tokens.

PART VII.

PEACE AND PROSPERITY.

Johnson's Administration.

WHEN the President dies the Vice-President takes his place, and so the Government goes right on. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, was Vice-President; and on the day when Mr. Lincoln died Mr. Johnson became the President of the republic.

The National Government now made ready to restore all things to a good condition.

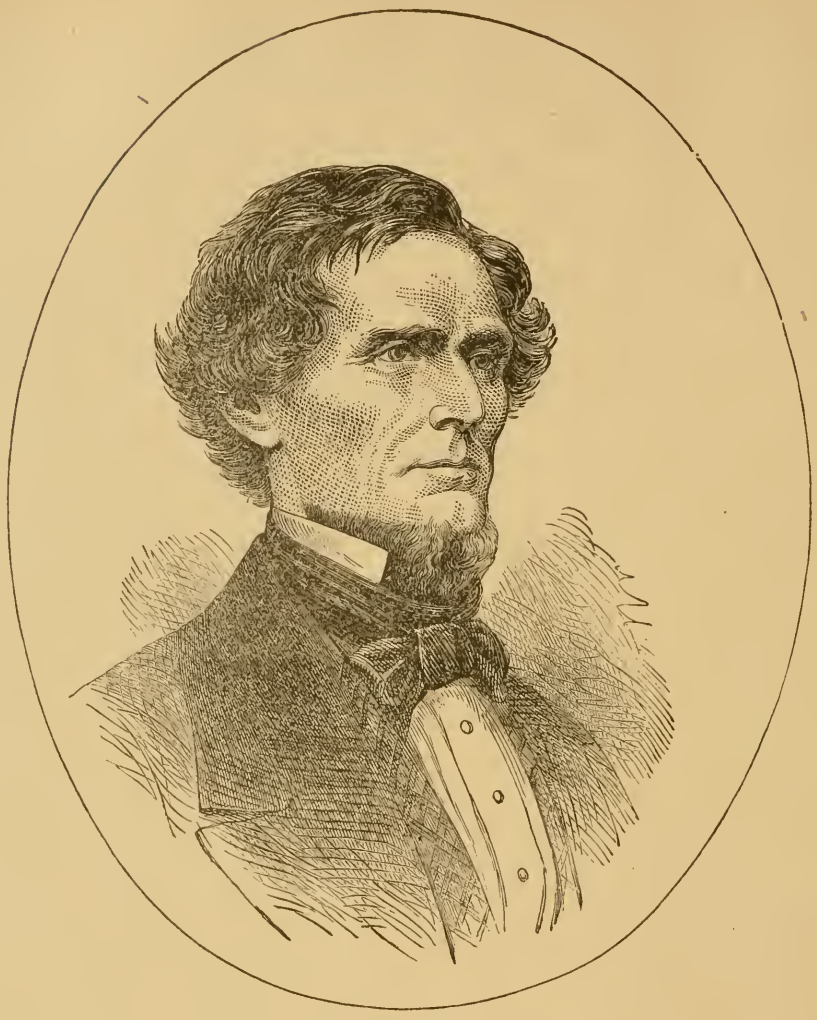
The supreme law was made that equal rights were secured to all citizens. Slavery has been done away with forever in our beloved country. American citizens of every kind have now equal rights before the law.

Andrew Johnson.—1808-1875.
Part of One Term, 1865-1869.

Jefferson Davis, the leader of the great rebellion, which had cost half a million of precious lives and thousands of millions of money, fled from Richmond, and a heavy sum of money was offered for his capture. He was finally overtaken in Georgia, while fleeing for shelter to a swamp, disguised, so as to avoid being detected.

Horace Greeley.

He was afterwards taken by Union troops to Fortress Monroe and indicted for treason. Pending his trial he was released on bonds, his chief bondsman being Horace



Jefferson Davis.

Greeley, the founder of the New York *Tribune*, and an intense sympathizer of the North. Mr. Greeley welcomed the opportunity to render this assistance to Mr. Davis, and when criticised for his action, made use of that famous phrase: "Let us by this act shake hands across the bloody chasm which has separated the North and South."

Thus ended the political career of Mr. Davis, a man idolized by the South, and to-day regarded by his one-time opponents as one of earnestness, intelligence, ability, and pure motive, yet mis-

led by the teachings of slavery and a doctrine of State rights. He died at his home in Mississippi, December 6th, 1889, his body rests at Richmond, Va., and is one of the sacred spots of the lost cause.

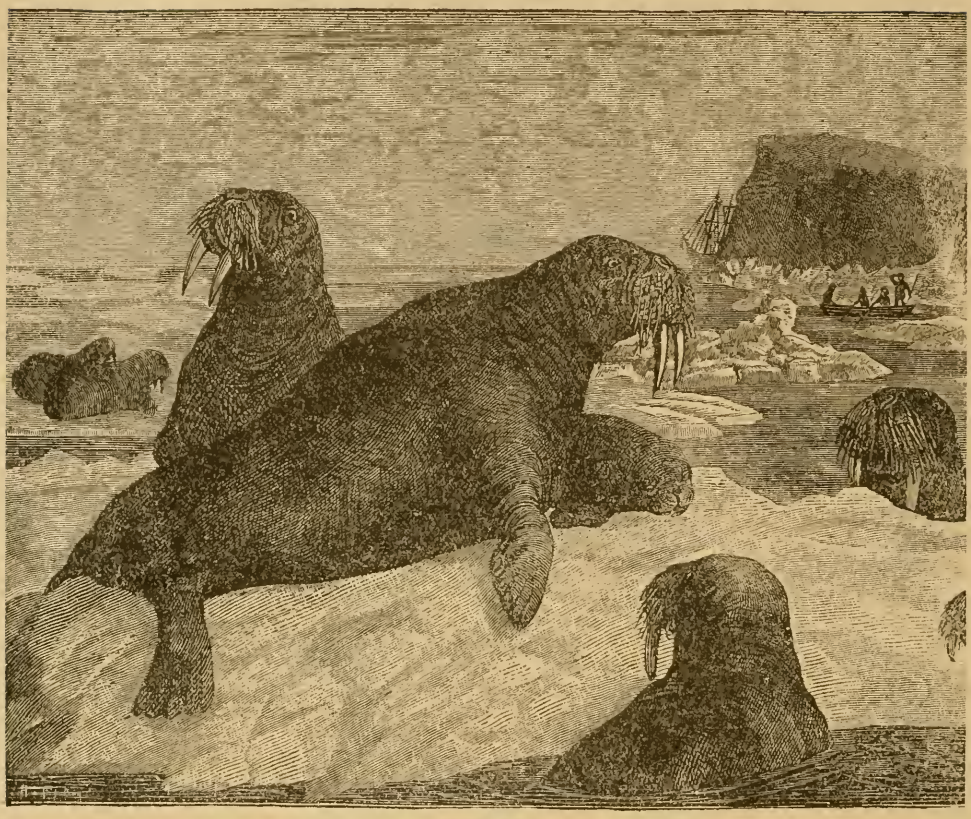
The Atlantic Cable.

THE summer of 1866 was made memorable by the laying of the Atlantic Cable which extends from New York to Liverpool. This was the second one completed. The first one laid in 1858 had failed after a few weeks' operation, but Cyrus W. Field never gave up or never abandoned his enterprise. After many discouragements fame and success joined him hand in hand and as a result to-day we are in communication with the entire world, and so perfect is the system that even though London is thousands of miles away, we read in the morning papers events that occurred there only last evening. Mr. Field received from Congress a gold medal and the appreciation of the entire world.

Alaska.

BY looking on your map, you will notice way off to the extreme Northwest of America lies a large tract of land called Alaska. In 1865 a party of explorers from the United States went there with a view of establishing telegraphic communication with Asia. Instead of finding a worthless country as people had formerly believed, they found the largest and finest pine and cedar forests of the world. Not only this but they saw it afforded grand opportunities for seal fishing. So Congress said "How I wish we could own Alaska." She belonged to Russia and here lived about thirty thousand people, mostly Eskimos. Then negotiations for the purchase of the country was opened up and in March, 1867, a treaty was concluded between Russia and the United States, by which we were to pay seven million two hundred thousand dollars for an area of five hundred and eighty thousand square miles.

Alaska, in a very few years, from seal fishing alone, has



Alaska Seals.

yielded enough profit to the Government to make good all which "Uncle Sam" paid for her.

Grant's Administration.

SUCH was the condition of our country on the 4th of March, 1869, when Ulysses S. Grant, the eminent soldier during the Civil War, whom the people had chosen to be President of the Republic, was inaugurated.

The great railway communication which extends across the continent between the two great oceans, the Atlantic and Pacific, known as the Pacific Railroad, was completed.

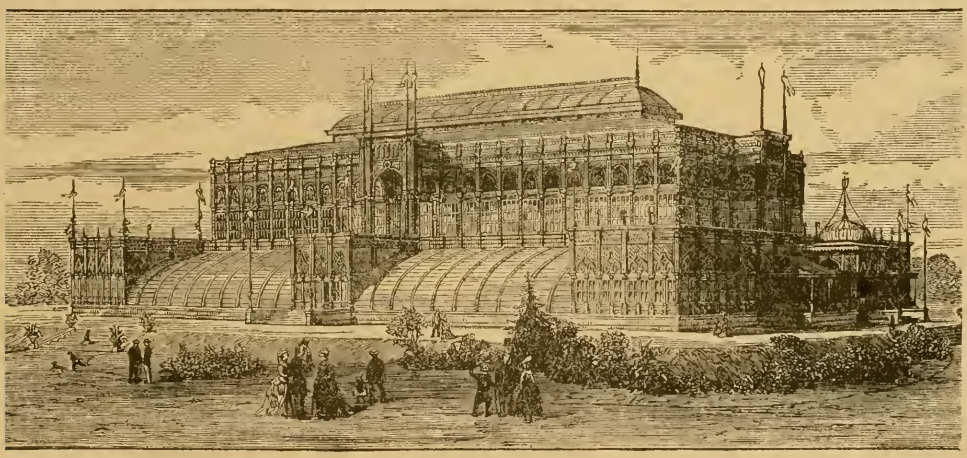
President Grant's first term of office ended in March, 1873.

The people had been prosperous. The Union had been

Ulysses S. Grant—1822-1885.

politically restored. Claims against Great Britain growing out of events of the Civil War had been settled. A large amount of the public debt had been paid, the taxes had been reduced, and all of our foreign relations were satisfactory. In the autumn of 1872 President Grant was re-elected, and he began his second term on March 4, 1873.

For six months in 1876 there was a "Centennial Exhibition" in Philadelphia, in which were seen productions of the industry of more than thirty nations. About 10,000,000 people visited it. About this time came the great Indian war of the West.



Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia.

The Sioux War of 1876.

EVER since the white man first landed in America, the various tribes of Indians have felt that they were being gradually driven from their homes. The Sioux, a fierce Nation of the West, had in 1868 agreed with the Government to relinquish all territory except a large reservation in South-western Dakota, to which place they promised to retire by

January 1st, 1876. In the meantime gold was discovered in the Black Hills which was within the limits of the Indian Reservation. The treaty between the Indians and the whites was not strong enough to keep the avaricious white gold diggers and adventurers out of the region. This, as you see, gave the Indians an excuse for breaking over their boundary and roaming at large. They also considered it an excuse for the many bad deeds and depredations which they committed in Wyoming and Montana.

This state of affairs continued until June, 1876, when the Government determined to drive them back upon their reservation. At this time the Indians numbered several thousand and were led by their Chieftain, Sitting Bull, who had the elements of a great warrior. Probably no tribe has ever had a more superior leader. In war he possessed a bravery unknown, and combined strategy with cruelty.

He saw that a terrible battle must soon be fought, so with excellent judgment selected a point surrounded by what is known as the "bad lands," but kept his supply source open with the Canadian French. This he could easily do, for shortly before he had professed to become converted to Christianity and had joined a church in Canada. The government decided to send out three expeditions, each to move in a different direction. One of these was under General Custer who was supposed to "strike the blow." Unfortunately no instructions were given as to how many miles each division should travel per day. So Custer arrived first, being noted for his quick movements, having made ninety miles in the first three days. He soon found the Indians in large numbers, and deemed it best to divide his command in three divisions, one of which he placed under Major Reno, another under Major Benteen, and led the other himself.

The Massacre of Custer's Army.

WHILE Custer was making a detour to enter the village, Reno attacked a body of Indians, who, after retreating almost three miles, turned on his troops and drove them into the woods. Benteen came up to help Reno, but he, too, became frightened and slid out without striking the enemy.

So it happened that the brave, undaunted General Custer with his noble heroes rushed down alone upon the Indian village.

Picture if you can that tall, graceful man with courage in his eye, galloping right into the very jaws of death. He hoped against hope. There were five thousand deadly rifles pouring shot like hail into their midst. Custer peered through the smoke for Reno and Benteen, thinking all the time "They will come yet." With cheery words from their commander on the troops fought until only a dozen were left. Then down went Custer like a strong oak shattered by a lightning's bolt. He partly rose and, after fatally striking three more Indians and breaking his sword on the fourth, fell back upon the dead and wounded with a broken blade and an empty pistol. Thus he died with the thought of having done his best. To-day the blessings of a grateful country are upon his memory. When the news was learned, soldiers everywhere made a pilgrimage to the sacred spot and loving hands there reared a pyramid of bones in commemoration of the event, which stands amid sunshine and shower, overlooking the Little Big Horn. This occurred on the 25th of June, 1876.

General Custer.

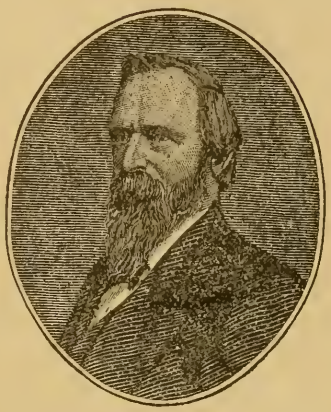
Soon other detachments were sent to the scene of war, and finally, on the 6th of January, 1877, the remnant of the Sioux tribe was routed out by General Miles. The remaining bands made

Custer's Last Charge.

their escape into Manitoba. There they remained until fall, when terms of peace were proposed to Sitting Bull, but not until three years later did they return to their reservation in Dakota.

Hayes' Administration.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, the nineteenth President of the United States, did much to allay sectional feeling, and gave promise of a speedy restoration of cordial feelings between the people of the North and South.



Rutherford B. Hayes—1822-1893. 1877-1881.

The taxes were diminished, and many millions of dollars of the public debt paid. By a reduction in the rate of interest, millions of dollars were annually saved.

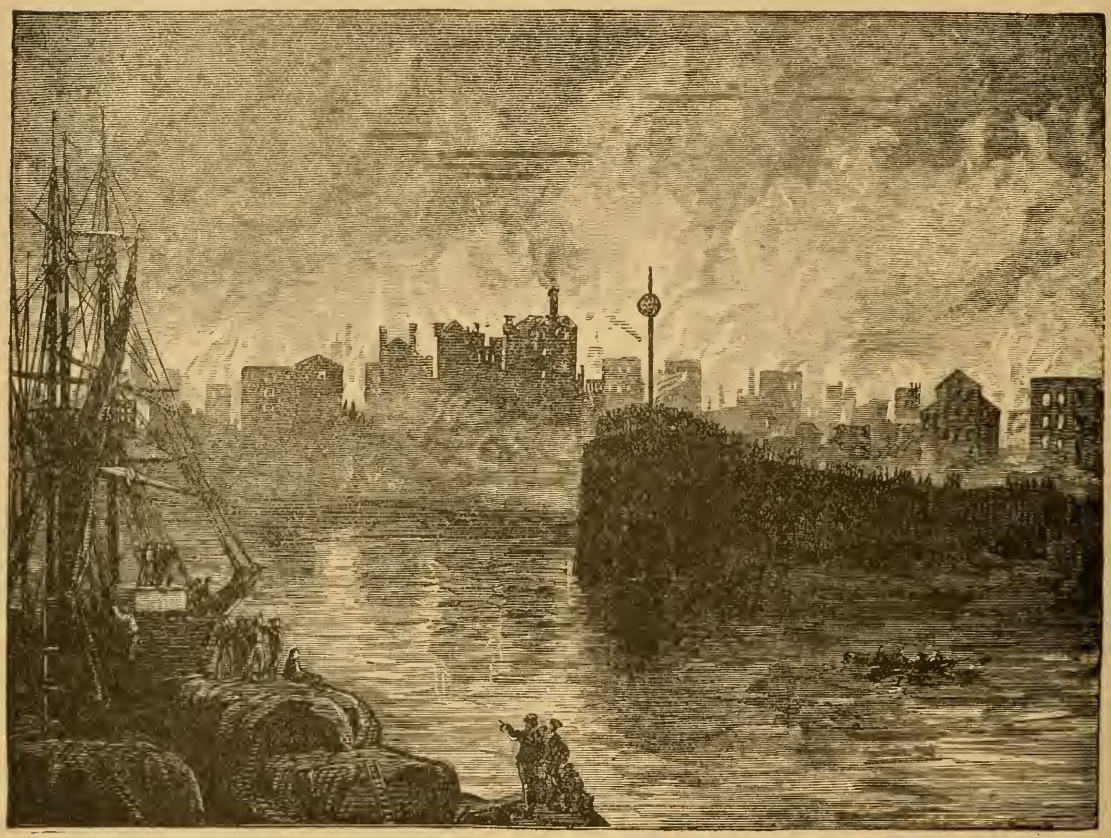
In the fall of 1880, General James A. Garfield was elected President of the United States, and Chester A. Arthur was chosen Vice-President.

The Burning of Chicago.

ALL who read this book must, at sometime, have realized what a dreadful thing is a fire. Perhaps you have heard debating clubs discuss the subject "which can do the greatest damage, fire or water?" Well, I fancy that the people who lived in Chicago on the evening of October 8th, in the year 1871, thought that fire could do the greatest damage.

How the Chicago fire started is hard to tell, yet it is generally supposed to have broken out in the barn of a Mrs. O'Leary, who resided in the north part of the city. She was at the time milking a cow. Near by stood her lantern. The perverse cow for some reason gave a kick, over went the lantern and soon the barn was ablaze. This occurred at the time of an extreme drouth; the city, as well as the surrounding country, was parched. Flames spread from barn to house, from house to shops and thence to lumber yards, and soon the whole city was in flames. All that

night and the next day, the deluge of fire rolled on; springing even across the river, sweeping everything before it. The area burned was three and a third square miles. About two hundred

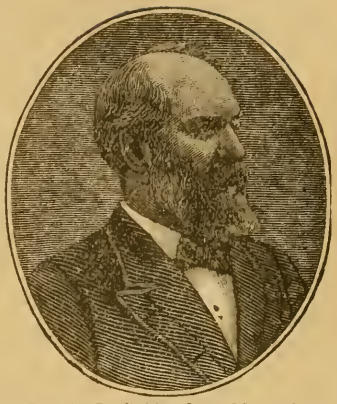


Burning of Chicago.

lives were lost and property destroyed to the amount of two hundred millions of dollars. Never had there been such a fire except the burning of Moscow. The ravaged district was the greatest ever swept over by fire in a city, the amount of property was second in value, and the suffering occasioned third among the great conflagrations of the world. Never before did a like disaster serve to bring out the noble qualities of a civilization. Money, provisions and assistance of all kinds poured in from every part of the United States to assist those in distress.

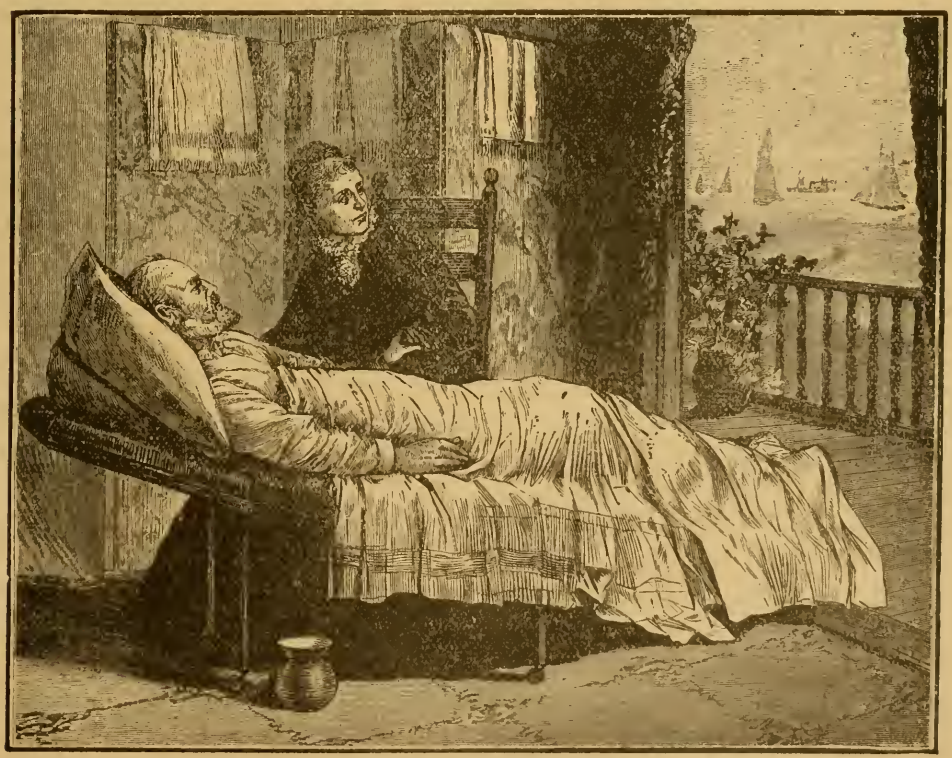
Garfield's Administration.

JAMES A. GARFIELD, the twentieth President of the United States, was inaugurated on March 4, 1881. He had agreed to treaties with several foreign nations about various public matters, and was carrying on the government well, when, on the 2d of July, he was shot by a half-crazy man at Washington. He lived until September 19th, when he died.

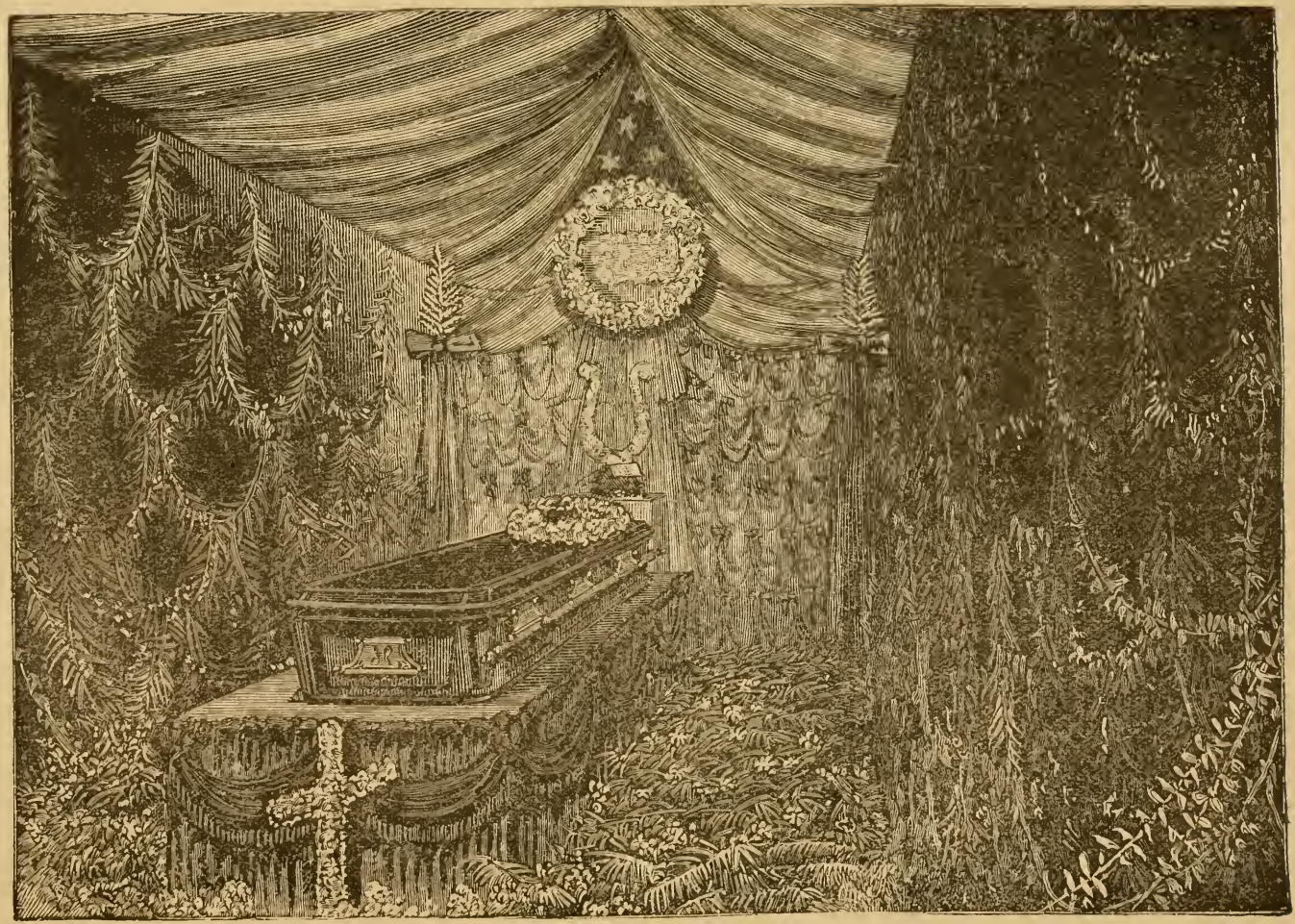


James A. Garfield—1831-1881. 1881.

Everybody mourned President Garfield's death. Queen Victoria, the King of Spain and other rulers in Europe expressed their sorrow. When Garfield died, Vice-President Arthur became President of the United States.



Garfield's Struggle with Death.



Garfield Lying in State.

Arthur's Administration.

ARTHUR'S administration was a prosperous and satisfactory one. The taxes and the public debt continually decreased, and the country was at peace with all the world.

Among the most prominent laws passed during his administration were acts for promoting reform in the civil service, to suppress polygamy in Utah, and to forbid Chinese immigration into the United States. The subject of the civilization of the Indians received much and earnest attention.

Chester A. Arthur—1830-1886.

The Telephone and Phonograph.

OUR book of American History would not be complete without at least a word about that great invention, the Telephone. It has remained for an American to solve the problem of communication between persons at a distance from each other. Scientists, by means of electricity and sound, have devised an apparatus for transmitting the voice to a distance of hundreds of miles. The credit should be given to Alexander Graham Bell, of Massachusetts, and to Elisha P. Gray, of Chicago.

Closely following the telephone is the Phonograph, an invention based on the same principle of science, but brought about by different means. The phonograph is made to talk and sing, thus enabling one to read by the ear instead of the eye.

Edison, the Genius of the Age.

TO-DAY the old system of illumination is giving way to the splendors of electric glow. With man's progress came the much needed question of artificial light. Electric lights not only adorn the streets of our cities, but grace our parlors, furnishing a stronger, a cleaner and more healthful light than any

other known. To Thomas A. Edison, of Massachusetts, belongs the glory of bringing electricity for lighting purposes to a successful basis. Other scientists before him had experimented, but to Edison remained the work of removing the final difficulties. Electricity is to-day furnishing the motive power for street cars, railroads, engines, etc., and it is predicted that before the dawn of a new century more wonderful still will be the achievements of this untutored and remarkable man.

With no less possibilities in scientific research comes the Kinetoscope, his latest invention, which by a thousand instantaneous pictures enables one to see the lifelike motions of "a child at play," "a distant battle," or the varied scenes of a "County Fair."

Administration of Grover Cleveland.

WITH Cleveland came the Democratic Restoration. The Republicans had been in power for twenty-four years. At the beginning of his administration he was confronted with many trials, but so well did he please the people that when he retired from office he was permitted to remain in retirement only four years, at which time he was again called to take the Presidential chair.

Grover Cleveland—1837 ——.

It was during Cleveland's first administration that a feeling of discontent began to spring up among the laboring classes. This was due partly to a series of bad crops and partly because capitalists withdrew money from legitimate productions, this reducing means of employing labor and causing a stagnation in business.

This feeling reached its height when an outbreak occurred in Chicago on the 4th of May, 1887. A reckless crowd had collected at a place called The Haymarket. The anarchists were about to begin their usual exciting and inflammatory proceeding when a squad of policemen drew near with the intention of controlling the meeting.

A horrible scene followed. Dynamite bombs were thrown into the crowd and many exploded near the policemen. Several of the leading anarchists were arrested, brought to trial, condemned and executed on the charge of inciting to murder.

So all during Cleveland's administration the public mind was swayed hither and thither by party politics, and on election day, the Republican nominee, Benjamin H. Harrison, great-grandson of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, was elected President of the United States.

Earthquake at Charleston.

DOES it not seem as if the City of Charleston, S. C., has had much more than her share of misfortunes? Well, this was what I thought when the newspapers all over the country on the morning of September 1st, 1886, gave to the world an account of that great disturbance known as an earth-

Earthquake at Charleston.

quake, which had occurred the night before just as people were getting ready for bed. The first intimation that the Signal Service Bureau at Washington city had of this catastrophe was a surmise. They knew that something was wrong. No communication was possible. All telegraph wires were suddenly cut off. Without a moment's warning the city had been shocked and rent to its very foundation. Hardly a building escaped injury and almost a third of the city was in half or total ruins. The whole Atlantic coast was more or less affected, and for leagues from the shore the ocean was thrown in a turmoil.

The people fled from the falling houses to the parks and public squares. Here they erected tents and remained for weeks, afraid to return to their homes. It was after a time, however, discovered that these shocks were only the dying away of great convulsions and that further alarm was unnecessary, and people returned to their homes.

With true American energy the débris was in a few months cleared away, business was resumed and to-day were it not for a few cracks and fissures in buildings we would never know that anything had happened there to disturb their peace.

The Administration of Benjamin Harrison.

IN accordance with the custom of the Government, General Harrison was inaugurated President on the 4th of March, 1889. It is said that he had succeeded better than any one of his predecessors in keeping his own counsels during the time between his election and inauguration. All waited with interest his Inaugural Address, and I can heartily say he did not disappoint the party whom he represented. No great catastrophe occurred during his Administration except that of the Johnstown flood.

Benjamin Harrison—1833— —.
One Term, 1889-1893.

Johnstown Flood.

WILL you not get your geography and look upon the map of Pennsylvania for the thriving town of Johnstown?

Here in the year 1889 occurred a great calamity. It came about by the bursting of a reservoir and the pouring out of a deluge in the valley below. A large artificial fishing lake, five miles in length and varying in depth from fifty to one hundred feet had been made in the ravine of South Fork River. This was owned by a party of wealthy sportsmen. Many

Warning the Inhabitants.

times the people had said "This lake is not safe; some day the dam will break and woe be to the residents below."

It occurred in May, just after the Spring rains, when the river and lake were filled to overflowing. The dam had been imperfectly constructed, so you see it was an easy matter to break open. This is precisely what it did. It burst wide open in the center, and a solid wall of water, from twenty to fifty feet in height, rushed down the valley with terrible violence, sweeping everything before it.

The prosperous town of Johnstown was totally wrecked and thrown in an indescribable heap of horror against the aqueduct of the Pennsylvania Railroad, below the town. What made matters still worse, the ruins caught fire and the shrieks of the hundreds of victims were terrible to think about. As near as can be ascertained about three thousand people perished in the flood or were burned to death in the ruins.

The news spread dismay all over the country. Every family mourned, and all, no matter how poor, sent help to the sufferers. Millions of dollars in money and supplies were poured out to relieve the despair of those who survived.

Indian Outbreak.

IN December, 1890, the country was surprised by the reports of a serious outbreak of the Indians on the reservations in the Dakotas, and at the same time a feeling of unrest fell among the Agency Indians. They were indulging in the Ghost Dances, and as the craze traveled to other tribes farther West and to the Canadian Indians on the North, it appeared that there would be a general uprising. The Indians have always believed in the coming of the Messiah, and the crafty old medicine man, Sitting Bull, who had returned to Dakota eleven years before, fostered the superstition and inaugurated the Ghost Dance. For many years his name was almost as well known as that of any millionaire or statesman. He had shown a continuous hostility against the whites, and for nearly twenty years vain attempts were made to bring him into subjection. He was a chief of the Dakota Sioux, both by inheritance and deeds, being one of the most daring of the red men, and a man of natural intelligence, great energy and, force. His purpose was to assemble warriors in the spring, and, with the aid of the Messiah, bring back to life all the dead Indians, drive the white man out and restore the country to its pristine glory. If the Messiah failed to appear he would still have behind him a force large enough to hold back the soldiers and enable him to escape to Canada.

The Interior Department promptly transferred control of the

Indian Dance.

Indians of North Dakota to the War Department. It was the intention to overawe them by bringing against them an equal force of soldiers. About the same time there were startling reports from the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Agencies in South Dakota, that the

Indians were killing and running off cattle and establishing a camp in the Bad Lands, there to await the coming of the troops. General Brooke, an old Indian fighter, personally in charge of the

Indian Demanding Tribute.

troops, was visited by a delegation of the hostiles, but the conference came to naught.

The death of Sitting Bull was unexpected. He had promised to come into the agency and surrender, but not doing so, and as he was considered the chief instigator of the hostilities, the Indian Police at the Pine Ridge Agency were ordered to arrest him, in order to prevent his departure for the Bad Lands, where he would be safe. The police were followed by a troop of cavalry and a company of infantry, and, without waiting for the soldiers to come up, at once placed the old chief under arrest and started back with him to the agency. Scarcely had they gotten under way

Death of Sitting Bull.

when friends of the old Indian rallied to his rescue and a terrible fight of the hand to hand description followed. The police, although surrounded and greatly outnumbered, fought like demons, and held their own until the calvary came up and succeeded in compelling the Indians to flee or surrender. Sitting Bull was killed, being shot through the body and head by Bullhead and Red Tomahawk. Four policemen were killed outright, another died at the agency from wounds, while the hostiles lost eight killed, including Crow Foot, the son of Sitting Bull.

Great uncertainty is attached to the birth of Sitting Bull. According to some authorities he was born near old Fort George in Dakota, in 1837. Another says that he was a native of Fort Garry (now Winnipeg), and a graduate of St. John's College there. Old traders declare that they remember him well as Charlie Jacobs, a half breed, who attended the College in its infancy, but disappeared in 1853. Sitting Bull, when once asked if he remembered anything about Fort Garry, laughed and said he knew all about the principal people there.

Battle of Wounded Knee Creek.

IN the annals of American history there cannot be found a battle so fierce, bloody and decisive as the fight at Wounded Knee Creek between the Seventh Cavalry and Big Foot's band of Sioux. It was a stand-up fight of the most desperate kind, in which nearly the entire band was annihilated, and although the soldiers outnumbered their opponents nearly three to one, the victory was won by two troops, about one hundred strong, at least twenty less than the warriors in front of them. The Seventh Cavalry was the regiment, the contingent of which died around Custer in 1878.

The night before the Indians had agreed to submit, and the troops were up bright and early in readiness to move by eight o'clock. At that hour the cavalry and dismounted troops were massed about the Indian village, the Hotchkiss guns overlooking the camp not fifty yards away. The Indians were ordered to come forward, away from their tents, and when the band, under the

Frontier Scout.

leadership of Big Foot, walked out of their lodges and formed a semicircle in front of the soldiers' tents, there was nothing to indicate that they would not submit. Colonel Forsyth, an Indian fighter of tried worth, never gave a thought to the chance of a fight. When it was made plain to the band that their arms must be given up, the murmur of discontent was unanimous. When the soldiers proceeded to disarm them and search their tents the medicine man jumped up, uttered a loud incantation and fired at a trooper standing guard over the captured guns. That was the signal for fight, and in a second every buck in the party rose to his feet, cast aside the blanket which covered his Winchester, and, taking aim, fired directly at the troop in front. It was a terrible onslaught, and so sudden that all were stunned, but, quickly recovering, they opened fire on the enemy. The position of troops B and K would not allow their fellow-cavalrymen to fire, lest they shoot through the Indians and kill their own men. Thus the terrible duel raged for thirty minutes. Someone ordered "Spare the women," but the squaws fought like demons and could not be distinguished from the men. The entire band was practically slaughtered, and those who escaped to the ravine were followed by the cavalry and shot down wherever found. The chief medicine man, whose incantations had caused the band to act with such murderous treachery, fell with a dozen bullets in

his body. The Seventh Cavalry had an old grudge to settle, and they did their work well. Captain Wallace, commanding Troop K, and several privates were killed. Lieutenant Garlington was severely wounded in the arm. It is claimed that of the Indians

Messenger.

there were but two survivors, one of which was a baby girl about three months old, who has since been adopted by a wealthy lady in Washington.

One of the saddest events of the Indian outbreak was the murder of young Lieutenant Casey on January 7th. He was shot, while out reconnoitering, by a treacherous Brule Indian. The lieutenant, who was in command of a large body of Cheyenne scouts, had many friends in the hostile camp near White River, who denounced the Brules bitterly for countenancing the murder.

He had been in command of the troop of scouts for about a year, and was working in the interest of the Indians themselves.

After the defeat of the Indians at Wounded Knee Creek, they were ready to close the conflict and make the best terms possible with General Miles. On the 22d of January there was a grand military review in honor of the victory over the redskins. Ten

Buffalo Bill, a Foe of the Indians.

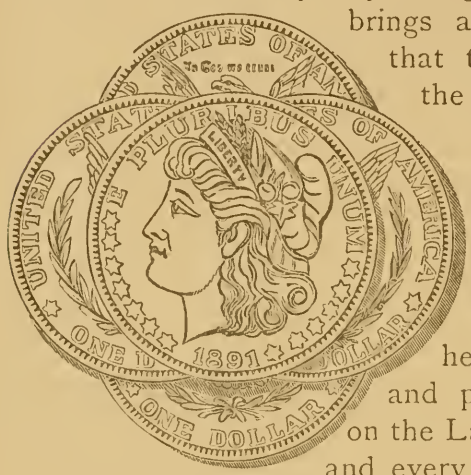
thousand Sioux had a good opportunity to see the strength and discipline of the United States army, the end of the ghost-dance rebellion being marked by a review of all the soldiers who had taken part in crushing the Indians. Thus passed into history probably not only the most remarkable of our Indian wars, but the last one there will ever be.

Second Administration of Cleveland.

AT the election in 1892 everything went against the Republican party and mostly in favor of the Democrats. Cleveland being their choice, he was again made President.

The World's Columbian Exposition.

IT was now almost four hundred years since Columbus discovered America. Our country had grown from a small settlement of people brought over in the *Mayflower* to a prosperous nation of over 50,000,000 inhabitants. It had achieved independence, glory, peace and prosperity, so why not celebrate? This was what everybody thought, and, as you know, "thinking brings acting," so it was finally decided that to Chicago the honor of holding the Exposition was due.



If you know anything about Chicago at all, you know she never does anything by halves. She went to work with a will and, while she is often called the "Windy City," she gladdened all hearts by her patriotism, liberality and public spirit. A site was selected on the Lake Front, known as Jackson Park, and every energy was bent to make it the grandest and most unique show ever brought about in the old world or new.

The managers of the Exposition, with the aid of Congress, decided it should eclipse all previous expositions that the world had seen. One particular feature was the recognition of women in full fellowship with men in the conduct of the Exposition. Congress passed an act that there should be a woman's department, and a board of lady managers was appointed by the President.

The President also appointed commissions of the Fair for the different States; and then issued a proclamation, officially inviting all the nations of the earth to participate in the Exposition.

The great work went forward, and in October, 1892, the buildings were dedicated, and in May, 1893, came the formal opening to visitors.

Not only did the United States celebrate the discovery of America, but Spain also, who had not yet forgotten her good

The Art Palace, World's Fair.

Queen Isabella, who offered her jewels in order to equip a fleet for Columbus. At Genoa, also, the birthplace of Columbus, was held, under the auspices of the King and Queen of Italy, another exposition, but none of these compared to the one known as the "World's Fair" at Chicago.

At the dedicatory services in Chicago, there gathered no less than one million visitors. Never before in history had so many people assembled on a festal occasion. Four hundred years of marvelous progress was to receive the offerings of the world's applause.

Then in May, 1893, came the visitors to behold the achievements. For six months the crowds came and went. When done, America said "Another jewel is added to our accomplished glory." It was great in many ways, but principally as an educator for the young and old, rich and poor.

The Presidential Election of 1896.

OUR "Young People's History" would not be complete without a sketch of the fierce Presidential contest of 1896 and some of the questions which confront our people to-day. From the repeal of the so-called "Sherman Law" by Congress in the special session of 1893, the friends of silver began to organize and prepare for a tremendous struggle in its behalf. The "Wilson-Gorman" tariff bill which superseded the "McKinley Bill" of 1890 failed to furnish revenue sufficient to meet the expense of the government. The panic of '93 came upon us, more widespread, more serious in its consequences, than any other financial crisis in our history. Business was at a standstill, labor was without employment, failure succeeded failure with startling rapidity, confidence

William McKinley.

was destroyed and men sought for a cause of these conditions.

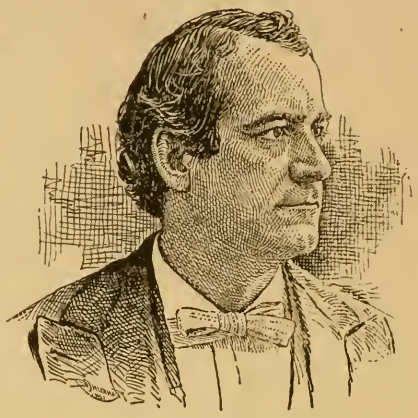
The friends of silver attributed it to legislation adverse to the interests of that metal, while the advocates of a protective tariff traced the disasters of the time to a tariff which neither furnished money enough to keep the government from borrowing nor furnished labor for our workmen. The silver men then began an active campaign. Clubs were formed especially in the south and west, silver literature was sent broadcast, speakers were employed and the currency question was discussed as never before.

When the time for the nomination of Presidential candidates arrived, the country was in a fever of excitement. The Republican Convention met in St. Louis in June and after a bitter debate adopted a platform in favor of the gold standard, pledging to do its utmost to secure the recognition of silver as money by gold-standard nations at a ratio to be determined by international conference, and to a protective tariff. William McKinley of Ohio was nominated for President and Garrett A. Hobart of New Jersey for Vice-President.

The Democratic convention was held in Chicago in July with the silver men in control. In the debate following the report of the committee upon resolutions, William J. Bryan of Nebraska supported the silver plank in a speech so eloquent, so convincing that the enthusiasm aroused could not be stemmed. When the time for naming candidates came, Mr. Bryan was nominated for President amid scenes of wild confusion. Arthur Sewall of Maine was selected for Vice-President. The platform declared for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, and for a continuation of the existing tariff.

Later the Populists held their convention and nominated Mr. Bryan for President and Thomas Watson of Georgia for Vice-President. The Silver Party, so-called, indorsed the nomination of Mr. Bryan and the campaign was on. The issues were clearly outlined. Party lines were in a measure obliterated. The eastern and central states seemed to favor the Republican platform, while the southern and western states were pronounced for silver. In September, the "Gold Democrats" met at Indianapolis and nominated John M. Palmer of Illinois for President and Simon B.

Buckner of Kentucky for Vice-President on a platform declaring for the gold standard only.



W. J. Bryan.

Mr. Bryan chose to stump the country, traveling by special train and addressing the people at every stop. Mr. McKinley remained at his home in Canton and there for weeks daily received delegations from all parts of the land. Never before had such an interest been taken in a Presidential contest. Both sides were confident, but to all it was apparent that Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa would determine the result. As election approached, interest in the outcome increased. Business was suspended. On every side were heard bitter debates. Meetings were held day and night, each party claiming that in the election of its candidate alone lay the salvation of the country.

On November 5th the battle of the ballots was fought. The returns showed the election of Mr. McKinley by a large majority of both the popular and the electoral vote. Old traditions were broken; West Virginia, Maryland and Kentucky were found for the first time in the Republican column, while Colorado, Nevada, Kansas and Nebraska were in the Democratic ranks. Then came the manifestation of the patriotism of our people, the vindication of our system of government. The result was accepted by all. Bitterness was forgotten and Mr. McKinley was hailed as coming President, not of Republicans or Democrats, but of the people.

On March 4th, 1897, Mr. McKinley was inaugurated as President amidst a scene of splendor never to be forgotten. He had previously announced his cabinet to the public, and his selections were approved by the people, regardless of party. John Sherman of Ohio, with a brilliant record of forty years of public life, was made Secretary of State; Lyman J. Gage of Illinois, President of the First National Bank of Chicago, recognized as an able and conservative financier, but never an office holder, was named

Secretary of the Treasury. Russell A. Alger of Michigan, popular among the old soldiers, was made Secretary of War; John D. Long of Massachusetts was made Secretary of the Navy; James A. Gary of Maryland, Postmaster General; Judge Joseph McKenna of California, Attorney General, and Cornelius Bliss of New York, Secretary of the Interior. These were promptly confirmed by the Senate. The present cabinet is remarkable for the absence of

Hon. John Sherman.

politicians and for the presence of business men, a fact which promises well for the country.

In his inaugural address, Mr. McKinley emphasized the need of revenue and called a special session of Congress, to meet March 15th, to provide sufficient revenue. Congress gathered on that date and promptly reported the "Dingley Bill," which its author claimed would furnish money for the government and open factories and mills closed by the Democratic tariff. The arbitration

treaty with England not confirmed by the Senate during Mr. Cleveland's administration was urged by the President for ratification, also an international conference upon the silver question was advocated and a commission of statesmen, business men, bankers and economists recommended to formulate a currency system better adapted to our needs than the present one.

So begins the administration of Mr. McKinley. That it may restore prosperity and add to the glory of our nation is the heartfelt prayer of every American.

Our Nation To=Day.

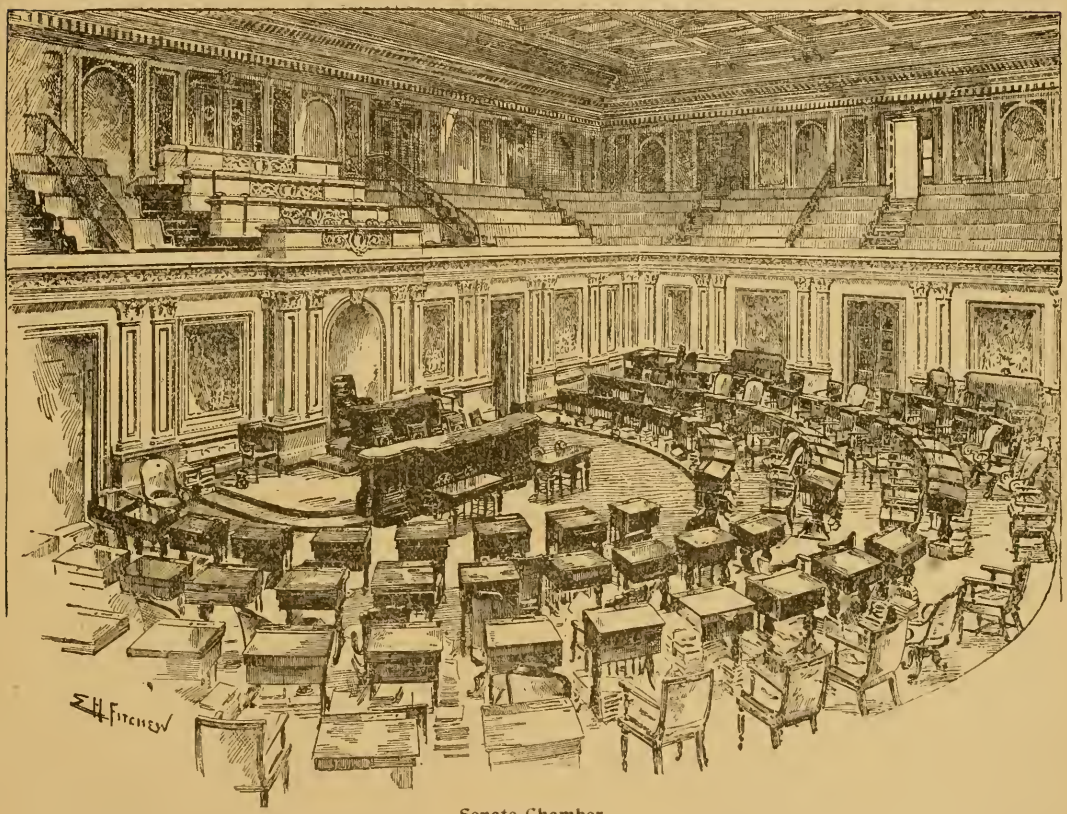
PERHAPS nothing can better show the feeling of our country to-day than to describe a banquet given by the Marquette Club of Chicago, dated February 12, 1897, in honor of our dead hero, Abraham Lincoln.

High up on the middle arch of the Auditorium banquet hall there hung a portrait of Abraham Lincoln.

Above it crouched an eagle and from each side swept in graceful folds of red, white and blue silk the emblem of that Union whose integrity he had died to preserve.

In the address of welcome the speaker said: "It might not be improper to pause here long enough to throw a few bouquets at our opponents, the free-silverites. They certainly deserve credit for the loyalty and zeal, almost amounting to fanaticism, which they displayed for their cause. To them it was more awe-inspiring than the ominous crescent of the Saracens and more worshipful than the cross of the Crusader. No more dramatic and picturesque character ever appeared in a nation than that of their leader, Mr. Bryan. He is my personal friend, and I know that in every personal and manly attribute he is sans peur et sans reproche. The admiration of his followers amounted to hero-worship, and they read his name in the Bible and saw his face in the clouds. A free-silverite at Moline, Ill., in conversation with a Swede, after exhausting all arguments, finally said, "Well, there are no flies on this free-silver business." The Swede replied, "Naw, Ay tank not. Ov course, dem flies they half some sense, too."

"One year ago to-night, in this hall, this club had for its guest an honored statesman, who to-day is the chief magistrate-elect of this great republic. I remember well his words descriptive of the great love of the immortal Lincoln for the common people. I remember how he told us that amid the darkest clouds of the war, Lincoln reached out his hand to touch the hand of the people, as a little child reaches out its hand in darkness to touch the hand



Senate Chamber.

of its mother. The Republican party has always been the friend of the poor man and has always resented any attempt to array one class of our people against another. The doctrine of hate preached in the last campaign was an attempt to array capital against labor, employer against employee, and the East against the West.

No Room for Class Distinction.

"In the American republic, where the gates of opportunity are open to the poorest and humblest boy in the land, there is no room for class distinctions or class hatred. When our forefathers built this government they laid the foundation broad enough so that we could all stand upon it. The lawyer who pleads our case in court, the banker who keeps our money safe, and does our business for us; the doctor who goes to the bedside of the sick and brings life instead of death; the old gray-haired creature, who stands at the baptismal, at the marriage and at the deathbed; the engineer who holds the throttle in the midnight darkness and brings his burden of humanity safe to its destination; the miner who goes into the bowels of the earth and digs the coal that warms us and lights the fires of our great factories; the farmer who, out in the fresh air and sunshine, produces the food that sustains life; the merchant with whom we trade, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, are all covered by the broad folds of the American flag and equally protected in life, liberty, and in the pursuit of happiness. We cannot conceive of George Washington preaching a doctrine of hate between one man and another. Lincoln would never be the advocate of a doctrine that attempts to array the rich against the poor, for it is he who said, "The fact that some are rich is proof that others may become rich." The doctrine of sectional hate was shot to death on the battle-fields of the late war. A dollar that is good for the rich man is none too good for the poor man. A dollar good for the East is good for the West. A good dollar is good everywhere and for everybody. The doctrine of class and sectional hate has no breathing place in free America.

"The Republican party was born out here on the prairies of Illinois. Upon these prairies, so open that truth could find no hiding place; here where the people are bound together by the railroads—those bands of iron—with the church spires forming a successive vision from Chicago to Cairo, with the schoolhouses upon its broad prairies—it was the people of this great State that listened to the debates between Douglas and Lincoln, and as the

words of human liberty fell from the mouth of the great emancipator the hearts of the people beat in unison with his, until the great heart of the Nation joined the procession, keeping time to the drum-beat of the Union armies as they followed Illinois' great General, Ulysses S. Grant, as he struck blow after blow, until the bottom fell out of the armed rebellion upon the field of Appomattox.

"Illinois, Illinois."

"Then was lifted into the forum of our constitution, to shine for ever and ever like a star, the great principle of the equality of all men before the law." Illinois is very proud of the part taken by its great men in that great conflict.

"Not without thy wondrous story,
Illinois, Illinois,
Can be writ the Nation's glory,
Illinois, Illinois.
On the record of thy years
Abr'am Lincoln's name appears,
Grant and Logan—and our tears,
Illinois."

"Proud as we are of our commonwealth and its great men, yet above it all is revered our national fame. As true Republicans we believe it to be an eternal truth that the right of the Federation is above the right of the State, and that in the baptism of fire and blood of the late civil strife there was breathed into this republic the breath of a broader national life. Way off in the mountains of West Virginia rises the Monongahela River and it flows by the grave of my mother, but as the waters wash against its banks by the side of that grave its requiem tells me the story of West Virginia, and those waters flow on into the Ohio, past this State, where is my home and the home of my wife and children, they sing no song of Illinois; and as the same waters rush past the State of my nativity on their way to the gulf I hear not the name of Tennessee; but in that ceaseless murmur between two oceans I hear a grand anthem to the American republic. In it I hear the voice of my Nation proclaiming the will of the people.

"Let us indulge in the hope that the President and Congress coming into power after the 4th of March, under the high warrant of the sovereign people of this republic, may remember whence their power comes, and so use it as to advance the welfare of the whole people, to the end that this republic may fulfill the high destiny designed by its builders."

PART VIII.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

The District of Columbia and the National Capitol.

BY J. H. TIBBITTS.

THE District of Columbia, which contains the capital city of the United States, is situated on the north side of the Potomac River, about the middle of the western and southern boundary of the State of Maryland. It is ten miles long by about six in width, and the surface is broken by a series of gentle hills and valleys partly covered by forest trees, which furnish a great variety of beautiful scenery.

The District was given to the United States by the State of Maryland in 1788, and in 1790 Congress ordered the city to be laid out, and streets improved and such public buildings to be erected as should be needed by the Government. The capital and the Government were moved from Philadelphia to its new home in June, 1800, and Congress first met in its own halls on November 21 of the same year.

The city of Washington lies along the river for three or four miles, and stretches back two miles to the foot of the hills, which rise above the plain nearly two hundred feet, from the tops of which a magnificent view can be had over the city and away down the river to Fort Washington, fifteen miles away. The beautiful new library, with its golden dome, the marble walls and silvery globe-like dome of the Capitol, the Washington monument reaching more than five hundred feet into the air, the dark slate roofs and granite walls of the Government buildings, the slender

towers and church spires standing up above the countless red walls of the houses showing through the green of the hundred thousand trees lining the streets, and all reaching down to the lake-like river, with the blue hills of old Virginia in the background, altogether make such a landscape that is not equaled, perhaps, in the world.

Within the city are a score or more of beautiful parks, each containing from one to seventy acres, and all handsomely laid with walks and drives, and set with flowers, shrubbery and trees.

Outside the city is the new National Rock Creek Park, comprising more than a thousand acres, lying along the valley of Rock Creek for two miles or more, with the steep wooded hillsides rising three hundred feet on each side, along the foot of which wanders the narrow channel of the stream which joins the Potomac, a mile below, and along which thousands of children spend many happy hours. Within this park is the Zoölogical Garden, containing many curious and interesting animals and birds, and which is becoming a very popular resort for excursion and picnic parties.

The streets of Washington are covered almost entirely with smooth concrete pavement, there being more than a hundred miles over which children can glide on their roller skates or bicycles. They are also shaded by a great variety of trees which in many cases form a perfect arcade for squares.

When this spot was selected by President Washington for the capital city of the United States it was covered with farms, comprising about 6,300 acres, and was owned by nineteen persons, who gave 2,500 acres for streets, for which they received no pay, and sold about 700 acres to the Government for parks and buildings at $66.66 per acre, and then gave one-half of all the remainder to the Government, to be sold for money with which to improve the streets and to erect the public buildings.

A commission of three men was appointed by President Washington to survey the boundary lines of the District, lay out the streets and parks and attend to making all improvements. This commission decided to call the district "The Territory of Columbia," and the Federal city the "City of Washington," out of respect and veneration for the first citizen of the country, who was then President.

It was also decided that all streets running north and south should be numbered, and those running east and west should be called by the letters of the alphabet, and that the lettering and numbering should begin at the Capitol square, so we have First street east, First street west. A street north and A street south, etc.

National Soldiers Home.

The wide streets or avenues running obliquely are named for the States of the Union, beginning with the names of the New England and Middle States, which were given to what are now some of the most important streets in the city.

Washington is a quiet and clean city in which to live There are no great factories, with their noise and smoke and as it has but little commerce, it seems very dull and sleepy to people who are used to the bustle and hurry of large commercial and manufacturing towns.

In a hundred years Washington has grown from nothing to a city of 300,000 people, with more than a hundred miles of finest

paved streets, lined with a hundred thousand shade trees, and the largest and most costly buildings in the country.

The Origin of Government.

AS children find it useful to have rules and agreements in condncting their games and plays, to avoid constant quarrels and disputes, so it is necessary in all societies and communities to have rules or laws to control and govern the relations between the members; and the larger the society, and more intricate the relations between the members, the greater the need for correct and just regulations to govern them, and the larger will be the number of officers and people to see that the laws are correctly enforced. This is what makes the difference between civilized and uncivilized nations. The uncivilized nations have few and simple laws, and but few officers, while the highly civilized and enlightened nations have many laws and many public officers.

The number of officers and employes of the Government of the United States, with a population of seventy millions, and its great extent of territory, not counting those employed in the army and navy, is 178,717.

When the people employ an officer to transact their business, they expect he will do it promptly, correctly and honestly, but this is not always done, so, as few private citizens have either the time or desire to look after and watch the public servants, a few officers are appointed to oversee or superintend the duties of the many, and a still higher officer is appointed to see that the subordinate officers perform their duties in a satisfactory manner.

In a small community like a township or village all the citizens, or inhabitants who have a vote, can meet together and adopt such laws and regulations as they deem best, and can also elect or appoint officers to see that these laws are carried into effect, and still other officers, or judges, to decide, in case of dispute, just what the laws mean or how they shall be enforced or applied.

So also, we have three kinds of government officers: First, those

who make the laws; second, those who enforce or execute the laws, and, third, those who construe or decide what the laws mean. These three classes of officers, or branches of government, are called the Legislative, or lawmaking branch, the Executive, or enforcing branch, and the Judicial, or deciding branch.

In very large communities, like States, where it is impossible for all the citizens or voters to meet together and make their laws, they are divided into small districts, the voters of which can meet together and elect representatives, to whom they delegate or give the power to make the laws.

These representatives, or delegates, meet at the capital of the various States at fixed times, and make such laws as they think are needed or demanded.

In the Government of the United States there are two kinds of delegates. One kind are called Congressmen or Representatives, of which each State has one or more, according to the number of inhabitants, and the other kind are called Senators, of which each State can have only two. These two classes of legislators meet in two bodies, the House of Representatives and the Senate, which together are called the Houses of Congress, or the Congress of the United States.

These two legislative bodies were created, because it was thought that better and wiser laws would be made than if there were but one law-making body. In this way every proposed law has to pass or meet the approval of both Houses of Congress before it can be adopted. Then after this is done, each measure must be approved by the President before it can become a law.

In order to have a bad law repealed or amended, or any existing law changed, or a new law enacted to which many of the members might be opposed, the lawmakers are changed frequently, the Congressmen being elected for only two years and the Senators for six years. It was thought that the laws would not be changed so often nor for so slight a cause if one branch of Congress were continued longer in office than the other.

It has been found by centuries of experience that to secure good government, and the greatest freedom to each person, each of the three branches of government should be kept entirely sepa-

rate and independent of each other, as an executive who can both make and execute the laws becomes a despot, and the ruler who can both make the law and act as judge is likely to be unjust.

In addition to the lawmaking bodies, the people of the United States also elect their chief executive officer, called the President, whose duties are to see that all the laws of Congress are equally and properly enforced, and to sign or approve such laws of Congress as meet with his commendation.

There is also a Vice-President elected, who becomes President upon the death of the President or his inability to perform the duties of his office.

These two classes of officers, consisting of three hundred and fifty-six representatives and ninety senators, and the President and Vice-President, are all the officers of the Government that are elected by the people.

All the other government officers and employes are appointed by the President or by some of his subordinate officials, who will be described in their proper places.

President and Vice-President of the United States.

THE President and Vice-President are chosen every four years and enter upon their duties the fourth day of March next following their election.

The inauguration of the President of the United States is an important event to the people of Washington and is made the occasion of a great celebration, thousands of people coming from every part of the Union to witness it.

When President McKinley was inaugurated in March, 1897, there was a parade of 50,000 people, consisting of military companies, political clubs and civic organizations, all handsomely uniformed, and marching to the music of a hundred bands. The governors of many of the states with their attendants gayly mounted on fine horses were present, and as the procession marched from the Capitol, where the President and Vice-President had just taken the oath of office, to the White House, where the President lives, it made an imposing and attractive spectacle.

The President and Vice-President always ride at the head of the line, one accompanied by the President whose terms of office have just expired and the other by the Vice-President. Upon reaching the White House, they alight from their carriages and review the parade from a stand. Every company in line salutes the President as it marches past; he in turn acknowledges it with a dignified bow.

At suitable places along the streets are erected covered stands containing from a hundred to three thousand seats each, which are sold to people who wish to see the parade from a comfortable and easy position. So popular are many of these seats that often many people pay as high as three or four dollars for the best seats, though most of them sell for one dollar eăch.

In the evening there is a great display of fireworks, after which the inaugural ball is held. The ball in honor of President McKinley was the grandest affair of its kind ever given in Washington, the public building where it was held being decorated in a most magnificent manner.

Nearly ten thousand people attended, yet the building was amply large enough to hold them all without crowding. The interior of the vast room was completely covered with a drapery of white and yellow, decorated with thousands of plants and flowers, gracefully interwoven with the national colors, and all lighted by thousands of brilliantly colored electric lamps.

The festivities lasted until daylight, but the President and his party only appeared for a short time, slowly walking around the room once, then retiring. The price of the ball tickets are usually five dollars each, and the dinner tickets one dollar each.

The money received from the sale of tickets is used to pay the expenses of the inaugural ceremonies, which often amount to more than fifty thousand dollars.

The President receives a salary of fifty thousand dollars per year, and lives, if he chooses, in the White House or Executive Mansion, which is completely and splendidly furnished in every respect suitable for the chief officer of our country.

The Vice-President receives a salary of eight thousand dollars per year. His duties consist in presiding over the meetings of the

United States Senate, or acting as its chairman. He is not furnished a residence, nor has he any allowance except the salary of one private secretary

Cabinet.

THE President's official family of advisers, or cabinet as they are called, are men appointed by him and confirmed by the Senate, to take charge of the eight great departments of the government. Their official titles are the Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of the Interior, Secretary of War, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of Agriculture, the Postmaster-General and Attorney-General.

Each receives a salary of eight thousand dollars per year, but no other allowance.

Their duties as advisers of the President are to inform him from time to time of the condition of business of the department over which each presides, and to advise him in regard to the manner it can best be conducted, and recommend such changes as in their opinion may be most beneficial to the country.

When any matter of great importance is to be considered a cabinet meeting is called, at which time each member expresses his opinion, at the conclusion of which the President directs such action as seems most proper.

The State Department.

THE first member of the cabinet is called the Secretary of State. The Department of State has charge of all the relations and business between our own and other governments, and conducts all the foreign correspondence of the President. When the President wishes to communicate with another government, the letter or dispatch is prepared under his direction by the Department of State, and forwarded to the United States Minister or representative at the capital of the foreign country, who in turn hands it to the head of the Department of Foreign Affairs, which corresponds to our Department of State.

If there is an answer it is sent the same way, being given to

our minister there, who transmits it to the Secretary of State, who, with the President considers it.

Letters and dispatches are sent through the mail, except in extraordinary cases when a special messenger or bearer of dispatches is employed.

Our government has a representative to each of the principal countries in the world, and nearly all foreign governments have representatives in Washington.

The State Department also has supervision over the consular service. At nearly all the larger cities in the world a consular officer of the United States is stationed to look after the interests of American citizens who may go there to engage in business or for travel.

In seaport towns they look after the American ships which may enter for trade and the American sailors who may go ashore. They see that no injustice or injury may be done them by the authorities or the inhabitants, and to assist in settling any dispute they may have in transacting their business with the local officers of the city. So the strong arm of our country is stretched out in its protecting might over the American citizen almost wherever he goes on the face of the earth.

The consuls also keep the home Government informed as to all laws affecting commerce, to new industries, and to everything of interest to the American people.

The Secretary is also the custodian of the original copies of laws enacted by Congress, and of treaties with foreign governments, and uses his judgment in publishing or promulgating the same.

The Treasury Department.

MOST people are fond of hearing about the great money transactions of our Government. Volumes could be written about the public business of this immense and, in many respects, most important department of the Government.

The compensation of the great army of employes and officers of the Government required in 1896 the sum of $99,500,000.

If this money were all in silver dollars it would make three

hundred freight car loads of twenty thousand pounds each. Quite a lot of money, is it not? A big sum you say and, yet, this is only part of the money paid out by the Government. All the expenses of carrying the mails, amounting to many millions yearly, all the cost of the public buildings, such as postoffices, courthouses and customhouses, all expenses of the army and navy, of building fortifications and ships of war, clearing out the channels of rivers and harbors, pensions to the soldiers, interest on the public debt, and many other things, amounting, altogether, to about five hundred million dollars which this department has to provide yearly to meet the demands of the Government.

As the Government has no money of its own, it must collect taxes from its citizens in various ways, or else borrow. But when a government borrows money it must raise just so much more by taxation some other time, if it is honest, in order to pay it back.

It is true, a small sum of money is received every year from the sale of public lands in the Western States and Territories, and from other sources, such as fees paid for official services by certain officers, but it only amounts to a few million dollars.

The United States have only two ways of raising money by taxation; first, by levying a tax on merchandise imported from other countries, as sugar, wool, iron, silk, and the like; and, second, by levying a tax on articles manufactured in our own country, as a tax on liquor and tobacco. The first tax is called the custom's revenue, from the customhouses or offices through which the imported goods must pass; and the second is called internal revenue, because it is collected on home or domestic products.

It is the business of the Treasury Department to collect the vast amount of taxes, amounting to nearly five hundred million dollars annually, and to do this it employs a great number of people.

Then, too, this department coins all the money and prints all the paper notes and bills that circulate as money, as well as all the postage stamps, revenue stamps and bonds that are used in its business. Altogether there are more than seven thousand people employed in the Treasury Department in the city of Washington,

twelve hundred of which are employed in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

The inspection of steamboats, the care of lighthouses and the life-saving stations along the coast of the ocean and the shores of the great lakes, the execution of the immigration laws, registration of American vessels, and many other duties, come under the supervision of the Treasury Department.

To collect and pay out five hundred million dollars yearly requires a great many officers who are intrusted with the care of this money. Sometimes some of these officers are dishonest, some are careless and others are ignorent; so to prevent loss of the public money, either by dishonesty or carelessness, the officers who are entrusted with the collection and disbursement of money are required to render accounts of all their transactions, either weekly, monthly or quarterly, to the proper accounting office at the Treasury Department, where they are carefully examined.

So carefully has the system of rendering and settling accounts been perfected, that it is almost impossible for an officer to defraud the Treasury of a large sum of money, or to take many small sums, without being detected. In fact, the Government loses but a very small sum annually by dishonest practices.

It may be interesting to know that in the vaults of the Treasury Department at Washington are about one hundred and fifty million silver dollars, three and a half millions in gold and more than forty millions of paper money, making nearly two hundred million dollars that are kept on hand to meet the demands of the public business.

The War Department.

THE Secretary of War has charge, under the President, of everything that pertains to the army of the United States, and to the military service, including also matters relating to river and harbor improvements, and generally all public works authorized by Congress, except public buildings and such structures as are under the Navy Department.

Under the Secretary of War is the Adjutant-General's office,

which keeps the record of every man and officer in the army, issues all orders of the President. The Secretary, or the commanding general, carries on the correspondence with the army, attends to the recruiting of men and appointment of officers, and looks after the discipline of the service.

The Quartermaster-General's office provides and has charge of all the property of the military service, such as buildings, tents, horses, wagons, clothing, forage for animals, and also provides transportation of any kind when needed.

The Commissary-General provides all the food and other supplies for the army except clothing. The Surgeon-General has charge of the health of the army, the military hospitals, and purchases and has the care of all medical supplies.

The Paymaster-General is charged with the payment of the army and all civil employes of the Department. The Engineer-in-Chief has charge of the public works, such as fortifications, improvements of rivers, harbors and roads, and any other work which may be ordered. The Ordnance Bureau has charge of supplying the arms and ammunition for the service, and the Judge Advocate-General reviews the records of all courts-martial on the trial of any enlisted man or officer for any offense committed, and acts as the law-officer for the Department. The office of the Signal Service has charge of all duties pertaining to military signaling, and military telegraph and telephone lines, and has charge of their construction and repair, and collects information in regard to military communication. The army of the United States consists of 23,820 private soldiers, and 2,147 officers.

The Navy Department.

THE Navy Department has the oversight and management of the United States Navy, including the construction or purchase of vessels, arming and equipping them, the enlistment and training of sailors and marines and the education of the officers.

The bureaus under it are in charge of a regular officer of the navy, and their duties are as follows:

The Bureau of Navigation is the administrative office of the Department, and has charge of the education of cadets and officers, the training of sailors and marines, enlistments and discharges, assignments of officers and crews to the various vessels, keeps the records of the service, looks after the discipline, and issues all nautical publications and information of interest to ship owners or masters. Orders governing the movements of naval vessels are issued through this office.

The Bureau of Docks and Yards has charge and supervision of all Government docks, harbors, and navy yards, including their construction, repair or improvement.

The Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting has charge of supplying all vessels with furnishings not part of the ship itself, such as sails, anchors, ropes, lights, compasses, fuel for steamers, etc.

The Ordnance Bureau attends to the purchase or manufacture of arms of all kinds, from the small revolvers to the thirteen-inch cannon, the steel plates for armored ships, and recommends how the armor and guns should be placed on the war vessels.

The Bureau of Construction and Repair.—This office furnishes the plans for all the naval vessels, attends to their construction and repair, whether built by the Government or at private ship yards. It will perhaps be interesting to know that our best war vessels have been built by private ship builders.

The Bureau of Steam Engineering provides plans, and supervises the construction of all steam engines and machinery, either for the propulsion of vessels or for use at the docks or yards.

The Bureau of Medicine and Surgery has charge of all naval hospitals, purchases supplies of medicines and surgical instruments, prepares plans for new hospital buildings, superintends their construction and has charge generally of the sanitary condition of the various branches of the service.

The purchase, distribution and care of all supplies of food and clothing for the naval force is under the supervision of the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing.

The Judge Advocate-General is the law officer of the Navy Department, and reviews the action of all courts trying men or officers for any offense committed while in the service. It also prepares con-

tracts for the construction of vessels and docks, or for other work, attends to the examinations of officers for promotions or retirement, and examines any question of law submitted by the President, Secretary, or by any branch of the Department, and renders an opinion when requested, which is generally taken to govern official action in matters to which it may relate.

The Department of the Interior.

THIS Department has charge of the unsold public lands, their survey and sale, makes regulations concerning how the same may be settled under the laws of Congress, and gives a title or deed to the purchaser of each piece of land sold. It has also the charge of caring for the Indians, furnishing them provisions, seeds or tools for farming their lands; educating the young Indian boys and girls, teaching them trades or how to be farmers.

The Patent Office, under this Department, issues patents for meritorious inventions and keeps a record of every invention for which a patent is claimed, whether the patent is granted or not.

The Pension Bureau is a branch of the Interior Department. Here more than twelve hundred clerks are employed finding out what soldiers and sailors of the United States, or their dependent families or relations, are entitled, under the laws, to receive a pension

The Bureau of Education collects information and statistics concerning schools and colleges and their work, has charge of the educational system of the territories, and publishes reports from time to time on educational matters.

The geological survey, taking the census every tenth year, compiling and publishing information obtained, are also duties of this Department.

Those western railroads which received gifts of land or other aid from the Government in building are to a certain extent under the supervision of the Commissioner of Railroads, who is an officer of the Interior Department.

The national parks, of which there are quite a number, and certain affairs of the territories are also in charge of the Secretary of the Interior.

The Postoffice Department.

THIS Department has charge of everything that pertains to collecting, carrying and delivering the mails; the appointment of postmasters whose compensation does not exceed one thousand dollars per year; the appointment of all employes in the postal service; issue and sale of postage stamps, stamped envelopes and wrappers; the sale and payment of money orders, and the inspection of postoffices by special agents to prevent carelessness or fraud on the part of postmasters or other officers.

There are four assistants to the Postmaster-General. The first assistant fixes the compensation of postmasters and allowances for rent of office, clerk hire, fuel, lights and other expenses of the postmasters; furnishes supplies of stationery, blanks, letter scales; has charge of the money order business, and attends to the disposition of unmailable matter, and returns lost or misdirected letters and parcels.

The second assistant has charge of all matters connected with carrying the mails, including the purchase and repair of mail bags and other articles for use in transporting the mails.

The third assistant is the financial officer of the Department, and has the payment of all sums due contractors for carrying the mails, or to other persons. He also has charge of issuing postage stamps, stamped envelopes, wrappers and postal cards, and collecting the revenue therefrom; and he also has charge of the registered mail matter.

The Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General has charge of the inspection of postoffices, and investigates all alleged frauds in the service and all losses or irregularity of the mails and performs such other duties as may be assigned to him by the Postmaster-General.

The duties of the assistants, however, are subject to change from time to time as the head of the Department may direct.

In this department also comes the "dead letter" office. It will perhaps be interesting to state that here can be found everything, from a preserved reptile in a bottle to a lost or strayed proposal of marriage.

The Department of Agriculture.

THIS is the youngest of the great departments, being created in 1888.

It has charge of all inquiries and investigations of matters affecting the agriculture of the United States. This occupation is so universal throughout the country, one-half of the population being engaged in some branch of it, and almost every business being to some extent dependent upon its prosperity, it was considered wise for the Government to enter upon the work of aiding in its development and improvement.

There is a great variety of subjects about which information is necessary, but which would be too expensive for one to find out on his own account. So the Government undertakes to do it for the public, such as the investigation of plant diseases, which extend over several States and threaten to seriously affect the value of crops; injurious insects; diseases of farm animals and how to prevent their spreading.

The preservation of the forests, the introduction and distribution of new seeds and plants and their cultivation on such a scale as to prove their value to the farmer, the irrigation of the dry plains in some of the Western States and territories; conducting experiments with various crops, fruits and domestic animals; the examination of soils, fertilizers and food products; collecting information of the amount of farm products and number of farm animals and the consumption of the various kinds of farm products by the different nations in the world, are matters all under the supervision of this Department.

The Weather Bureau is part of this Department and through its observers it receives reports by telegraph twice each day of all conditions of the weather in every part of the country, and after a careful study of these reports, the "forecasters" are able to foretell what the weather will be during the next day or two, though the "indications" are only given for twenty-four hours ahead.

Perhaps it may be wise to add that "forecasts" are not always correct, as you may have already discovered.

The Department of Justice.

THE Attorney-General is the chief law officer of the United States, to whom are referred by the heads of the other executive departments matters involving any question of law which may arise in the affairs of their respective departments, and his decisions are generally binding upon the other officers of the Government. He also gives his opinion and advice upon such questions of law as the President may require.

The Attorney-General or some of his numerous assistants represents the United States before the courts in all cases where any matter is on trial in which the United States is a party, or in which the United States has an interest.

ASPIRATIONS OF THE AMERICAN YOUTH.

I Mean to be President, Some day.

I Know I shall be Mrs. President, Some day.

PART IX.

UNDER BOTH FLAGS

"Home, Sweet Home."

FRANCES WILLARD.

IN the spring of 1863 two great armies were encamped on either side of the Rappahannock River, one dressed in blue and the other dressed in gray. As twilight fell, the bands of music on the Union side began to play the martial music, "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Rally Round the Flag;" and that challenge of music was taken up by those upon the other side, and they responded with "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Away Down South in Dixie." It was borne in upon the soul of a single soldier in one of those bands of music to begin a sweeter and a more tender air, and slowly as he played it they joined in a sort of chorus of all the instruments upon the Union side, until finally a great and mighty chorus swelled up and down our army—"Home, Sweet Home." When they had finished there was no challenge yonder, for every band upon that further shore had taken up the lovely air so attuned to all that is holiest and dearest, and one great chorus of the two great hosts went up to God; and when they had finished the sweet and holy melody, from the boys in gray there came a challenge, "Three cheers for home!" and as they went reverberating through the skies from both sides of the river, "something upon the soldiers' cheeks washed off the stains of powder."

War and Peace.

THE REV. O. H. TIFFANY, D. D.

HOW solemn a thing is death!—and yet, how wonderful a thing is life! God appoints it, man develops it, death seals its destiny, eternity unfolds its ultimate issues. Each human soul in which this power of life is has "its secrets and histories and marvels of destiny, heaven's splendors are over its dead, hell's terrors are under its feet, tragedies and poetries are in it, and a history for eternity." Every social organism, every grand national aggregation of lives but generalizes the history of the individual, and thus the history of all life and of all living, whether in individuals, families, societies or nations, is one history, and that history the record of its conflicts, its defeats, its victories. The dawn of this life is a struggle for being, its growth a constant warfare with antagonisms, its maintenance is by continued defenses. And each and all of these create crises of destiny which may retard or advance, destroy or establish the whole.

Our national birth was a contest with physical difficulties, our establishment a victory over political antagonisms; the last desperate struggle was a conflict of ideas, a contest of moral principles; and we may hope that its issue shall be one of prosperity and peace.

Mountains are rock-ribbed and enduring because the earthquake has settled them on their foundations; the pines that crest them like a coronet withstand the rudest blasts, because they have been rooted by the storms which toss their giant branches. So universal freedom has been made sure by the passing turbulence of rebellion, and our national prosperity established by the rude blast of war.

It was a war such as the world never before witnessed; it was fought by such armies as never before were marshaled on the field. But the end has come. These great armies have returned covered with honor and laureled with renown. They are merged again in the business and activities of life; they have disappeared from view like the snow in springtime, or the dew of the morning in

the summer's sun; now and then the halting step upon the sidewalk, here and there an empty sleeve, remind us in our daily walks of the stern realities of war.

After war, peace!

Peace to the dead. Peace through their labors to the living. These "have fought their last fight," the salvos of artillery which soon shall sound from the guns they loved so well shall not awake them. The grass shall grow green in springtime, the birds of summer shall sing their sweetest notes, the bright glories of autumn shall tint the foliage above them, and the white snow of winter shall lie unbroken on their graves, but these shall sleep on in peace.

Peace, white-robed and olive-crowned, has come to us who linger. Peace, with its cares and toils, peace, with its plenty and prosperity, peace, with its duties for to-day and its destinies for to-morrow. Let us welcome it and become worthy of it. Let there be in all our lives, thoughts, hopes, endeavors, such devotion to duty as called and sent these brave men to the battlefield and sustained them there; and then we may safely leave our future to the care of those who, coming after us, shall pause, amid the ruins time may make, to trace upon the marble in our cemeteries the names of the heroic dead.

God gives us peace! Not such as lulls to sleep,
But sword on thigh and brows with purpose knit.
And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,
Her ports all up! Her battle lanterns lit!
And her leashed thunders gathered for their leap.

The Union Soldier.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

THE past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation, the music of the boisterous drum, the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women and

the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babies that are asleep; some are receiving the blessings of old men; some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing, and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door, with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever. We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war, marching down the streets of the great cities, through the towns and across the prairies, down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right. We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in the hospitals, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm, and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood, in the furrows of old fields; we are with them between contesting hosts unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured. We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the first grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash; we see them bound hand and foot; we hear the strokes of cruel whips; we see the hounds tracking

women through the tangled swamps; we see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite! Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. All this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free. The past rises before us; we hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell; the broken fetters fall; these heroes died. We look—instead of slaves we see men, women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave pen, the whipping post, and we see homes and firesides, and schoolhouses and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fetters, we see the faces of the free. These heroes are dead; they died for liberty; they died for us; they are at rest; they sleep in the land they made free under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows and the embracing vines; they sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars, they are at peace. In the midst of battle they found the severity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers, living and dead—cheers for the living, and tears for the dead.

Our Noble, Heroic and Self-Sacrificing Women.

EMORY A. STORRS.

BRIGHT and shining on our resplendent annals shall appear the names of those thousands of noble, heroic and self-sacrificing women, who organized and carried forward to triumphant success a colossal sanitary and charitable scheme, the like of which, in nobility of conception and perfectness of execution, the world had never before witnessed, and which carried all around the globe the fame and the name of the women of America.

From camp to camp, from battlefield to battlefield, through the long and toilsome march, by day and by night, these sacred charities followed, and the prayers of the devoted and the true were ceaselessly with you through all dangers.

Leagues and leagues separated you from home, but the blessings there invoked upon you hovered over and around you, and sweetened your sleep like angels' visits.

While the boy soldier slept by his camp fire at night and dreaming of home, and what his valor would achieve for his country, uttered even in his dreams prayers for the loved ones who had made that home so dear to him, the mother dreaming of her son breathed at the same time prayers for his safety, and for the triumph of his cause. The prayers and blessings of mother and son, borne heavenward, met in the bosom of their common God and Father.

Antietam.

I'VE wandered to Antietam, John,
And stood where foe met foe
Upon the fields of Maryland
So many years ago.
The circling hills rise just the same
As they did on that day,
When you were fighting blue, old boy,
And I was fighting gray.

The winding stream runs 'neath the bridge
Where Burnside won his fame;
The locust trees upon the ridge
Beyond are there the same.
The birds were singing 'mid the trees—
'Twas bullets on that day,
When you were fighting blue, old boy,
And I was fighting gray.

I saw again the Dunker Church
That stood beside the wood,
Where Hooker made the famous charge
That Hill so well withstood.
'Tis scarred and marred by war and time,
As we are, John, to-day;
For you were fighting blue, old boy,
As I was fighting gray.

I stood beneath the signal tree
Where I that day was laid,
And 'twas your arms, old boy, that brought
Me to this friendly shade.
Tho' leaves are gone and limbs are bare,
Its heart is true to-day
As yours was then, tho' fighting blue,
To me, tho' fighting gray.

I marked the spot where Mansfield fell,
Where Richardson was slain,
With Stark and Douglas 'mid the corn,
And Brant amid the grain.
The names are sacred to us, John;
They led us in the fray,
When you were fighting Northern blue
And I the Southern gray.

I thought of Burnside, Hooker, Meade,
Of Sedgwick, old and grave;
Of Stonewall Jackson, tried and true,
That tried the day to save.
I bared my head—they rest in peace—
Each one has passed away;
Death musters those who wore the blue
With those who wore the gray.

The old Pry mansion rears its walls
Beside Antietam's stream,
And far away along the South
I saw the tombstones gleam.
They mark each place where "Little Mac"
And Robert Lee that day
Made proud the South, tho' wearing blue,
The North, tho' wearing gray.

Yes, John, it gave me joy to stand
Where we once fiercely fought.
The nation now is one again—
The lesson has been taught.
Sweet peace doth fair Antietam crown,
And we can say to-day [blue
We're friends, tho' one was fighting
And one was fighting gray.

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